PIONEERS OF OUR FUTURE

THE LIVES AND TIMES
OF
WALTER D. STUMP
(1886 – 1962)
AND
CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP
(1886 – 1970)

VOLUME III
A VISION FOR TODAY
1923 -- 1946

FAMILY
HISTORY
STUMP
v.3
c18

6/2010

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In Honor and Memory

Of

Harold D. Stump
1917 - 1993

Letha (Grogg) Stump
1914 - 1999

PIONEERS OF OUR FUTURE

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OF
WALTER D. STUMP
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VOLUME III:
A VISION FOR TODAY
1923 -- 1946

"POSTERITY --- YOU WILL NEVER KNOW HOW
MUCH IT HAS COST MY GENERATION TO
PRESERVE YOUR FREEDOM. I HOPE YOU
WILL MAKE GOOD USE OF IT."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
SIXTH PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES
FROM 1825 - 1829

OCTOBER, 2009

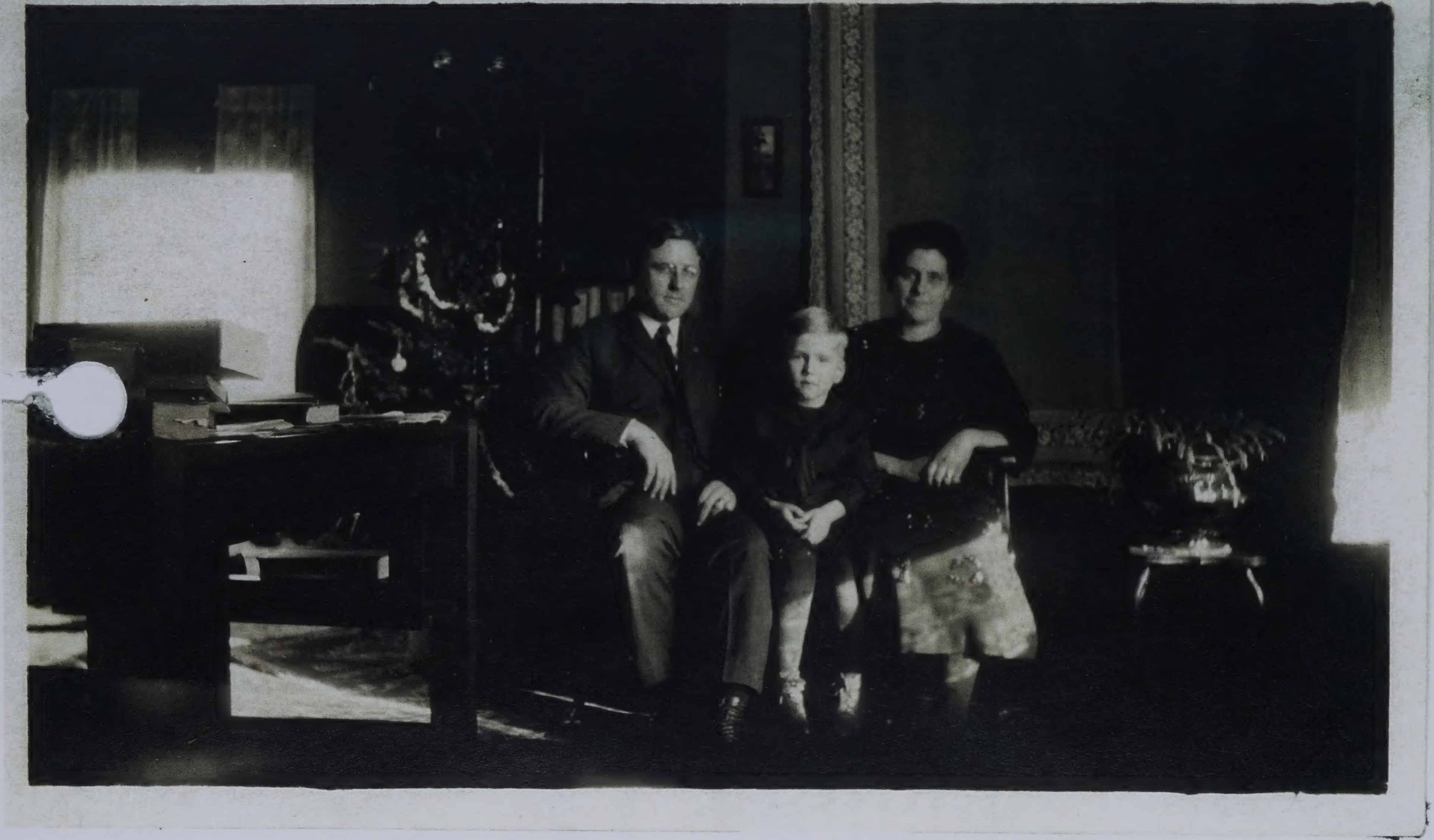
IN HONOR OF ALL OF THE PIONEERS WHO HAVE TOUCHED TOMORROW WITH THE STERLING EXAMPLES OF THEIR LIVES ON EARTH....

ADAPTED FROM THE MOVIE, SAVING PRIVATE RYAN...

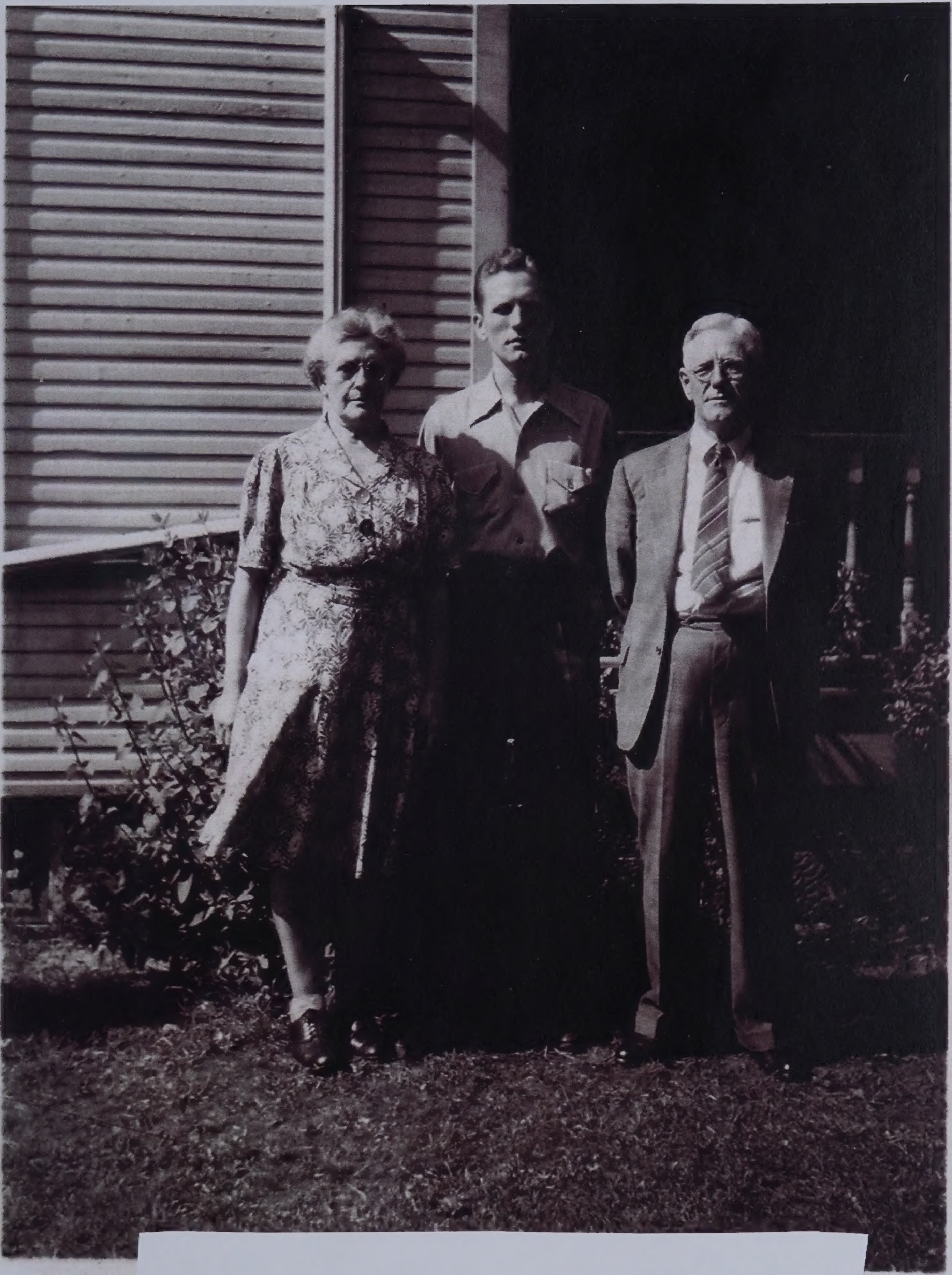
After a victorious and bloody battle, Private Ryan is looking at the gravely wounded body of the Captain whose mission it was to find him...the Captain with his dying breath whispers to the Private to "live a good life." Years later, when Private Ryan and his family are visiting the European cemetery with its endless white crosses which mark the memorial to those who died during World War II, he asks his wife if he has lived a "good life." As he kneels and then salutes the Captain's grave and remembers the heroism of his fellows, he is heard to say that he has wanted to "live a life in which he earned all of the rights that their sacrifice gave him." No one who ever saw that movie would have a doubt that Private Ryan's life after the war was a testimony to the healing power of courage and of commitment to a power and a purpose greater than himself.

YESTERDAY IS ALREADY A DREAM
AND TOMORROW ONLY A VISION.
BUT TODAY WELL-LIVED MAKES EVERY YESTERDAY
A DREAM OF HAPPINESS
AND EVERY TOMORROW A VISION OF HOPE

FOUND IN THE PERSONAL EFFECTS
OF HAROLD D. STUMP



WALTER, CLEMENTINE, AND HAROLD STUMP
--CHRISTMAS, 1930'S---



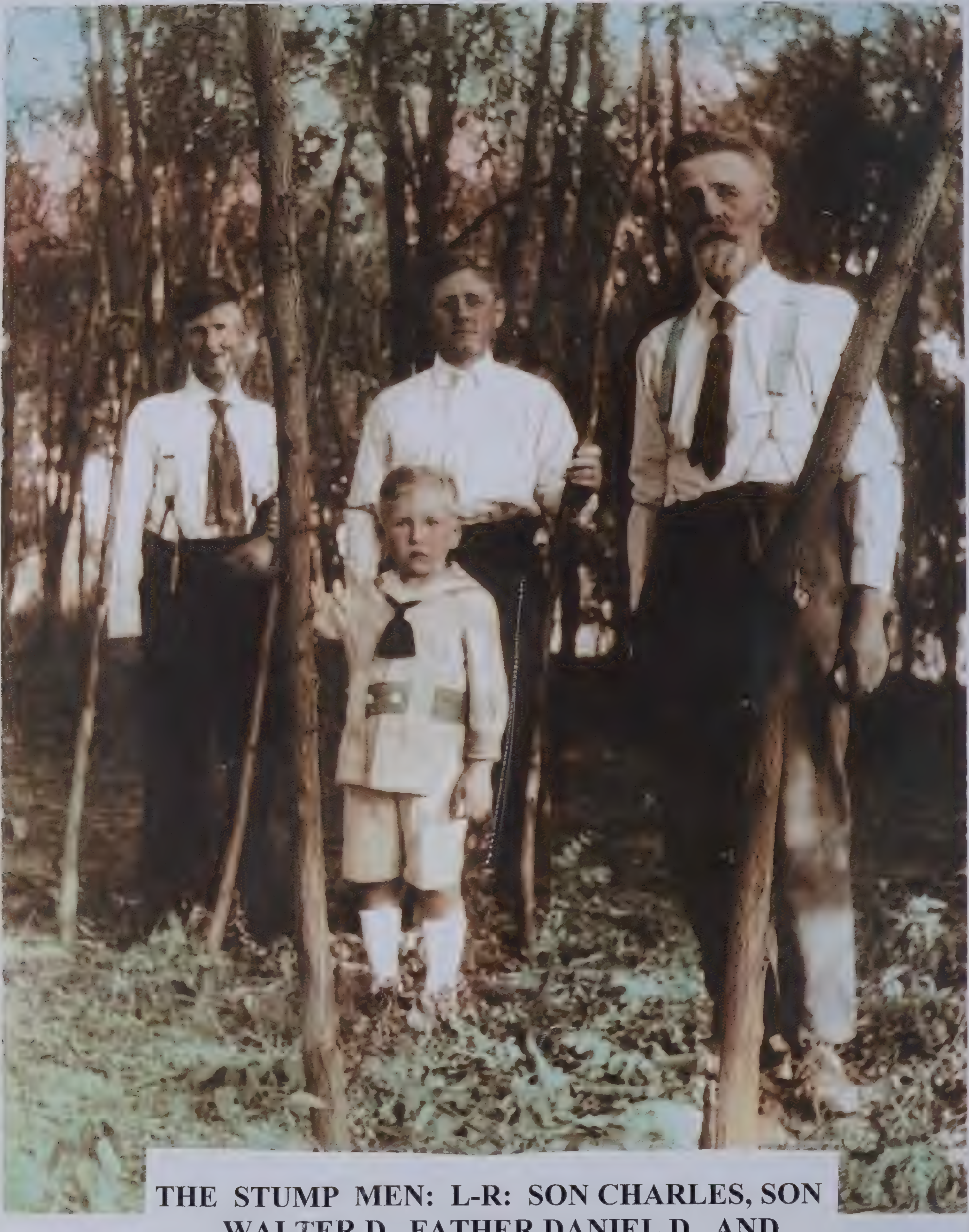
WALTER D., HAROLD D., AND CLEMENTINE STUMP....1940'S

WALTER D., HAROLD D., AND CLEMENTINE STUMP....1940'S

THE STUMP SAGA

1915 -- 1946

...THE VISION OF A FAMILY THAT EPITOMIZED AUTHORITY, INTEGRITY, RESPONSIBILITY, PATRIOTISM, AND TRUST....AND A HOPE THAT THAT THOSE QUALITIES WILL BE ENGENDERED IN OTHERS...



THE STUMP MEN: L-R: SON CHARLES, SON WALTER D., FATHER DANIEL D., AND GRANDSON HAROLD D.

THE WALTER D. AND CLEMENTINE (HARTSOCK) STUMP FAMILY TREE
(1886 – 2009)

WALTER D. STUMP
(1886 – 1962)

CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK
(1886 – 1970)

MARRIED:
APRIL 29, 1911

--- SON ---

Eleanor Eloise Buzan
(1918-1991)
Married to Harold D. Stump (1943-1948)

Harold D. Stump
(1917-1993)

Letha Mae Grogg
(1914-1999)
Married to Harold D. Stump (1968-1993) Letha's son, Delano Cordell Troyer

Philipine (Buss) Stump
Married to Harold D. Stump (1950-1966) Philipine's daughter, Karen (Russell) Stump Chapman

Carolyn Maria Stump
(1947 ----) Harold and Eleanor's daughter;
Married to Daniel Frank Tomanica 1970-1982

Husband: Married from 1988 to present:
Kenneth Herbert Olson
(1942 ----)
- **Children by Ken's Marriage to Janet (Schalow) Olson:**
  - **Christine Virginia Olson**
    (1968 ----)
  - **Eric Kenneth Olson**
    (1971 ----)

Dianna Sue Stump
(1950 ----) Harold and Letha's daughter
Married to Terry Joe Rhoads 1971-1983

Husband: Married from 1987 to present:
John Oliver Hutson
(1951 ----)
- **Children by Dianna's Marriage to Terry Rhoads:**
  - **Ryan Paul Rhoads**
    (1972 ----)
  - **Michelle Dawn (Rhoads) Bosley**
    (1973 ----)
  - **Angela Mae (Rhoads) Brannan**
    (1975 ----)
- **Children by Dianna's Marriage to John Hutson:**
  - **Seth Oliver Hutson**
    (1988 ----)
  - **Stepson: John Shane Hutson:**
    (1973 ----)

Dianna Sue (Stump) Rhoads Hutson's and John Oliver Hutson's Grandchildren:

Ryan Paul Rhoads and Mary (Provenza) Rhoads:
Children:
Gabriel Thomas Rhoads
(Jan., 1998 ----)
Eliana Dianna Rhoads
(September, 2004------)

Michelle Dawn (Rhoads) Bosley and Jeffrey Scott Bosley
Children:
Kayla Christine Bosley
(Dec., 1993 -----)
Alyssa Joy Bosley
(Nov., 1997-----)
Luke Michael Bosley
(Jan., 2002 ----)
Rachel Marie Bosley
(Nov., 2004 ----)

Angela Mae (Rhoads) Brannan and Erik Shane Brannan
Children:
Emily Nichole Brannan
(Jan., 2002 ----)

Kylie Renee Brannan
(August 15, 2005------)
Audrey Lauren Brannan
(August 15, 2005------)

THIS NATION HAS BEEN POPULATED BY PEOPLE WHO WERE DISSATISFIED ENOUGH TO TURN THEIR LIVES UPSIDE DOWN IN STRIKING OUT FOR SOMETHING NEW. THAT SPIRIT BECAME PART OF OUR NATIONAL DNA.

FREDERICK E. ALLEN
EDITOR OF FORBES

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Home and Family

WALTER D. STUMP

AND

HAROLD D. STUMP:

A COMMON VISION

1919 -- 1935

LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF
WALTER, CLEMENTINE, AND HAROLD
STUMP REFLECTING THE POST
WAR YEARS OF THE 1920'S
AND THE 1930'S

A VIEW FOR TODAY....

OF CHILDREN, COMMITMENT, AND CHARACTER

WALTER D. AND HAROLD D. STUMP: A COMMON VISION

"THE BIRTH OF A CHILD IS OUR ONLY
LINK TO IMMORTALITY
IN THIS WORLD"

THE POST WAR YEARS OF THE 1920'S AND 1930'S

Harold was born on October 28, 1917, during his father's enlistment in World War I when Walter D. was stationed in Fort Shelby, Mississippi. Walter's obvious delight in siring a son can be found in the letter that he wrote to Harold upon his birth, a letter which both of Harold's daughters, Carolyn and Dianna, have framed upon the walls of their respective homes and a copy of which is found in this book. By the time that Walter was discharged from the service with the rank of Captain, Harold had already earned the nickname, Rogan, which was bestowed upon him by a doting Walter D. As Harold grew and flourished in his hometown of Auburn, Indiana during the "Roaring 1920's," he enjoyed the benefits of having many first cousins in Noble County with whom to visit with the exception of Walter's brother, Albert's three children, all of whom Harold found to be "bookish" and not much fun for a young boy who had a keen sense of humor. Clementine wanted Harold to be well-rounded and she persuaded a dubious Walter D. that Harold could benefit from violin lessons; as Harold practiced his violin one day, he looked out of the window and wistfully watched his neighborhood gang heading to a field to play baseball. Walter, upon seeing Harold's plight, placated Clementine, and he told Harold that he should join his friends. Upon one occasion, Clementine and Walter's strictness resulted in Harold being tied to the porch as his friends watched when he neglected to come home at a designated time for dinner, and Harold's oldest childhood friend, Rod Kain, reminisced that Walter always make Harold come home after athletic events at Auburn High School rather than letting him be with his friends, a rule that Harold as a dutiful and respectful son never seemed to resent. At Auburn High School, Harold lettered in football, baseball, basketball, and track, and as a track star, his specialty was polevaulting which was performed with a bamboo pole in those 1930's field events. During one basketball game, Harold had to endure the painful and public return of the toe to its rightful place by a local doctor in full view of the spectators while Harold was lying on the gymnasium floor.

Harold always did what he was told by his parents without tantrums, talking back, or pouting, but occasionally, Harold, like most adolescents, learned life lessons on his own. On one notable occasion, Harold was smoking a cigarette while walking to his home on Seventh Street from a high school event when, as he later recalled, he heard "the old man" behind him; Harold quickly extinguished the cigarette and Walter D. never mentioned seeing Harold smoking. Harold also remembered going on a ride with a local friend who was a bit of a rogue in the

young man's new car; Harold's friend drove the car so fast down the two-lane Highway 427 toward fort Wayne that everyone became nauseous, and Harold recalled that the prints of his fingernails could be seen on the dashboard. After Harold graduated from Auburn High School in 1935 during the midst of the Depression and he was accepted to Indiana University, his fun-loving nature could be noted when he hitchhiked to the summer home of the Chicago Cubs baseball team in Florida to try out for the club's farm teams. Harold made the cut and was asked to join a Class B farm team that year as a pitcher, a prospect which Harold knew would have disappointed his parents' hopes for a more stable future for him. Reluctantly, Harold declined the offer and returned to college for a stint of summer school.

While in college, Harold was expected by his parents to pay his own way and not engage in frivolity at the expense of his lessons. As a result, Harold had a job making beds for other young men in the dormitory in which he lived and had a job bussing tables for the fraternity houses off campus. His best friends, Jean Kern and Tuck Watts, and Harold make a daring midnight visit to Harold's college beau who was later to become his first wife, Eleanor Buzan, and they escaped just in time to avoid being caught by the campus police. Harold also enjoyed that arts and enrolled in a Shakespeare course with Eleanor during which time he regaled his future bride with a picture of their professor complete with his horn-rimmed glasses and thick lenses. Due to his maturity and sound judgment, Harold, nicknamed "Hod" by his friends, was selected to be dormitory counselor for the underclassmen, and he was voted the "most handsome' and the "most athletic" among the residents of South Hall for two years during his stint as an IU student. Harold even was selected to be president of the four hundred student South Hall dormitory unit during his senior year at Indiana University. Being gifted with a beautiful bass voice, Harold occasionally sang with a barbershop quartet on campus and performed with the group as the entertainment for the family reunion of a college friend. Throughout his life, Harold enjoyed listening to music whether it was the Big Band sound of his youth during the 1940's or the more subtle strains of Floyd Kramer's piano and Eddie Arnold's soulful ballads, the music of his maturity. During his summers away from the university, Harold raised peppermint at his grandfather, Daniel D. Stump's farm, and drove the horses up and down the crop rows, experiences which beget Harold's lifelong love of horses. When Harold graduated from IU in 1939 with a B.A. degree in history, he immediately enrolled in IU's school of law as the winds of war blew nearer and Hitler's saber-rattling was becoming more than a distant menace. After the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Harold and his generation knew that they had a "rendezvous with destiny," and Harold accelerated his law courses so that he could graduate in two years.

After graduating from the Indiana University School of Law in 1942, Harold became a Special Agent for the FBI, married his college sweetheart, Eleanor, and embarked upon a challenging career chasing as he put it, "draft dodgers" in New York City. Upon remembering those years, Harold recalled one "stake-out" in

which he set up a two-way mirror in a suspect's hotel room as part of the surveillance and watched as the suspect entertained a variety of female guests. Harold also was a sharpshooter and was specially chosen by J. Edgar Hoover to accompany the director to Chicago; Harold was stationed on the roof of an adjoining building as J. Edgar Hoover used his megaphone to tell the suspect to come out with his hands up. So accurate was Harold's steady aim that even as a middle-aged and elderly man, his shooting prowess was legendary among his family; his family remembers that Harold shot a raccoon off of his daughter Dianna's stucco house at night with the first shot, sighted through the horizontal members of the fence surrounding his property on Morningstar Road and hit his intended target, a groundhog, and took aim out the window of the small bathroom in his home to hit offending ground squirrels who invaded his bird feeders. Harold's stint in the FBI trained him in the art of self-defense and resourcefulness so thoroughly that even in 1961, Harold still knew that transportation system of New York City, including the subways, buses, and trains, well enough that he took his family on a memorable vacation to see the Big Apple.

Although the seasons since Walter and Harold walked this earth have come and gone for decades, the strength of each man's commitment to always do the right thing purely because it is the right thing to do has filtered through the years to their children, their grandchildren, their great-grandchildren, and in Walter's case, his great-great grandchildren. Their devotion to a common vision of integrity, common sense, and responsibility unites their family of the twenty-first century as assuredly as it did when Walter D. and Harold smiled with confidence, shook the hands of others with resolve, and patted the shoulders of the loved ones to comfort them in times of turmoil. Lucky we are to call them our own…..

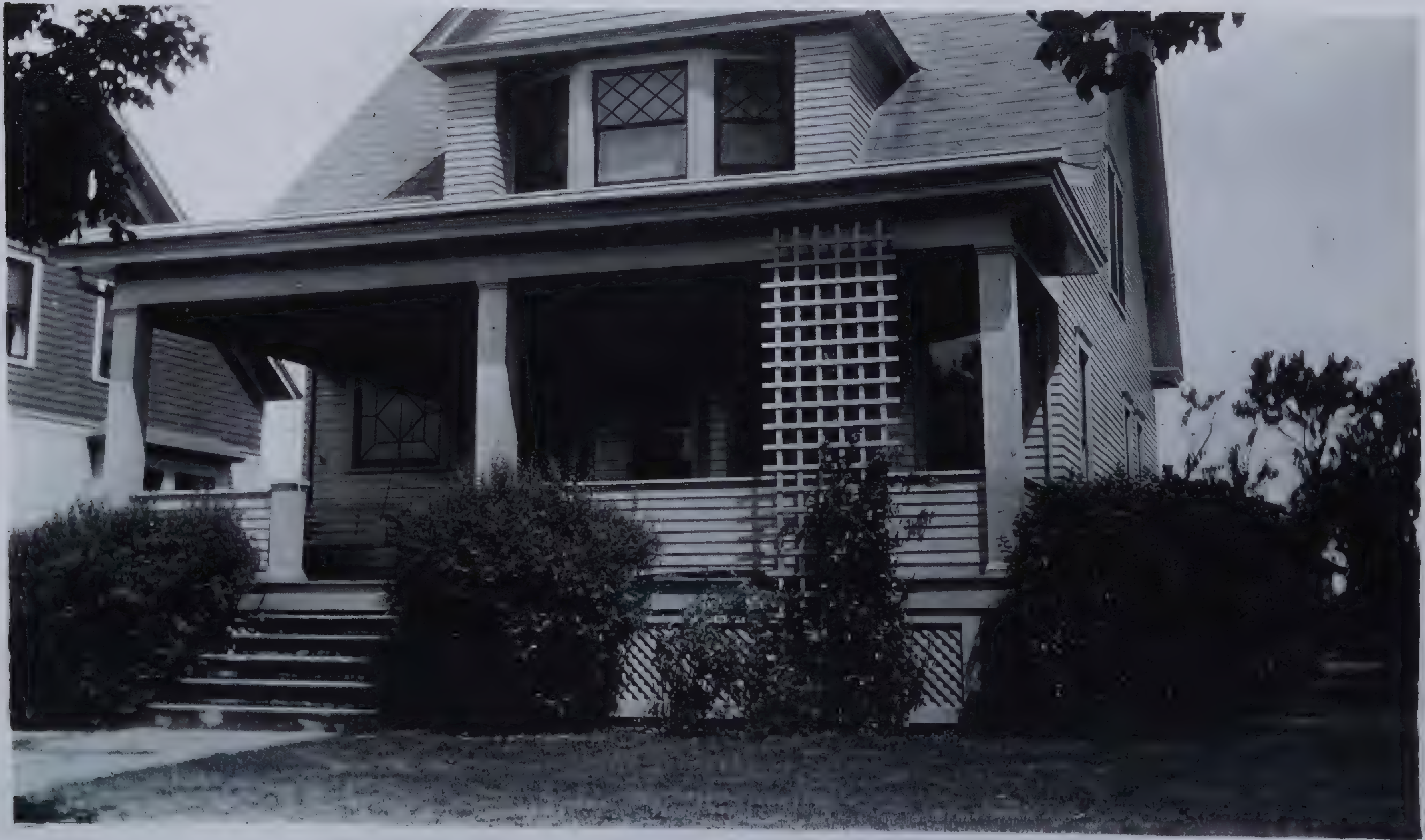
BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA

"YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD LIVE
SOMEWHERE WHERE EACH
DAY THEY CAN SEE THE
UNFOLDING OF THEIR LIVES
REFLECTING IN THE UNFOLDING
WORKS OF NATURE."

--EDWARD BOK—
IN LADIES HOME JOURNAL
1901

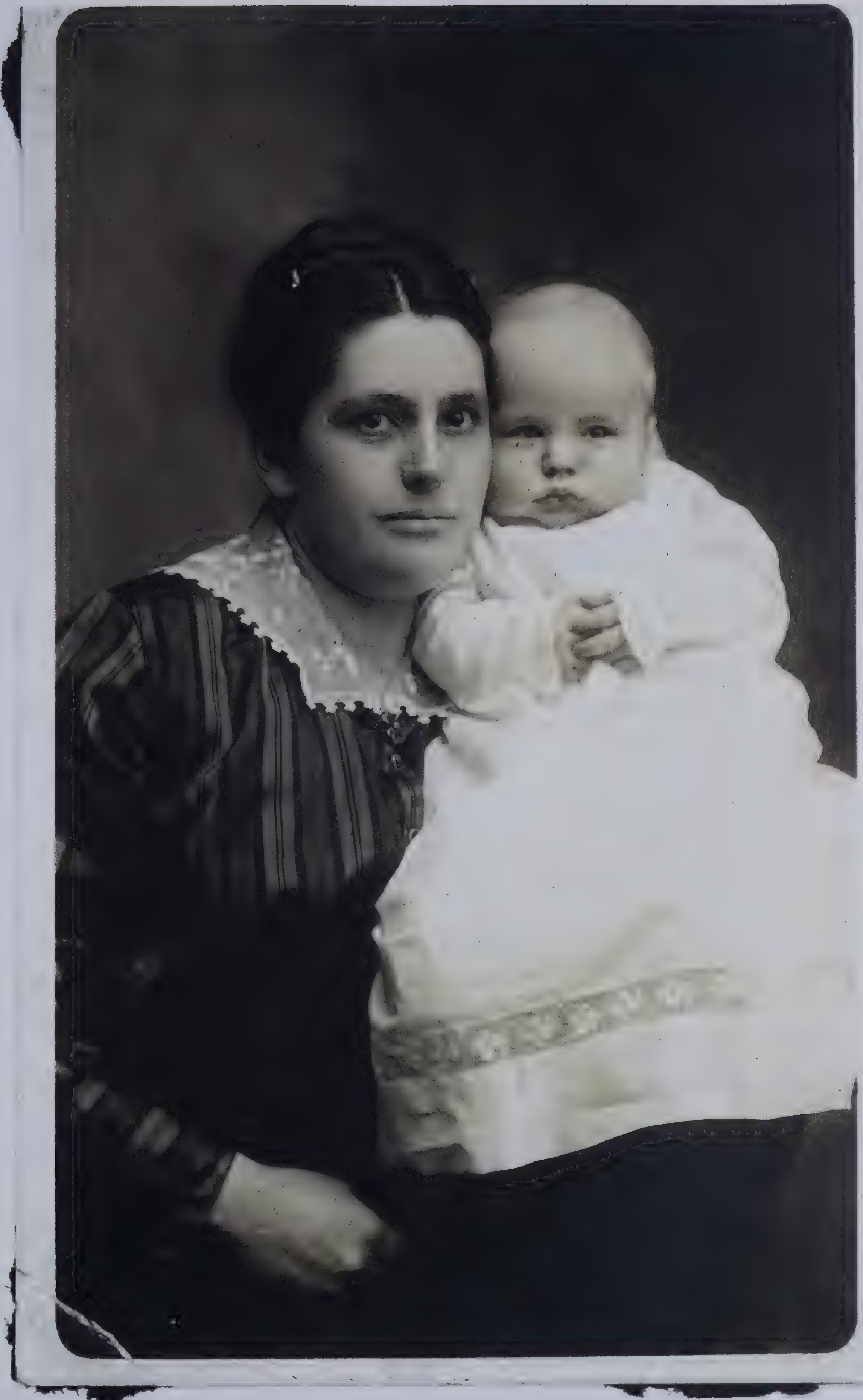
Growing up in Auburn, Indiana provided young Harold D. Stump with an idyllic existence which included his lifelong love of nature and all of nature's creatures. It is no accident that Harold's first spoken word was "doggie," and his love of canines in his youth included the Boston Terrier, Pat, his Grandfather Daniel Stump's hound, Sport, and a bevy of other dogs of unknown parentage. Harold also relished his opportunities to drive the horses on the Stump farm, and he used the money that he earned raising mint to fund his college expenses throughout his four years at Indiana University. Whether Harold was fishing with his parents, picking raspberries with his Grandfather Daniel and Uncle Charlie, or taunting the chickens and other fowl on his Grandfather Hartsock's farm, Harold was always totally engaged in wholesome fun and fulfilling activities throughout his youth. Directing the music emanating from the Stump Family's grammaphone as the cylinders ground out their tunes belied Harold's future love of music and his gift of a resonant, baritone speaking and singing voice, a genetic gift passed on through Walter D. As you relive the adventures of Harold's boyhood, may you feel the peace and serenity of a warm Hoosier summer evening, and may the dew on the grasses that surround you bring you a refreshing respite from your cares.

THE WALTER D. STUMP HOME ON SEVENTH STREET IN AUBURN, INDIANA

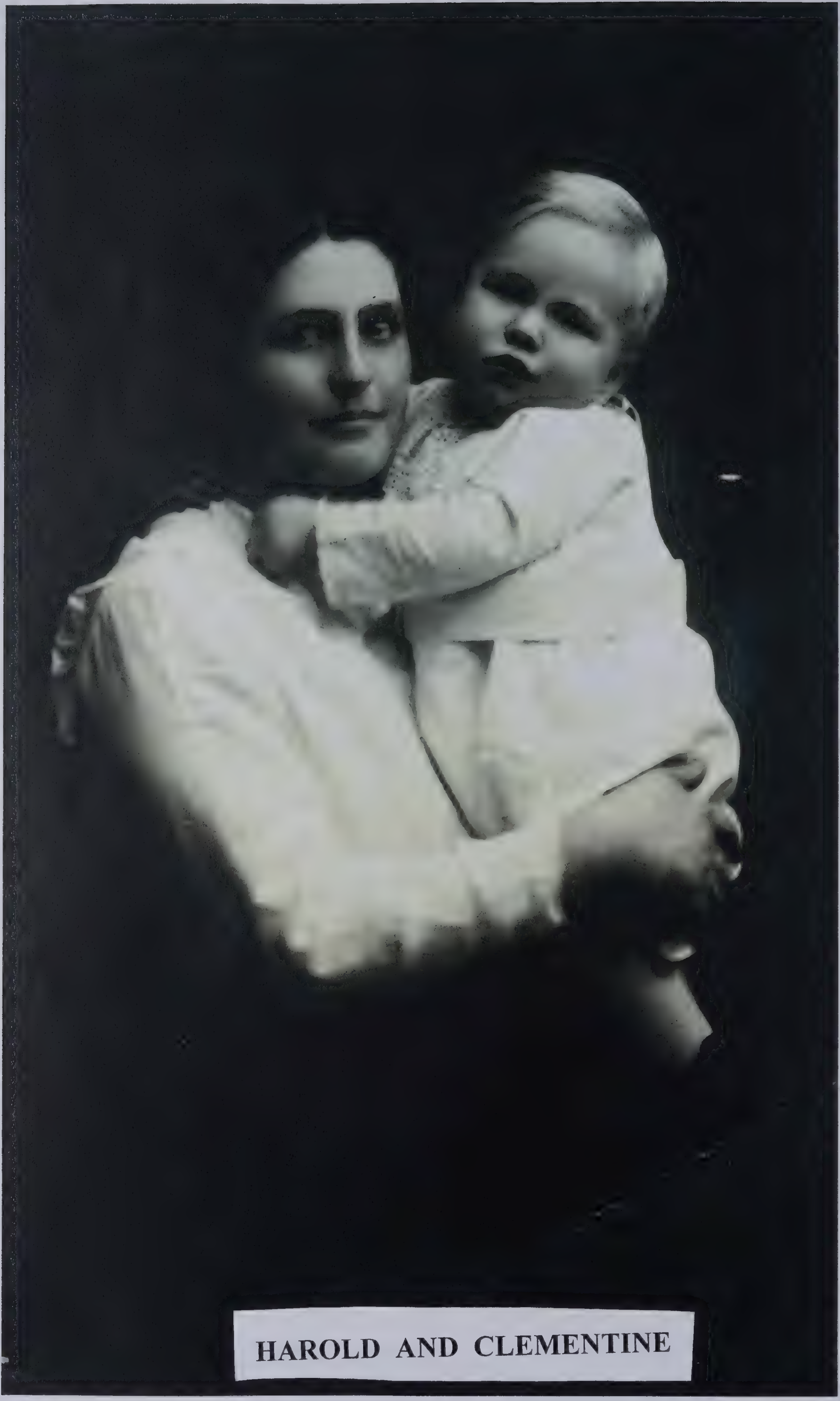


HAROLD D. STUMP: BORN: OCTOBER 28, 1917

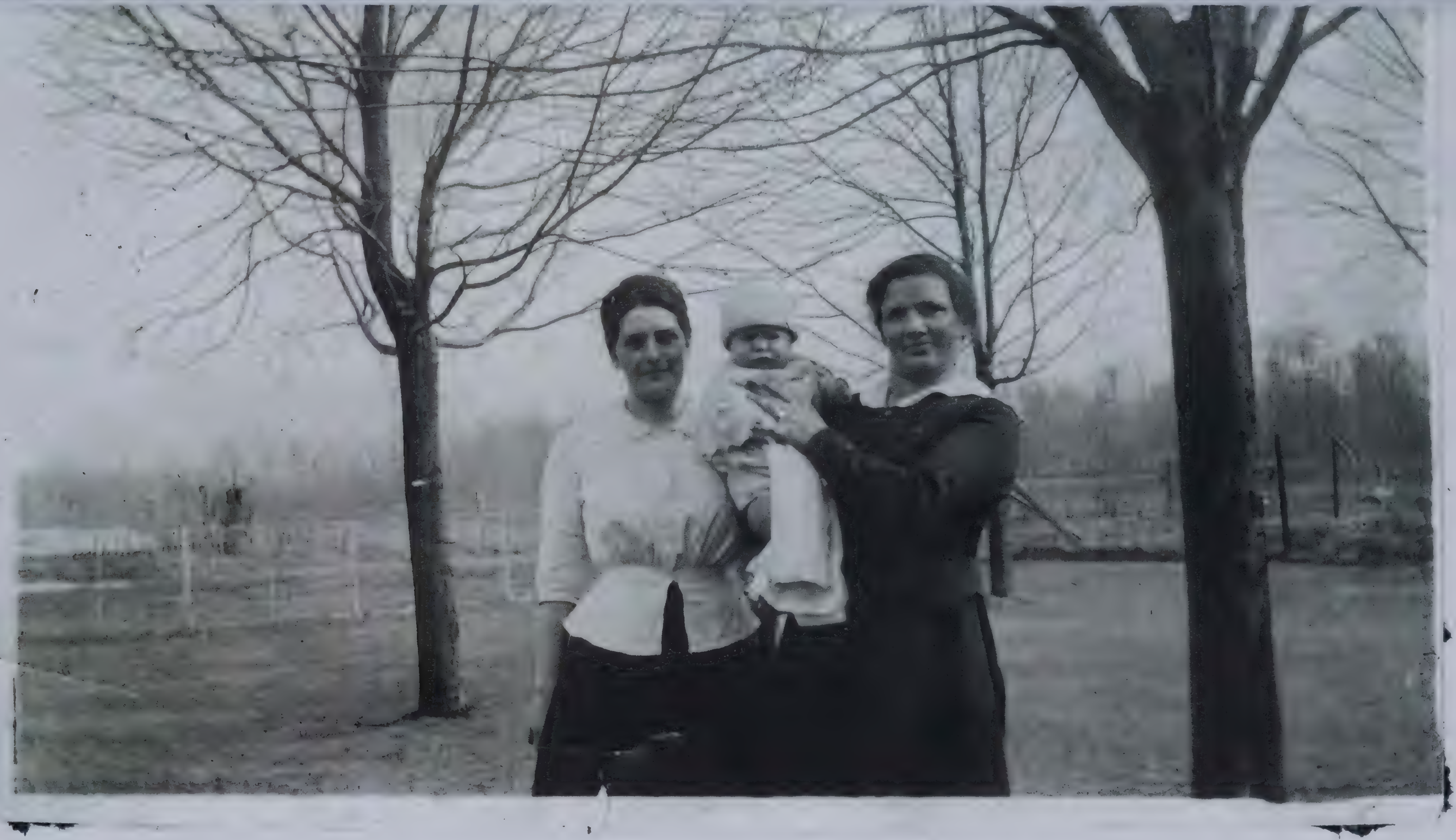
HAROLD D. STUMP



HAROLD AND HIS MOTHER, CLEMENTINE



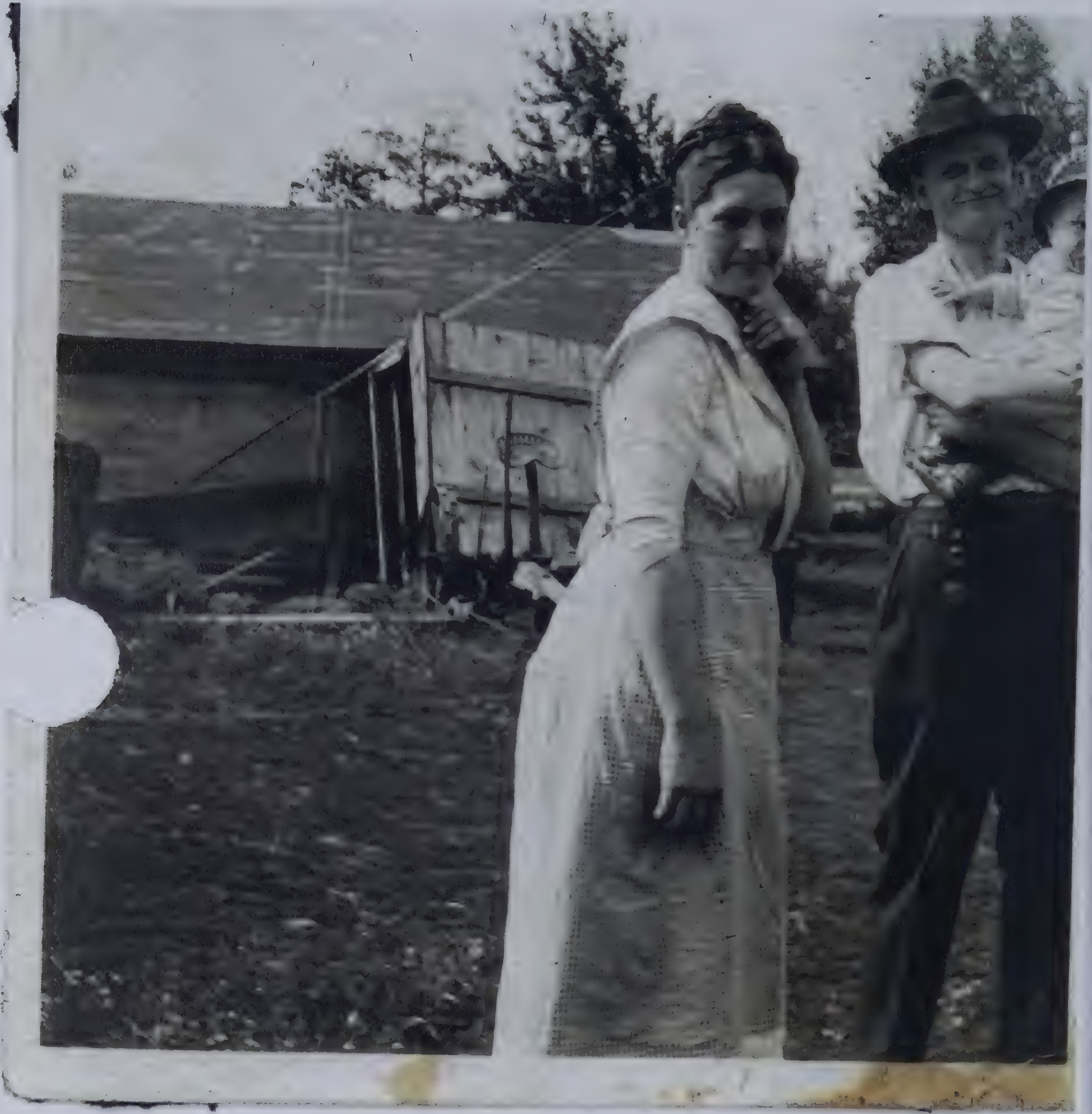
HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE



HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE

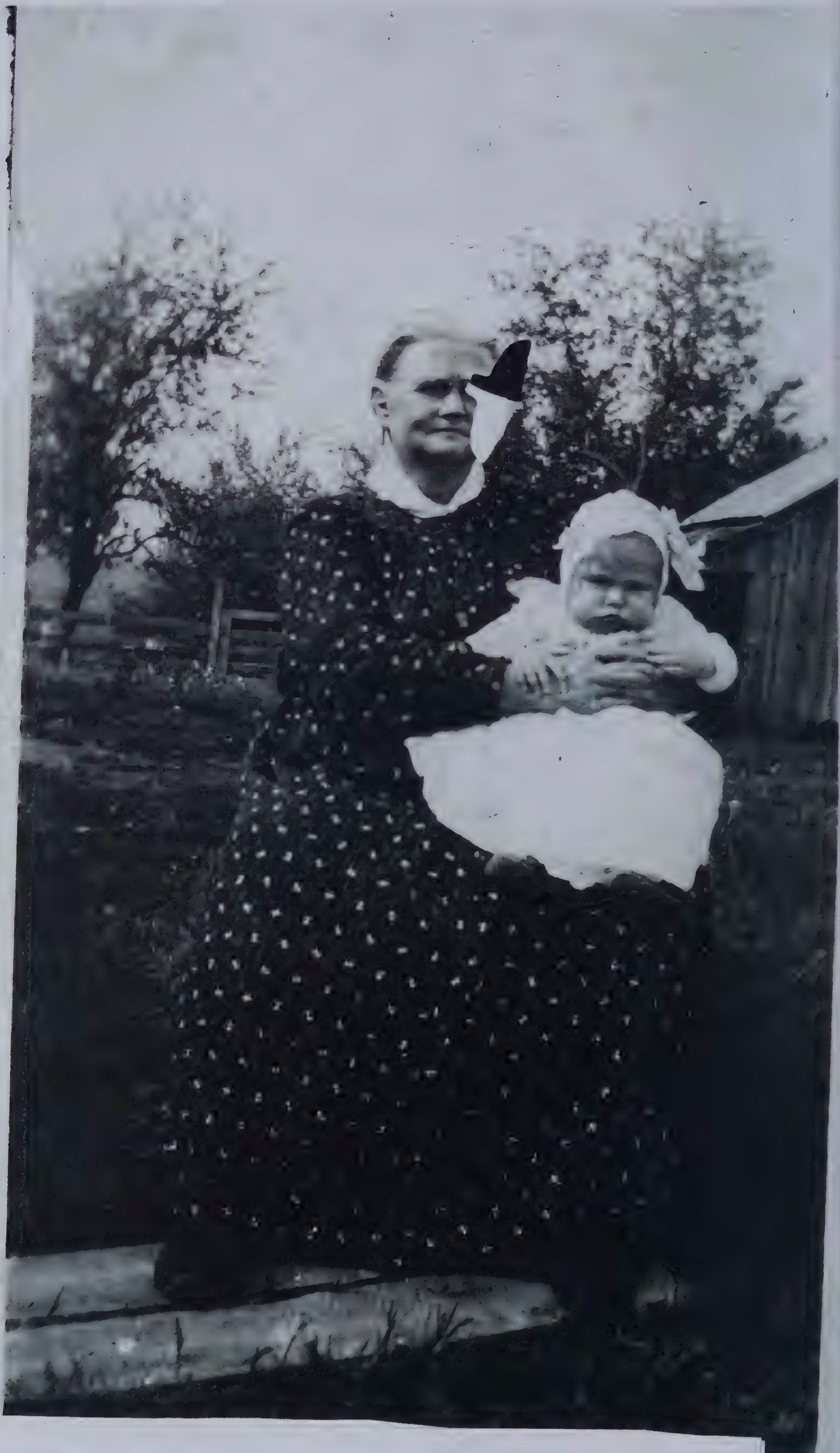
HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE

HAROLD AND HIS FIRST FILLY



HAROLD, CLEMENTINE, AND WESS HARTSOCK

UNCLE WESS HARTSOCK AND HAROLD



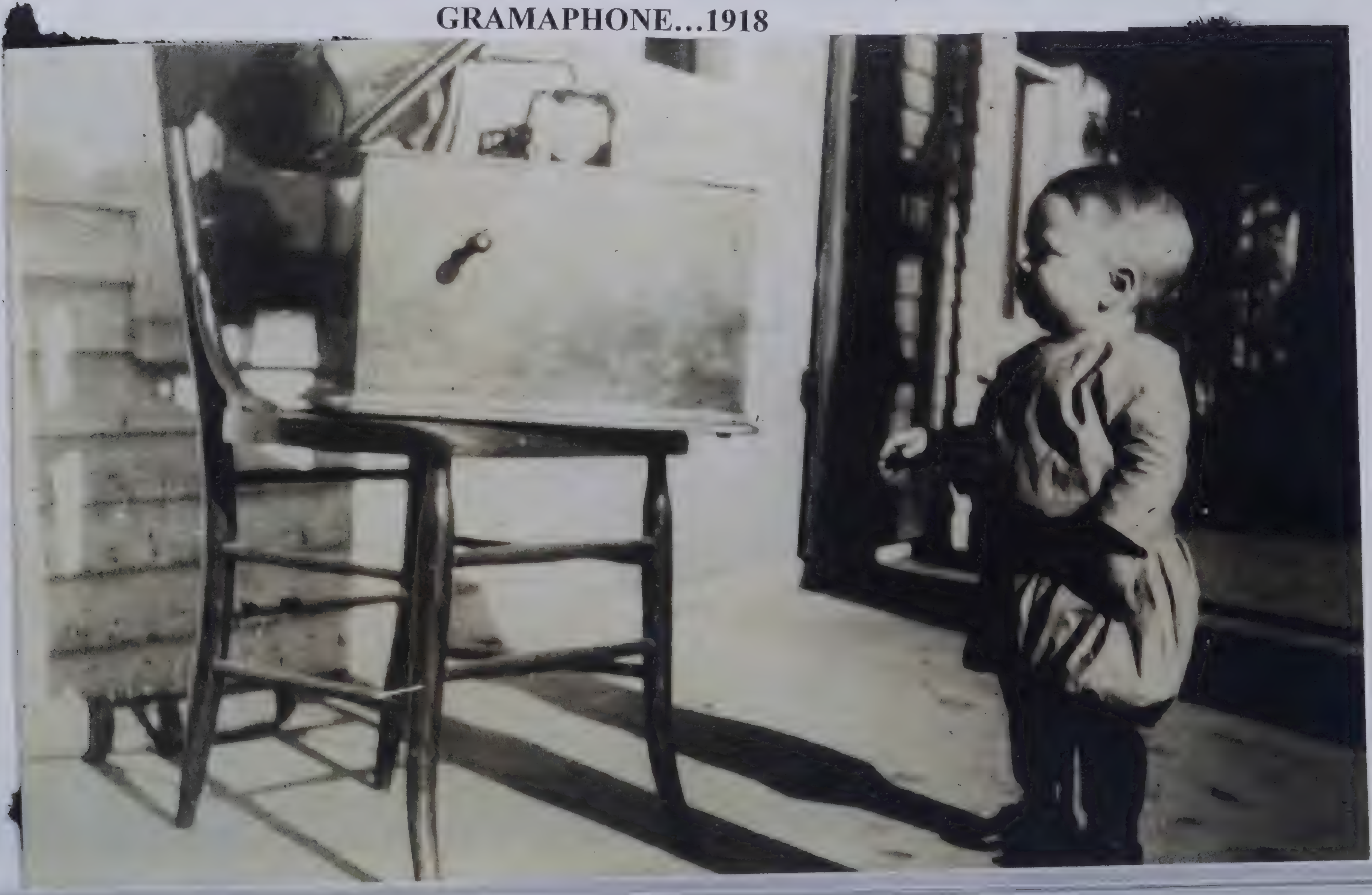
HAROLD AND GRANDMOTHER JESSIE STUMP

HAROLD IN HIS STROLLER

HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE

HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE

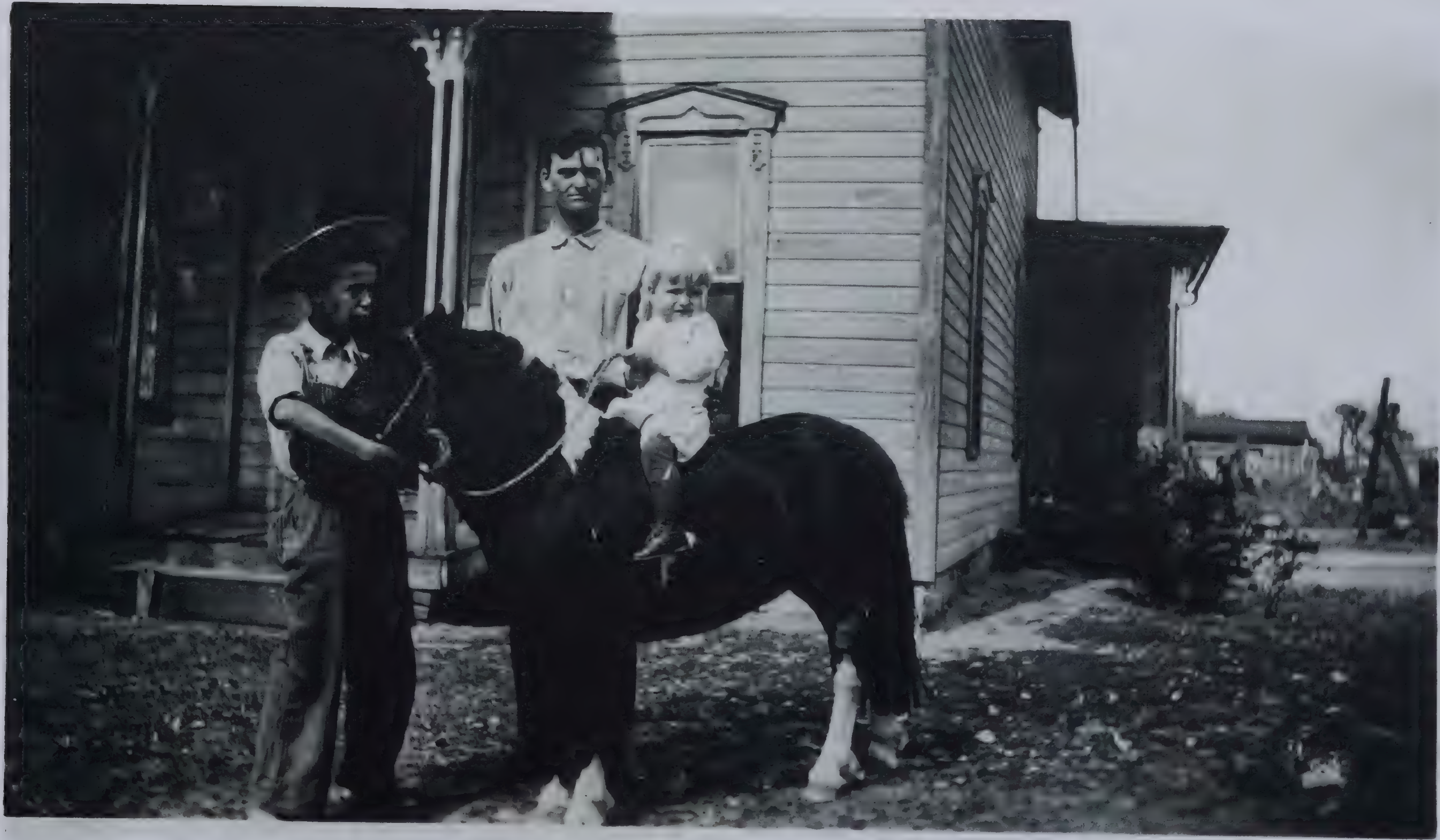
HAROLD D. STUMP....DIRECTING THE MUSIC FROM
HIS GRANDFATHER, DANIEL D.'S,
GRAMAPHONE...1918



HAROLD D. STUMP....DIRECTING THE MUSIC FROM
HIS GRANDFATHER, DANIEL D.'S,
GRAMAPHONE...1918

HAROLD DIRECTING THE MUSIC ON THE GRAMMAPHONE

HAROLD D. STUMP



HAROLD ON PONY WITH UNCLE WESS HARTSOCK

HAROLD D. STUMP

HAROLD D. STUMP

HAROLD BEHIND THE WHEEL

HAROLD AND HIS MOTHER, CLEMENTINE

HAROLD AND GRANDMOTHER JESSIE STUMP

HAROLD D. STUMP

HAROLD D. STUMP

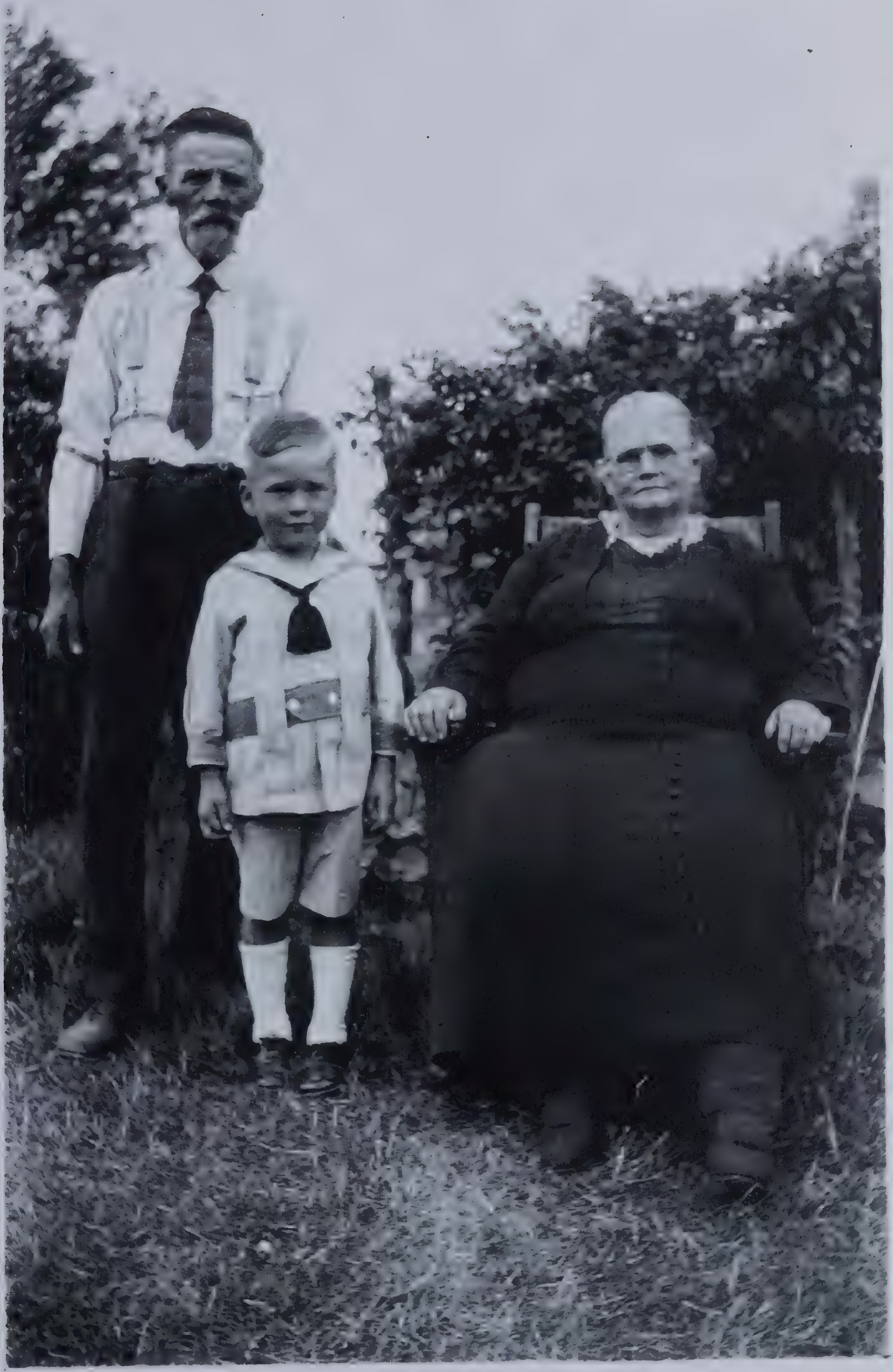
HAROLD D. STUMP

HAROLD D. STUMP

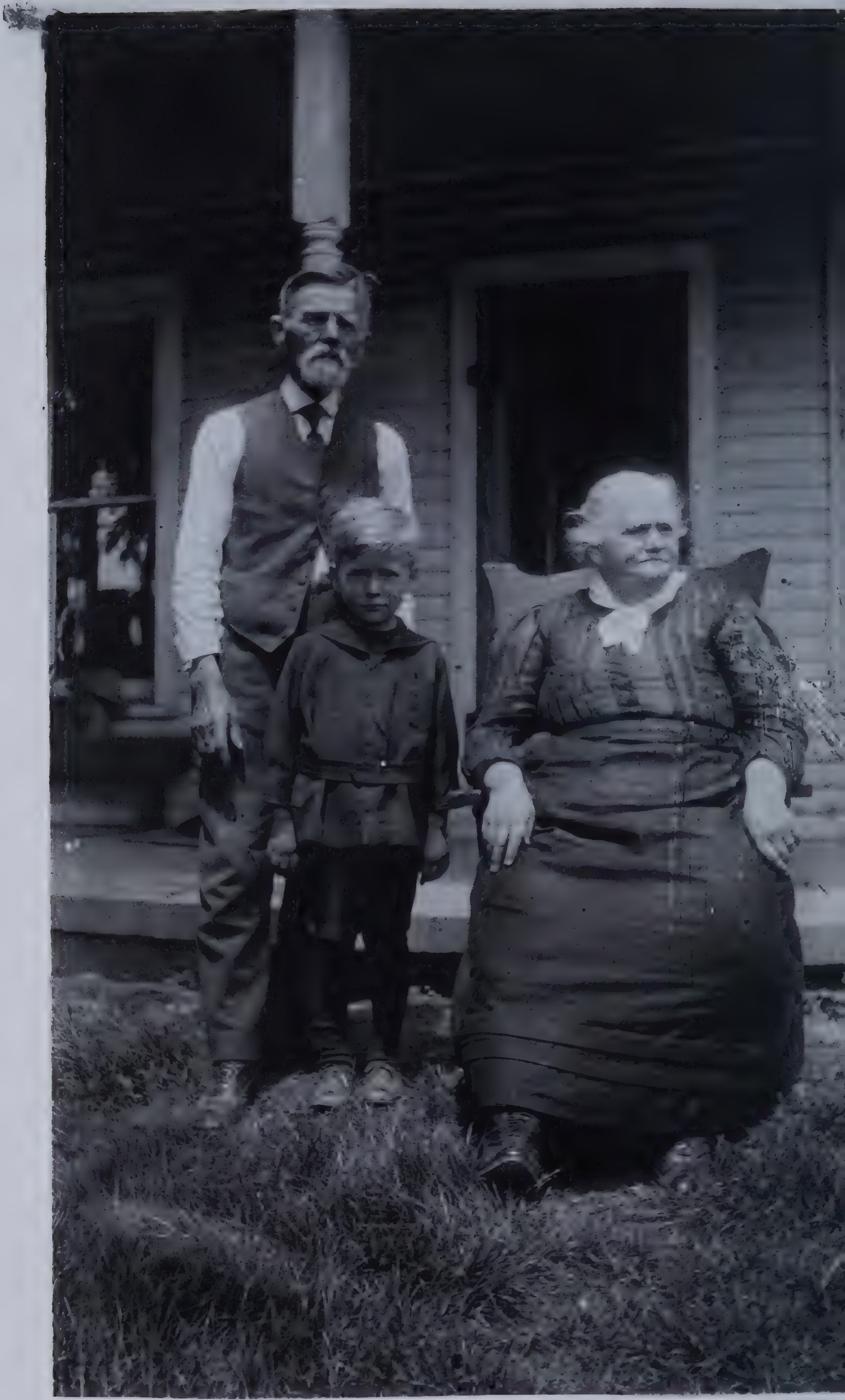
HAROLD D. STUMP

HAROLD D. STUMP

HAROLD AND WALTER D.

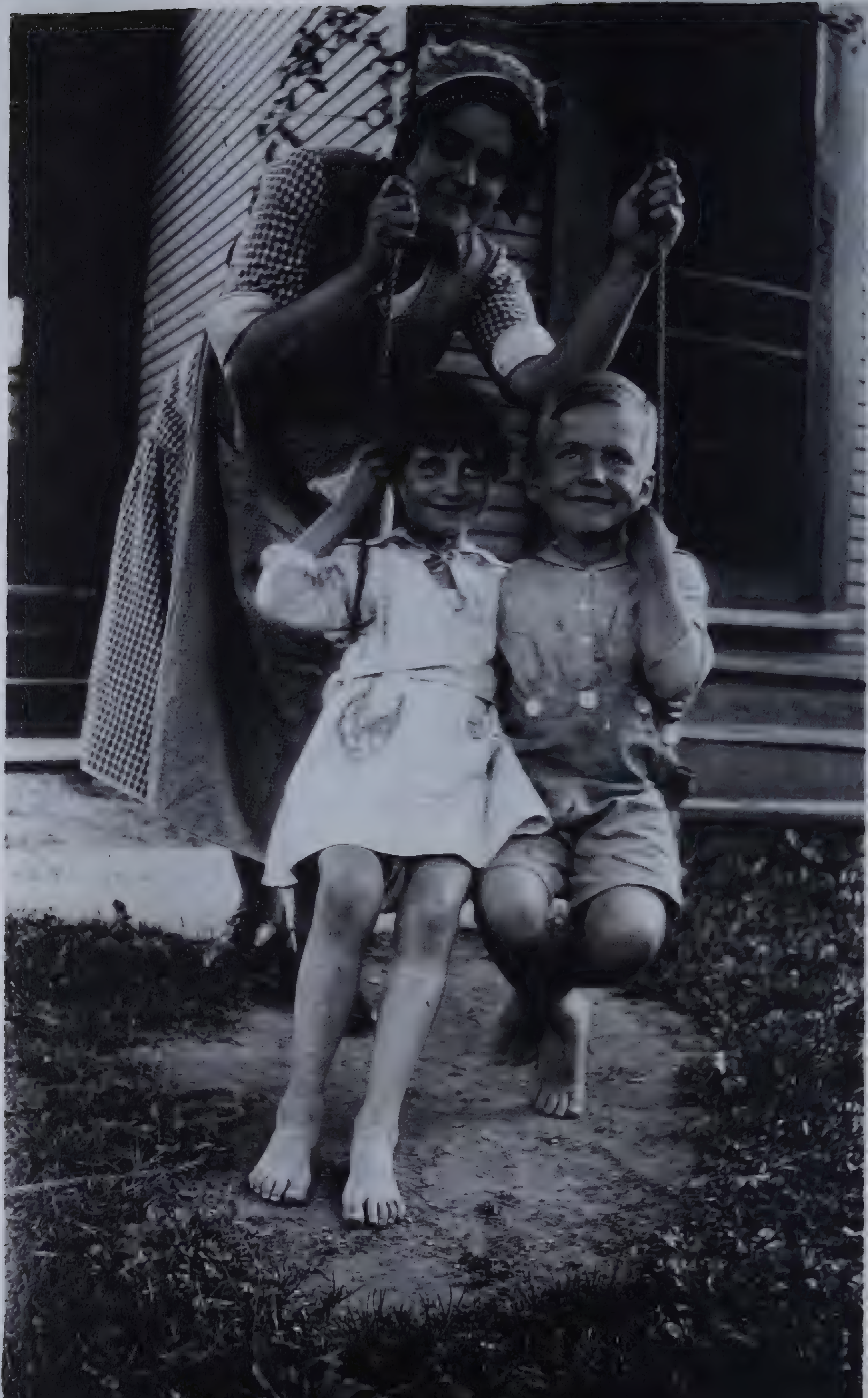


HAROLD AND GRANDPARENTS DANIEL D. AND JESSIE STUMP



HAROLD AND GRANDPARENTS DANIEL D. AND JESSIE STUMP

PICKING RASPBERRIES WITH DANIEL D. AND UNCLE CHARLIE



HAROLD, CLEMENTINE, AND UNKNOWN GIRL

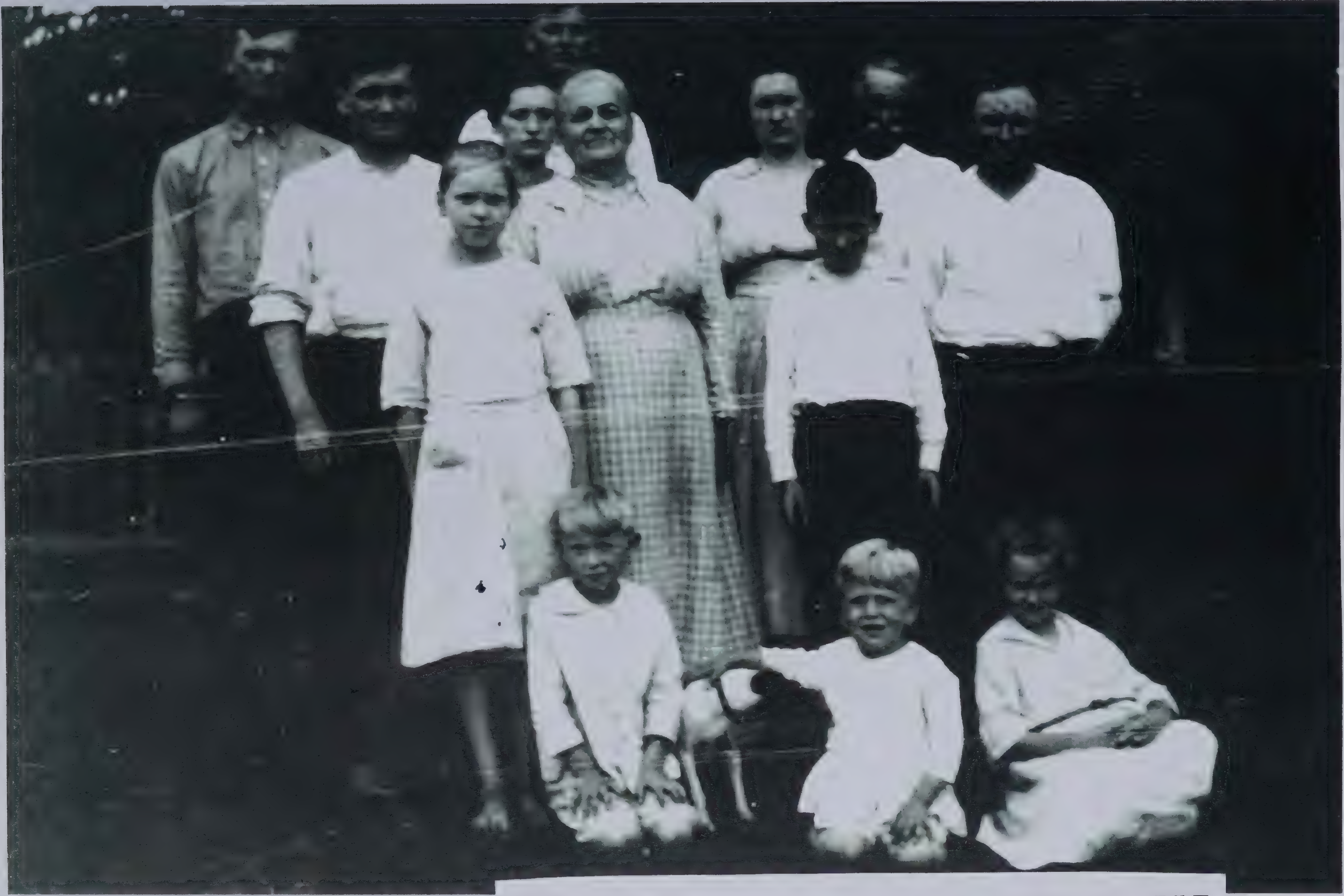
HAROLD WITH A FAVORITE DOG

HAROLD ROUSTING THE CHICKENS

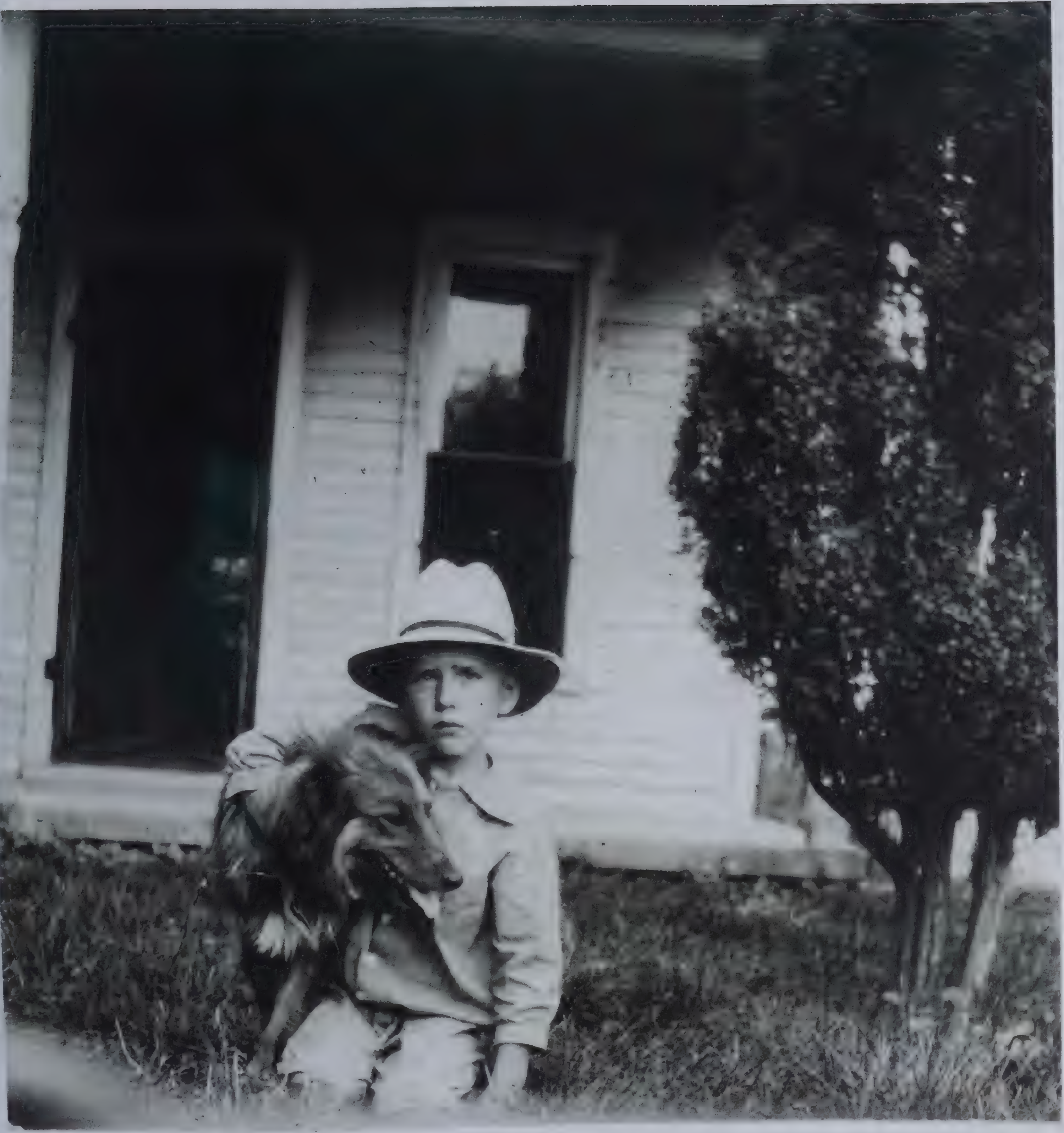
HAROLD PICKING RASPBERRIES

HAROLD WITH HIS PARENTS, WALTER D. AND CLEMENTINE

IN THE WOODS WITH WALTER AND HAROLD



HARTSOCK REUNION: HAROLD IN THE MIDDLE KNEELING ON THE GROUND



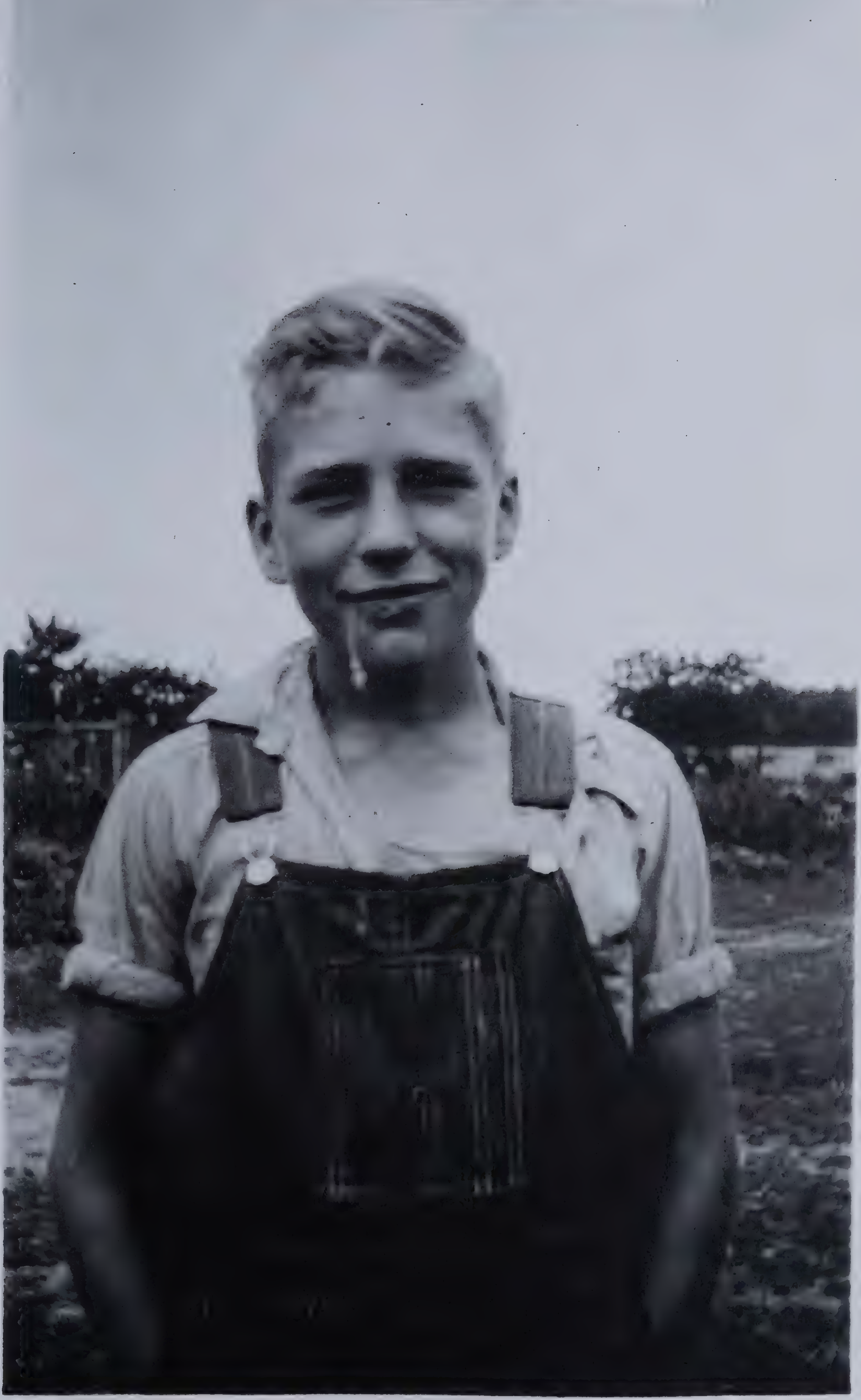
HAROLD WITH A FAVORITE CANINE

HAROLD WITH A FAVORITE CANINE

HAROLD DRIVING THE STEEDS

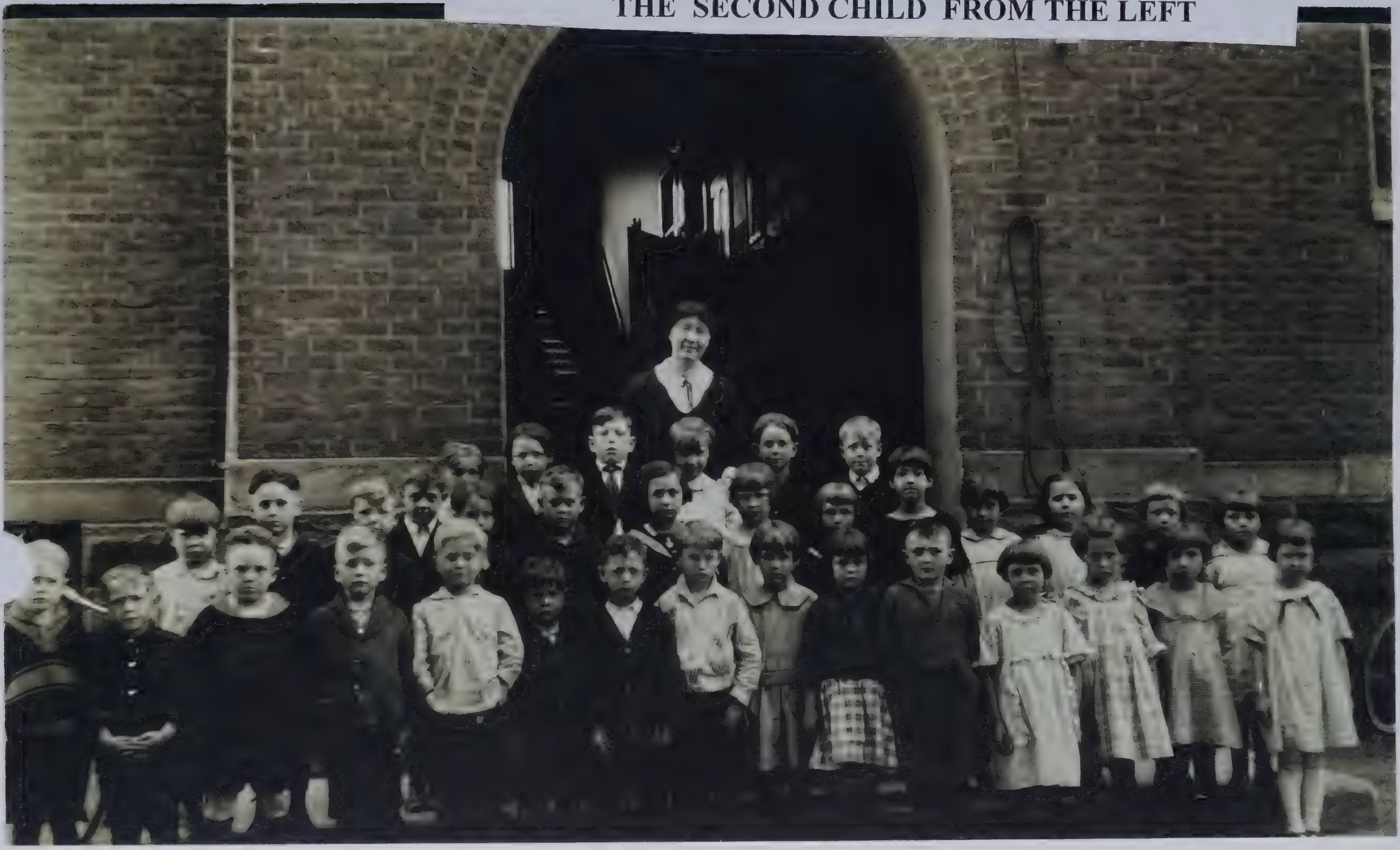
HAROLD WITH A HEIFER

HAROLD ON THE FARM

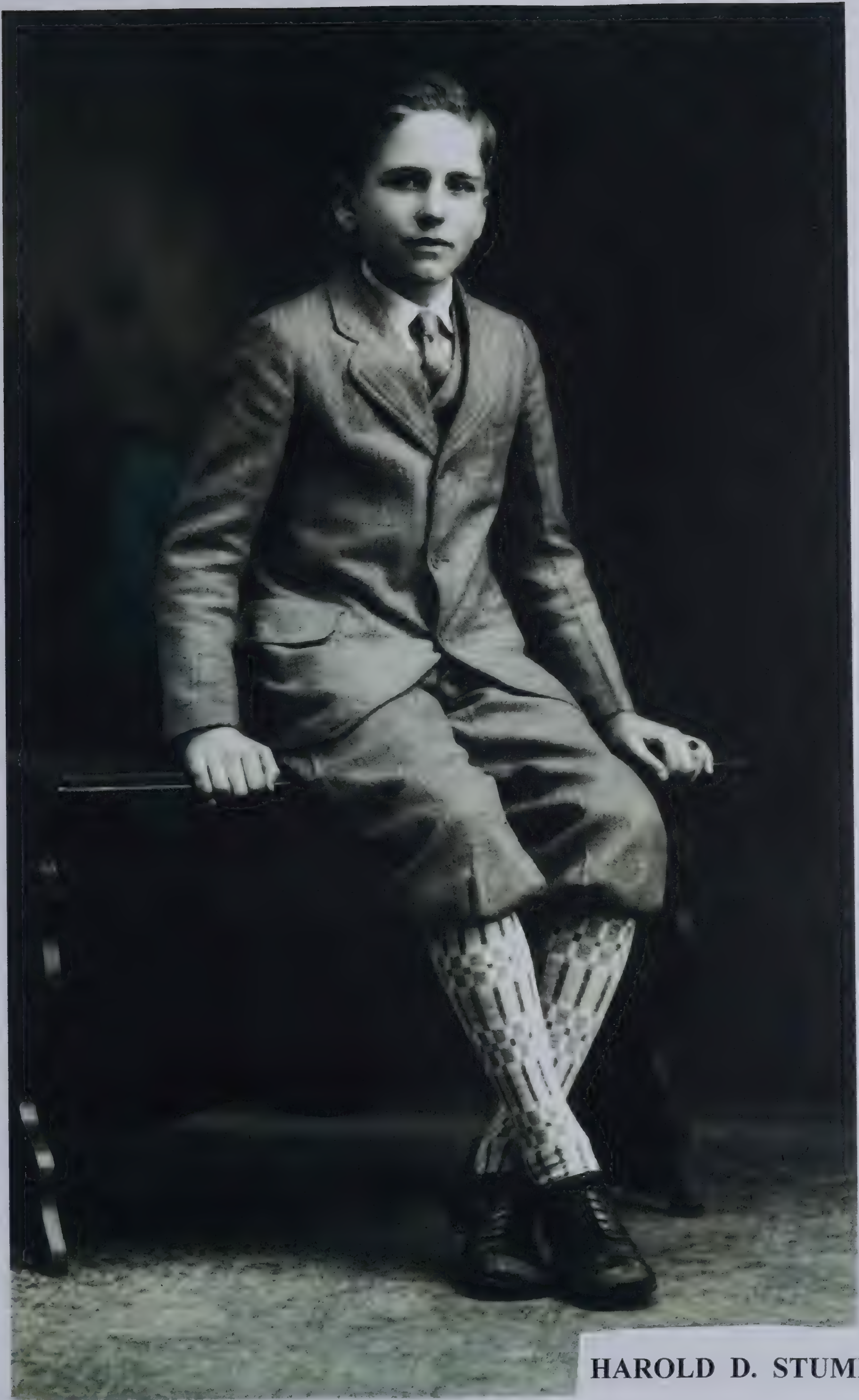


CLEMENTINE STUMP

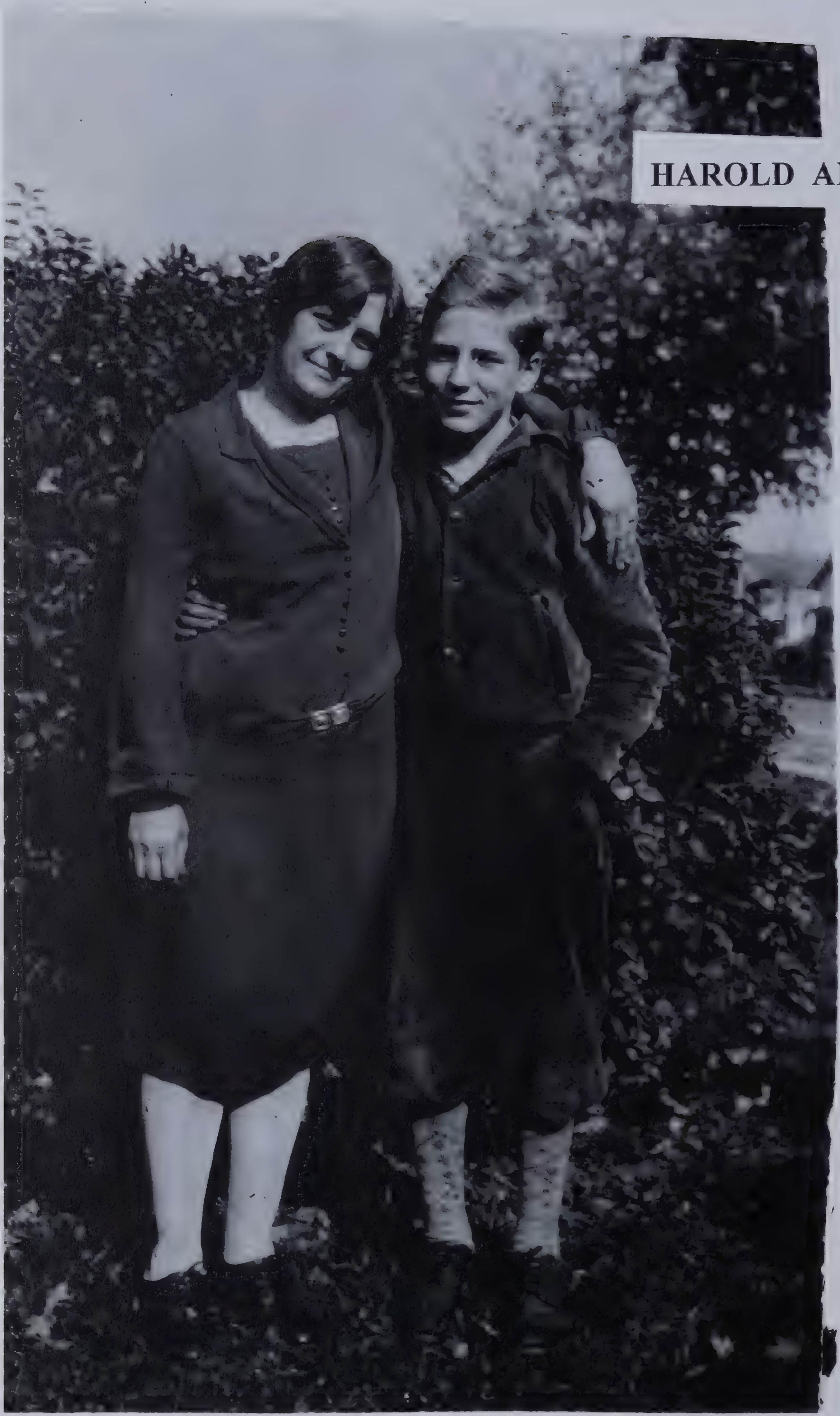
HAROLD IN FIRST GRADE: HAROLD IN FIRST ROW
THE SECOND CHILD FROM THE LEFT



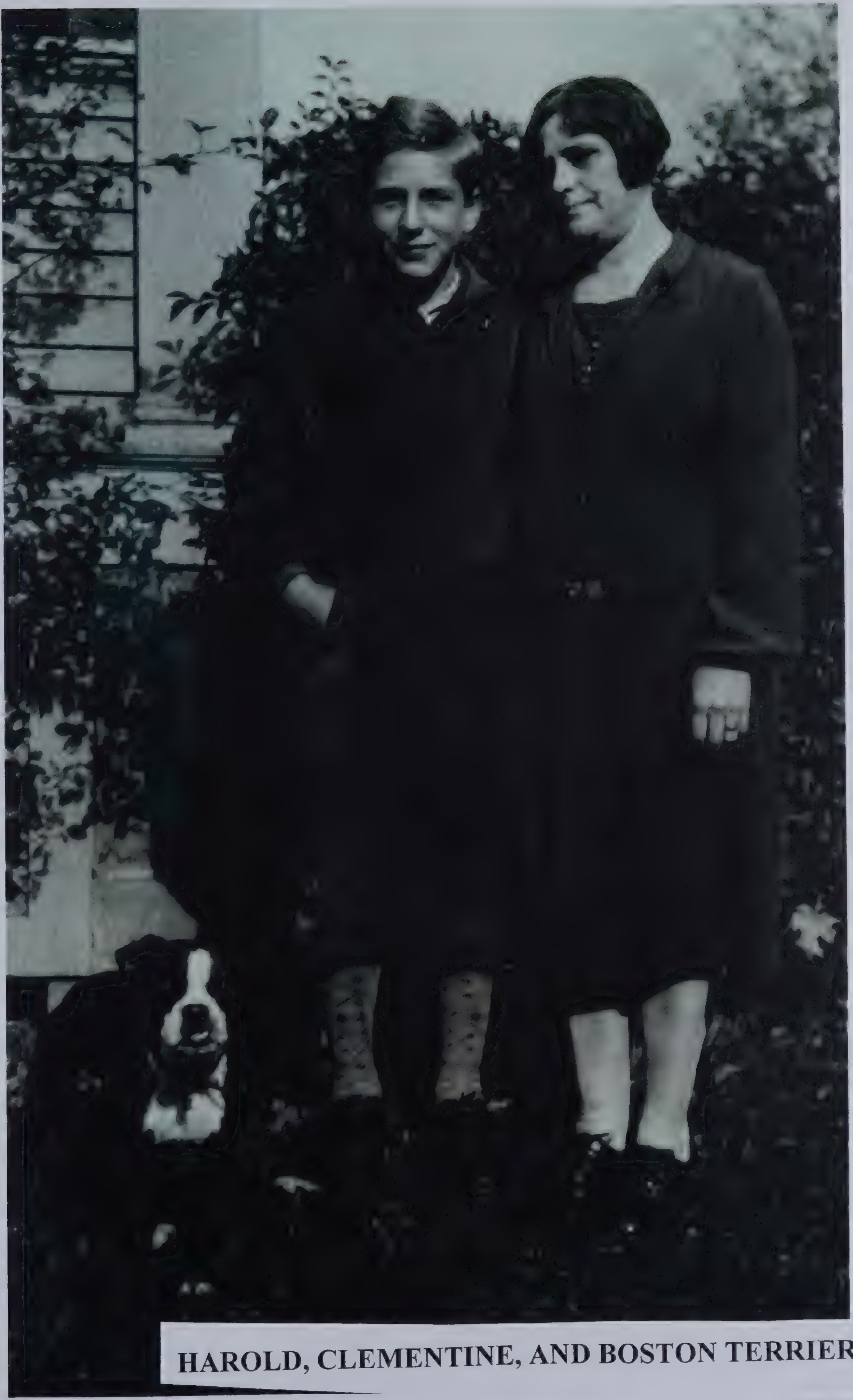
HAROLD D. STUMP



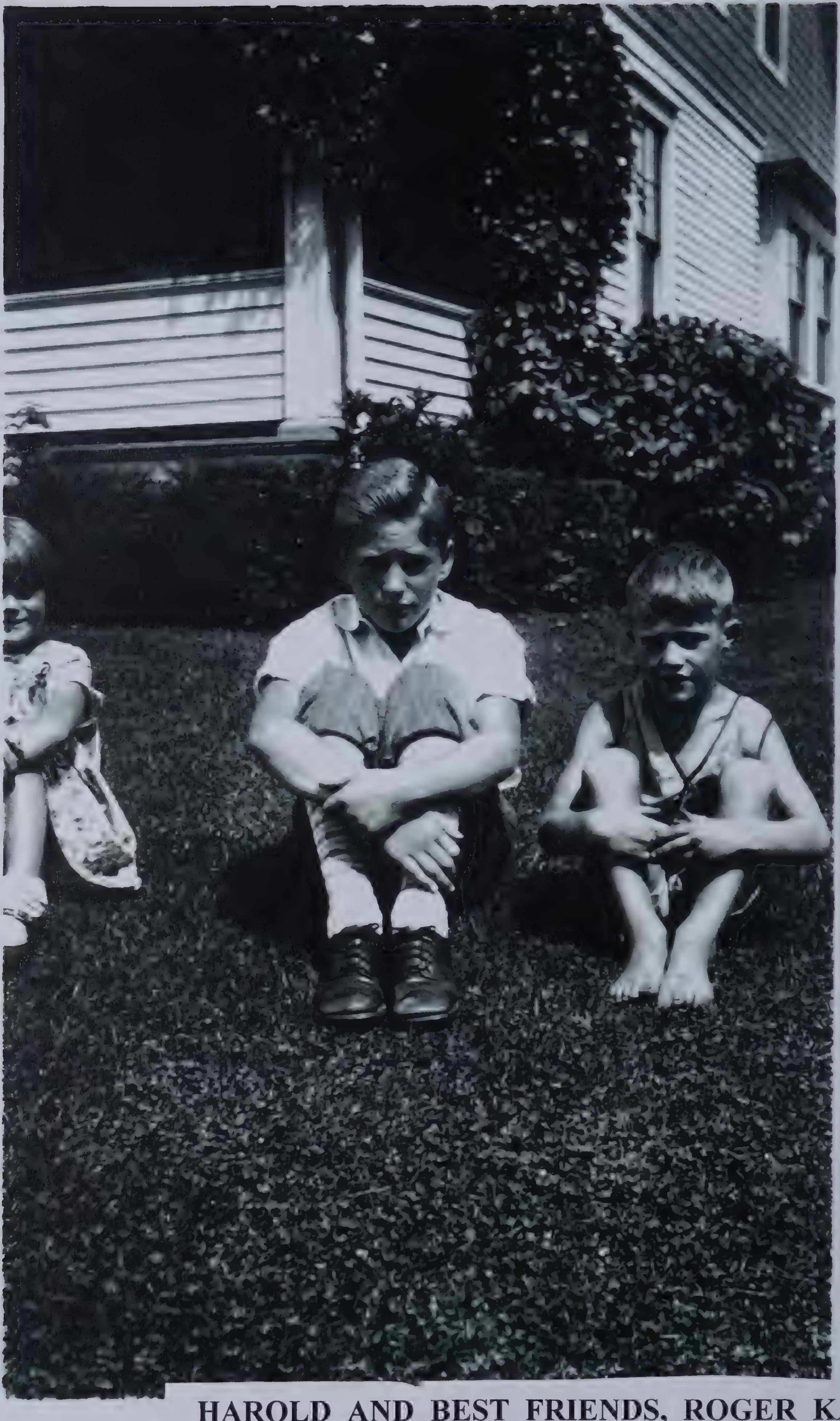
HAROLD D. STUMP



HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE

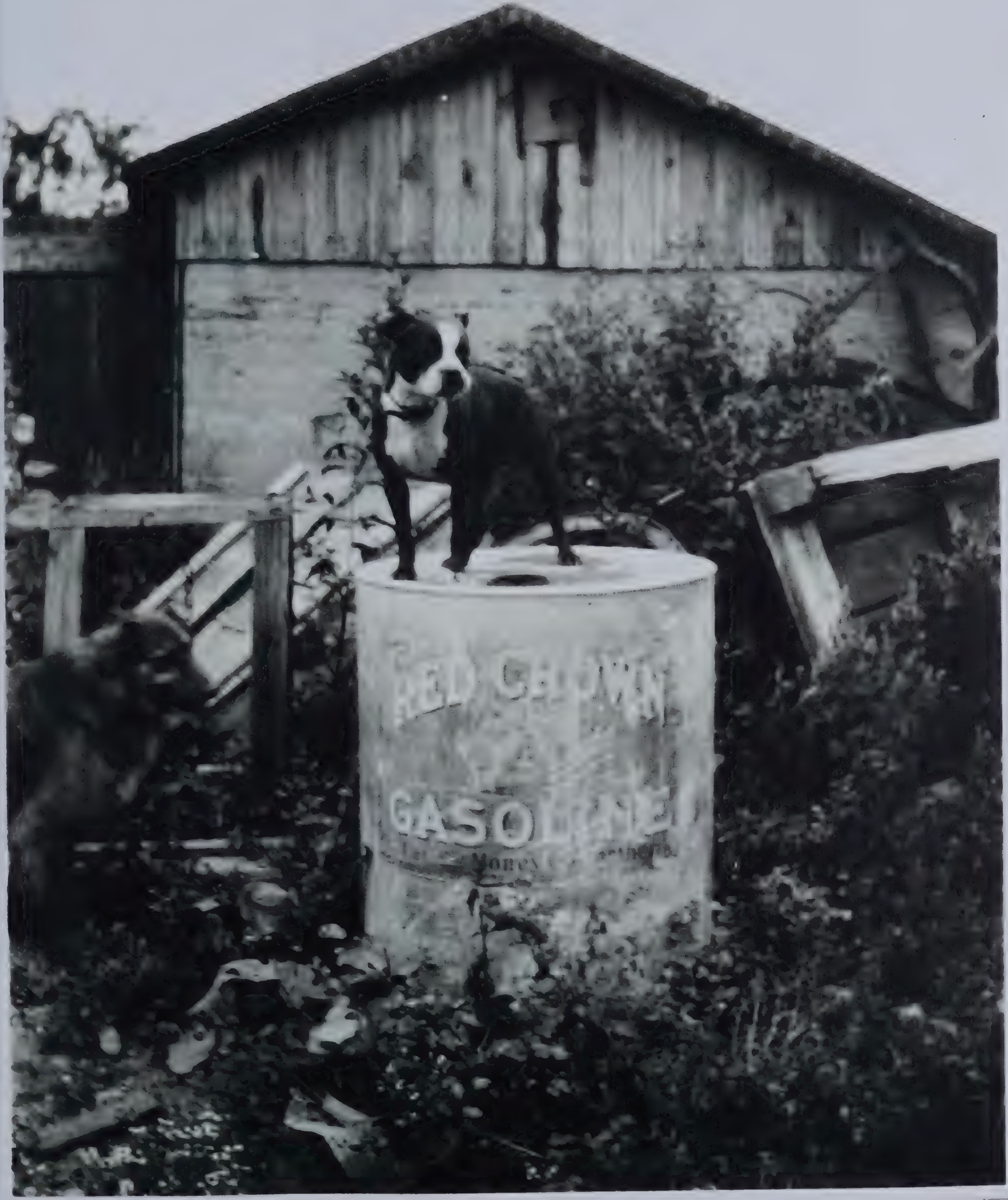


HAROLD, CLEMENTINE, AND BOSTON TERRIER, PAT



HAROLD AND BEST FRIENDS, ROGER KAIN

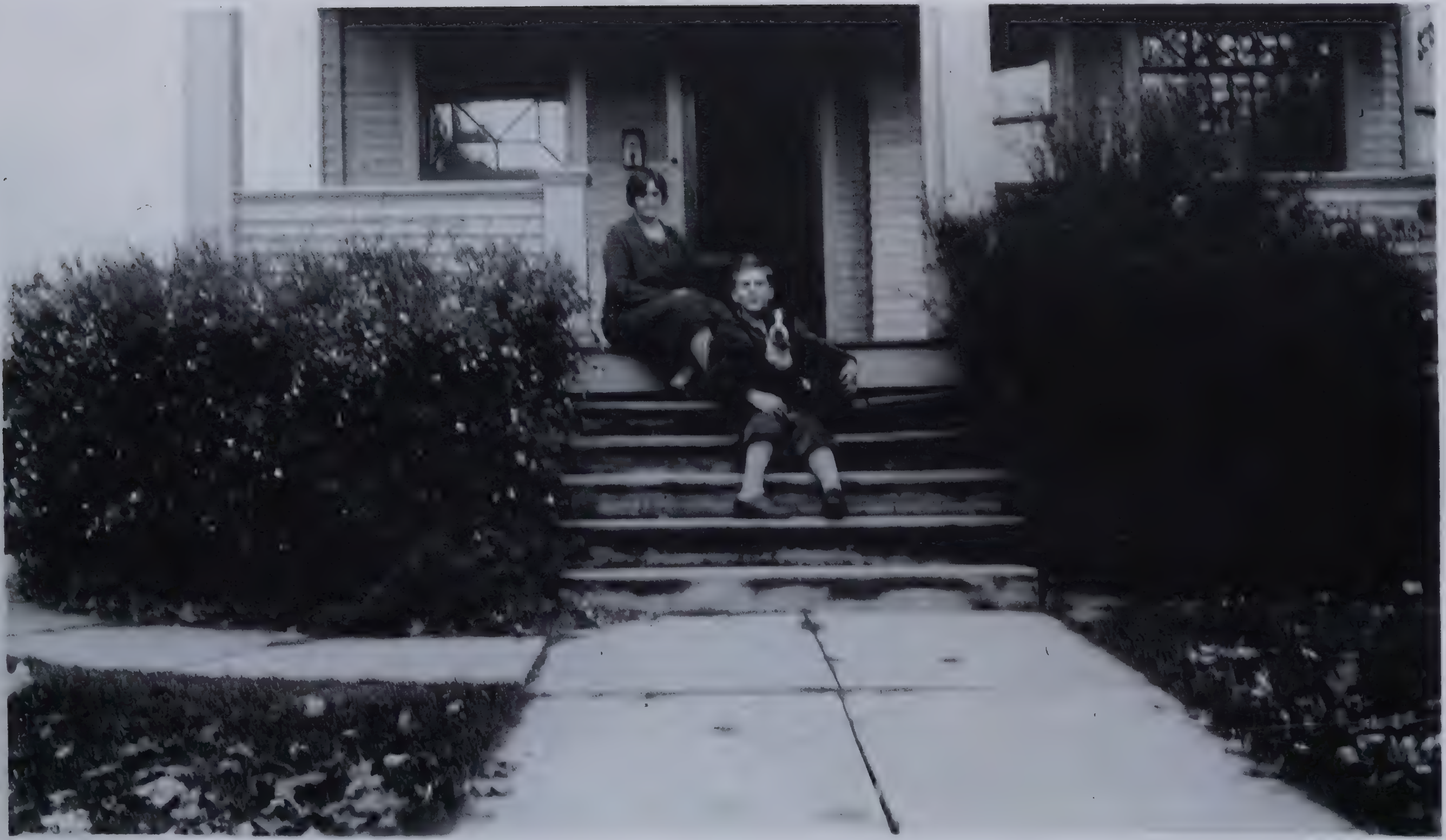
A BOY'S BEST FRIEND: THE BOSTON TERRIER, PAT


RED CROWN
GASOLINE

HAROLD AND PAT

HAROLD AND PAT

HAROLD AND PAT



CLEMENTINE, HAROLD, AND PAT

CLEMENTINE'S FLOWING TRESSES IN THE 1920'S

CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP

AND

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

OF THE

1930'S

SIGHTS OF...

RAG RUGS, CANNED FRUIT, AND BREADLINES

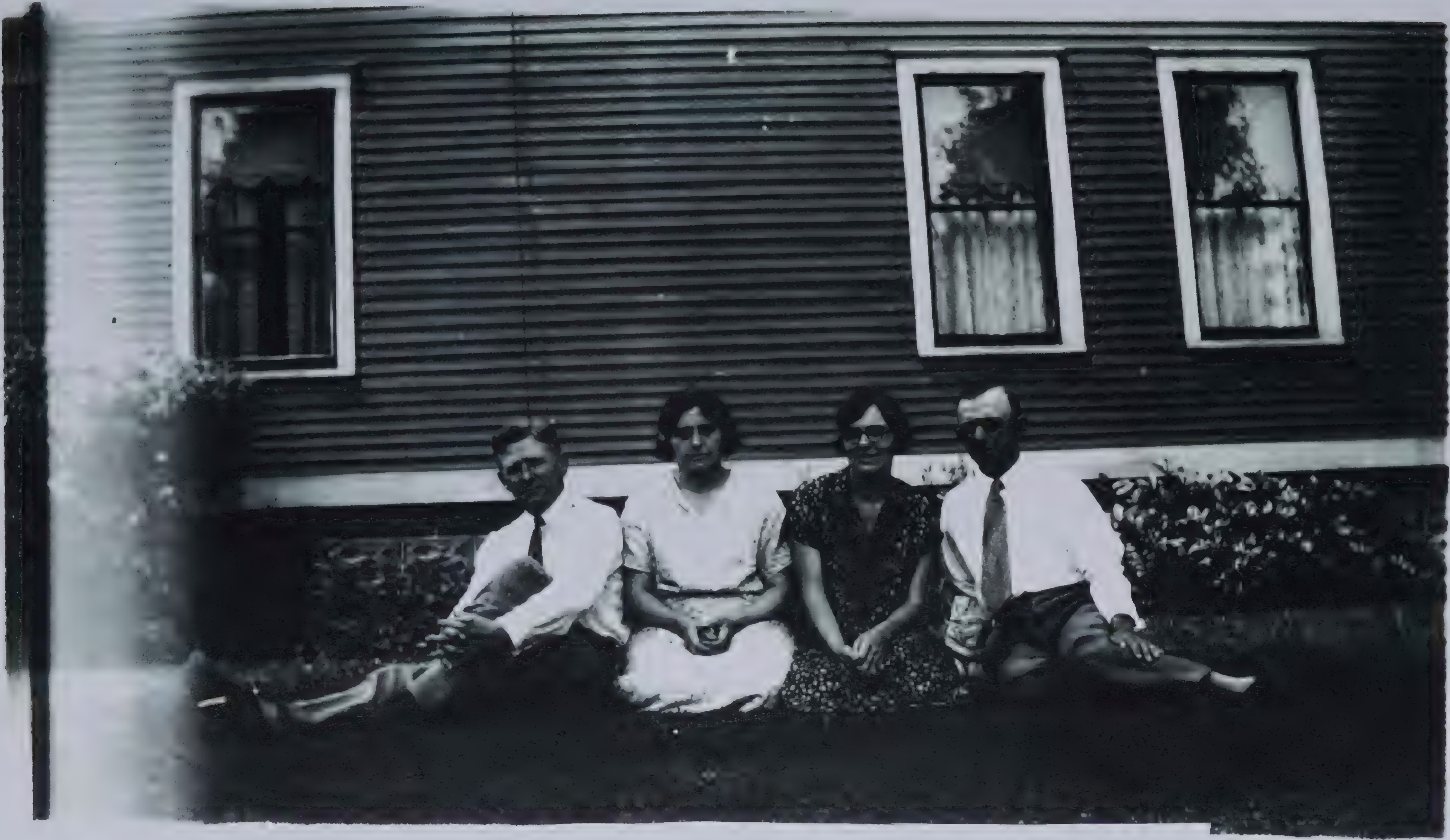
CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP
AND
THE GREAT DEPRESSION
OF THE 1930'S

Clementine's exposure to the hardships of the Great Depression of the 1930's was less traumatizing and less severe than for those who stood in bread lines which stretched around city blocks and for those who sold apples on the street corners of every hamlet and town in America. She, however, did understand implicitly how stressful feeding a family could be for mothers across America because Clemmie had been one of eight children as her father, Elijah, and her mother, Mary, struggled with the daily chores and endless tilling of the soil on their farm in Noble County, Indiana. When the Stock Market crashed in October, 1929 sending shock waves across the American financial system, Clementine and Walter were financially solid due to Walter's law practice in Auburn and Clementine's habitual frugality even in times of plenty. Clementine and Walter lived modestly during the Depression years of the 1930's due to their Yankee frugality and their pioneer spirits bred from life plowing the grasslands and harvesting their crops on the farms of their youth. Consequently, they raised their son, Harold, to always be mindful of the desperation and the needs of others as they daily read accounts of suicides among those who had lost their fortunes, of the starving Okies who had traveled to California in search of a better life, and of the children in the small communities like Auburn for whom Christmas meant only an orange in their stockings which were hung on the fireplace mantles.

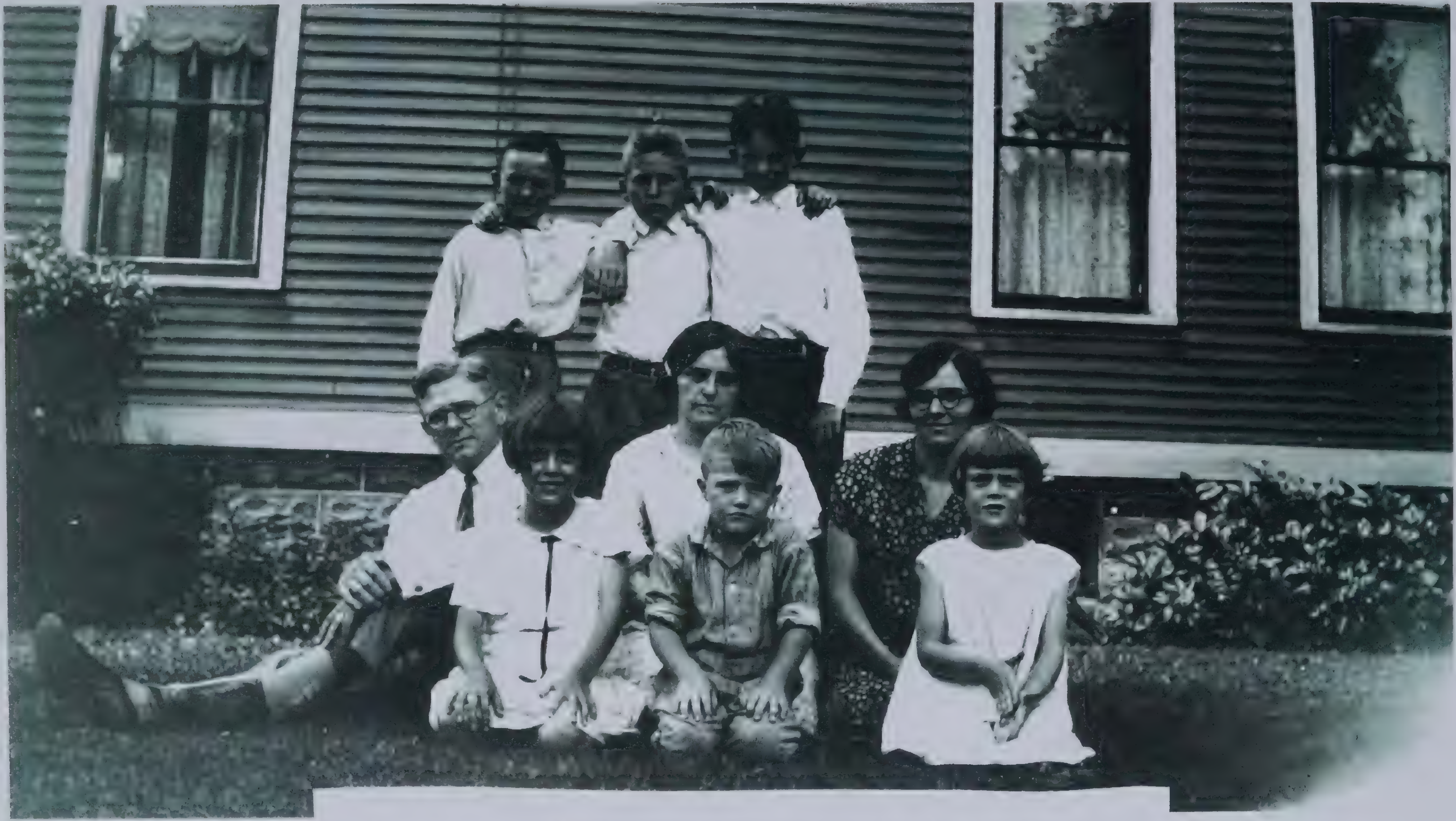
Clementine especially practiced practicality and self reliance in her food preparation as she never wasted any items that could be used, reused, or saved for future use when she ran her household. Born from these habits of a lifetime were images of Clementine picking cherries, pears, and grapes from the trees and the vines which surrounded her home on Seventh Street, all of which she transformed into delicious canned delicacies which she stored on the shelves in her dark, damp basement. In the sweltering sun of summer, Clemmie stood in her kitchen making sausage from the scraps of meat which had not been consumed during the week, tirelessly turning the meat grinder until the beef and pork became a paste which could be fed into the sausage casings. She never disposed of a rag or a scrap of cloth which could be transformed into rag rugs or handmade clothing for her family and friends, and afternoons would find her cutting the cloth into strips and winding the strips into balls of fabric for her next sewing project. So ingrained were Clemmie's patterns of simple living that even into her elderly years, she attended rummage sales, wove rags into rugs, and jealously guarded her larder of canned fruits and vegetables. When old age and infirmities took their toll on her energies, she fixed Walter meals of hamburger, fried potatoes, and whipped Milnot which he put on his dessert of jello. In the 1950's, she entertained her granddaughter, Carolyn, not only with tales from her childhood exploits with her brothers and sisters, but on each visit from her granddaughter, she also baked sugar cookies which were held

together with bacon and hamburger grease which Clementine had saved after each evening meal. When Clemmie's health needs grew less manageable, she was relocated to a new home neighboring Harold's home on Morningstar Road. In each day of the ten years in which she lived in the house which was sheltered by Harold's protective gaze out of his window and his daily visits to her, she felt lost and helpless being away from the Seventh Street domain in which she had resided and where she had raised Harold for thirty years. As age and Alzheimers claimed her faculties, she became distraught thinking about the placement in her new home of possessions which she had accumulated all of her life, most of which were the products of visits to garage sales and rummage sales which had been organized by her Presbyterian Church and by the Rebekah Lodge to which she belonged. Until necessity dictated that she be moved to the Sacred Heart Nursing home in Avilla, Indiana, Clemmie wept over the fate of her canned cherries and apples, wondering if they had survived the trip across town and worrying how her family would survive if any the fruits of her labors for over thirty years were lost.

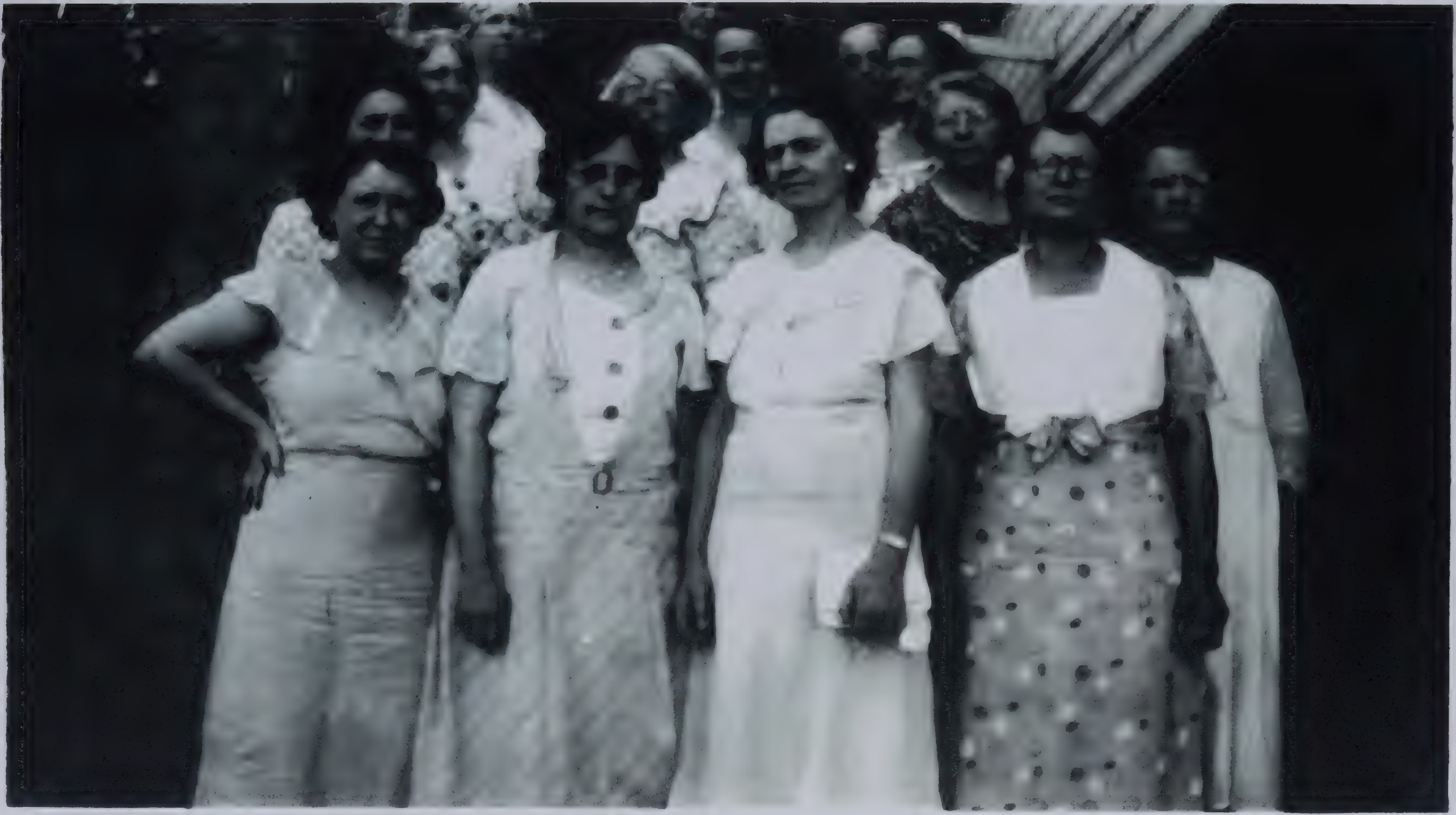
As we of this generation discuss the current economic meltdown of 2009, it is only fitting to reflect on the generation of the 1930's and recognize that solving any problem depends upon self reliance and self control as well as upon taking responsibility for choices which are made without financial accountability in mind. In this year of 2009, the descendants of Walter, Clementine, and Harold are watching and waiting as unemployment rises to 8%, as formerly sound investment banks like Lehman Brothers and AIG need bailout money, as the Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors corporations are facing bankruptcy, and as the deficit rises because of the stimulus plan of 800 billion dollars. It is only a brief excursion back in time before we once again are reminded of the courage and the steadfastness of the "Greatest Generation" which managed their own affairs without blaming the government or the President for their economic woes…thanks to the frugality and the selflessness of our ancestors of eighty years ago, we have a model of citizenship and personal responsibility upon which to chart our course for the next four years under the direction of our new President, Barack Obama. Thanks to you, Walter, Clementine, and Harold, for the strength of your characters and the stability of your examples as we hitch our lanyards to the rocks of your wisdom these decades hence.



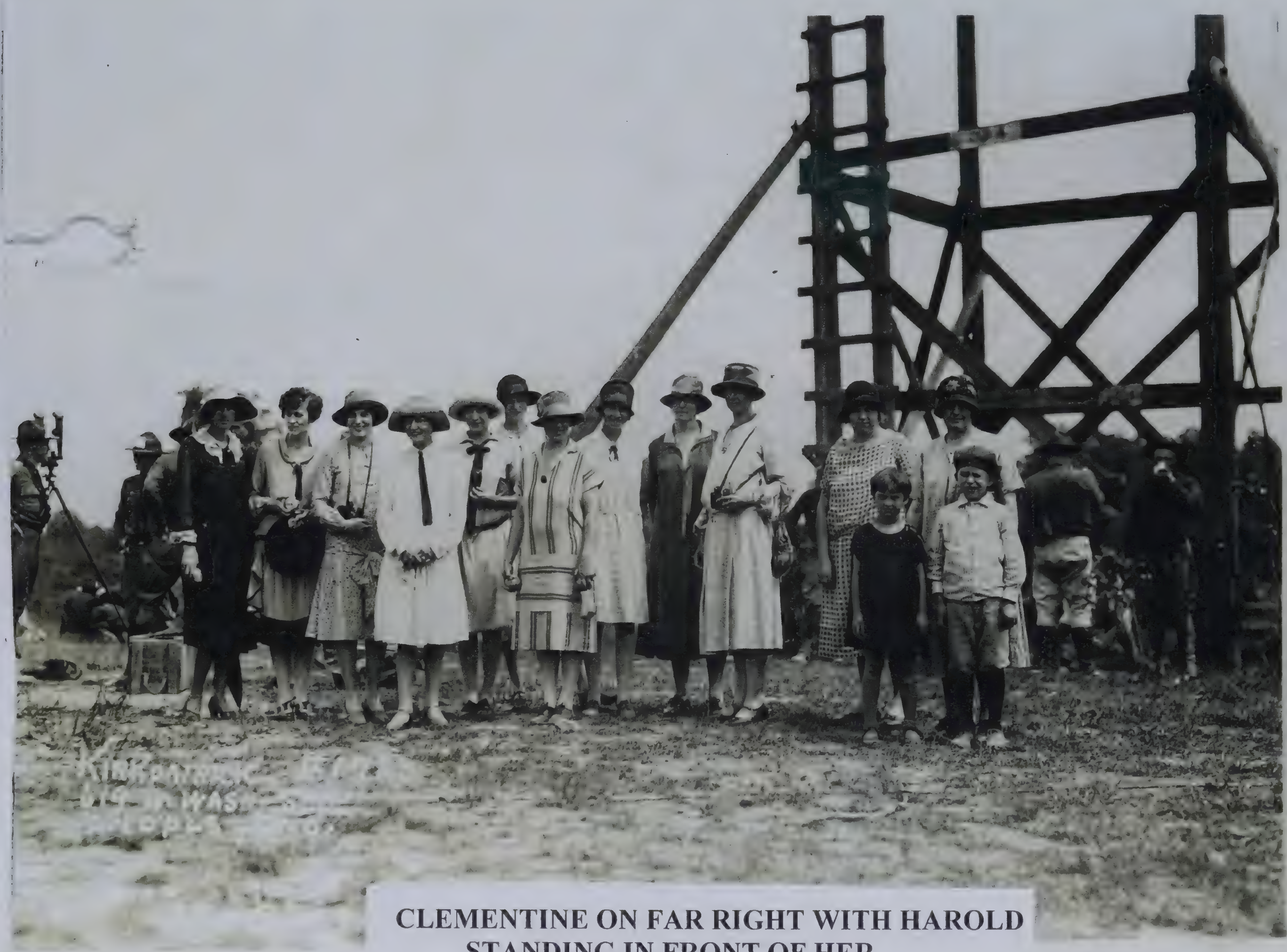
WALTER, CLEMENTINE, AND BEST COLLEGE FRIENDS, MAYNARD AND BETTY BUCKLES



WALTER, CLEMENTINE, AND BETTY BUCKLES WITH HAROLD STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOYS, AND ROGER AND PATTY KAIN KNEELING IN FRONT OF THE ADULTS



CLEMENTINE SECOND FROM LEFT ---1930'S


KIRKPATRICK
WAS

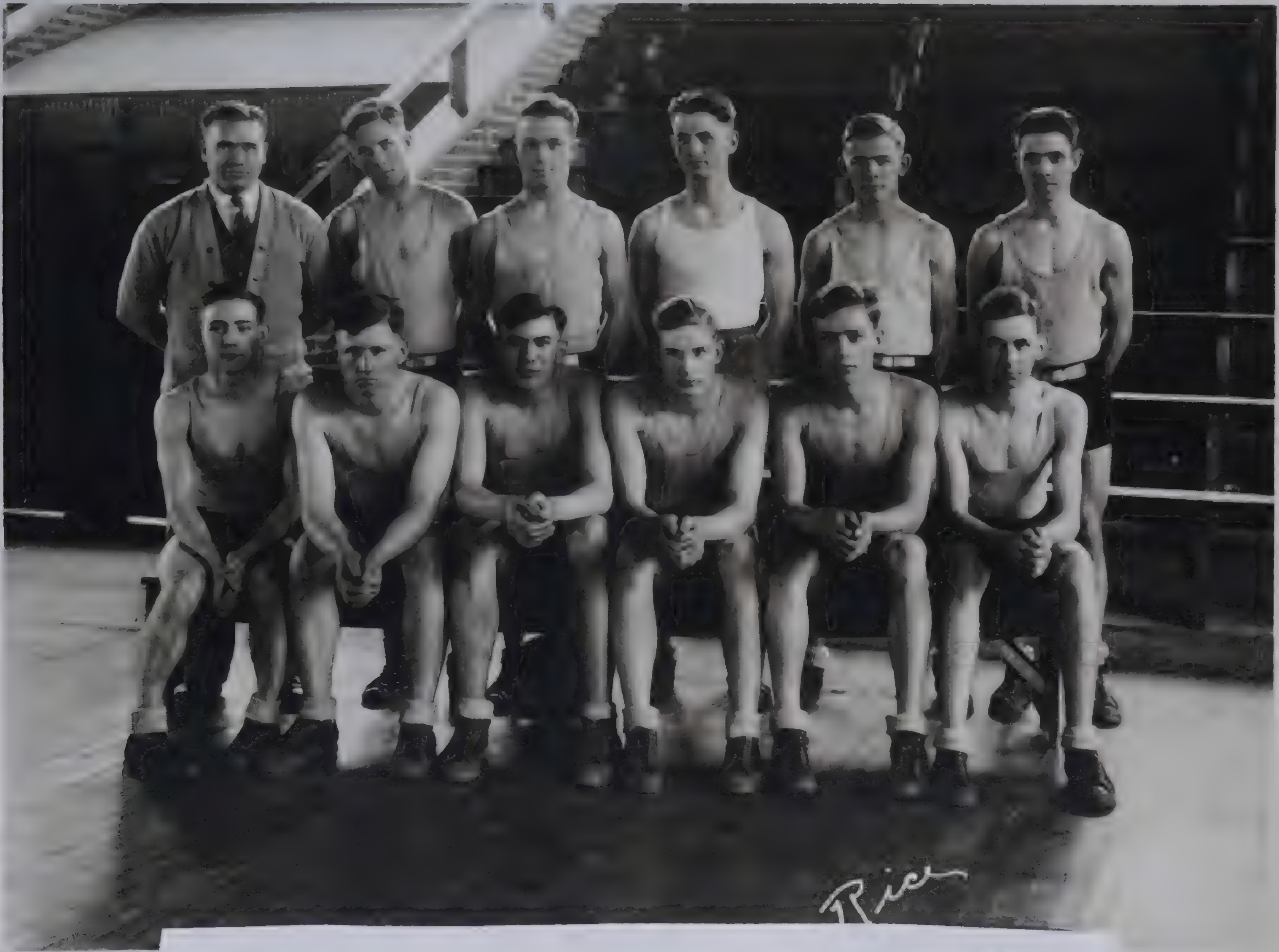
CLEMENTINE ON FAR RIGHT WITH HAROLD
STANDING IN FRONT OF HER

HAROLD, THE ATHLETE

CLEMENTINE AND PAT

HAROLD THE ADOLESCENT

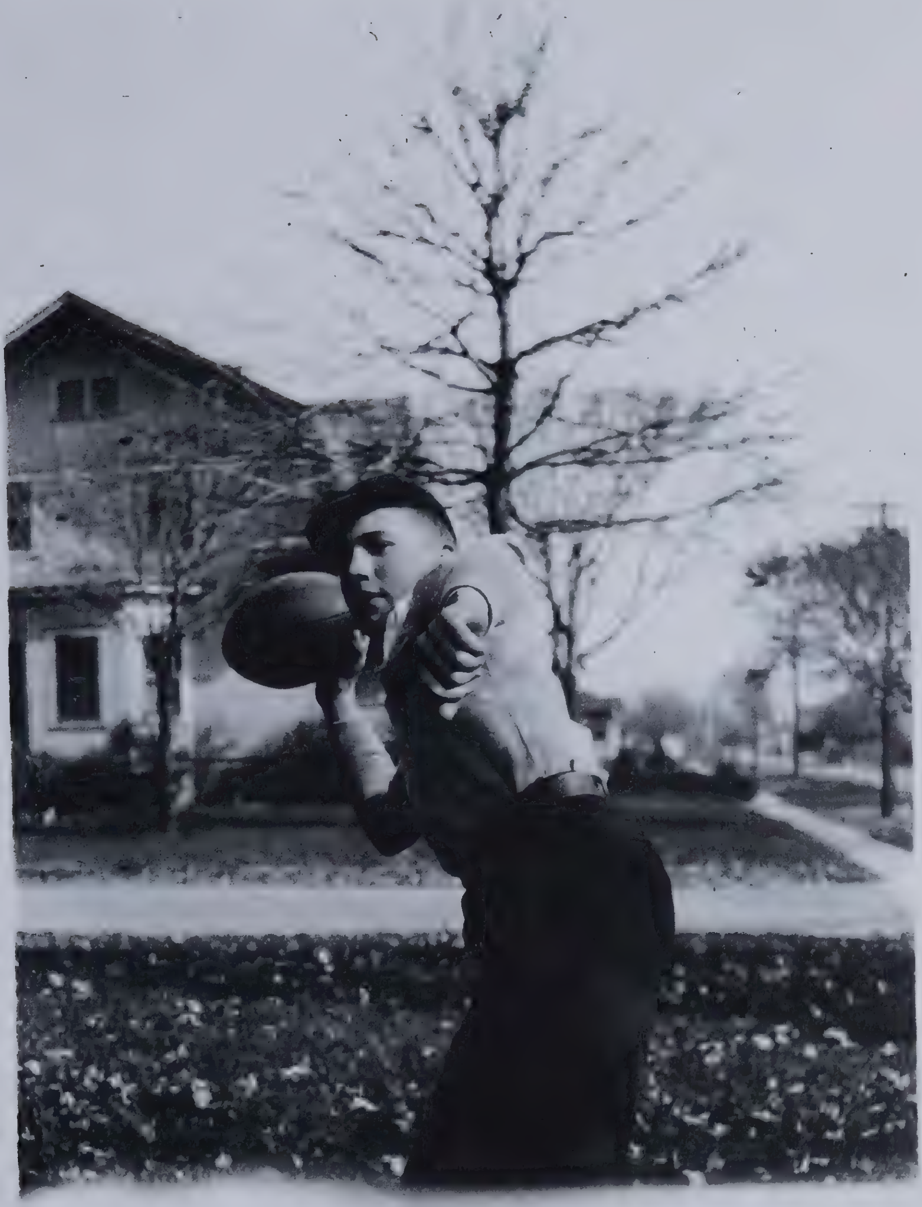
SNAPSHOTS OF THE STUMP FAMILY



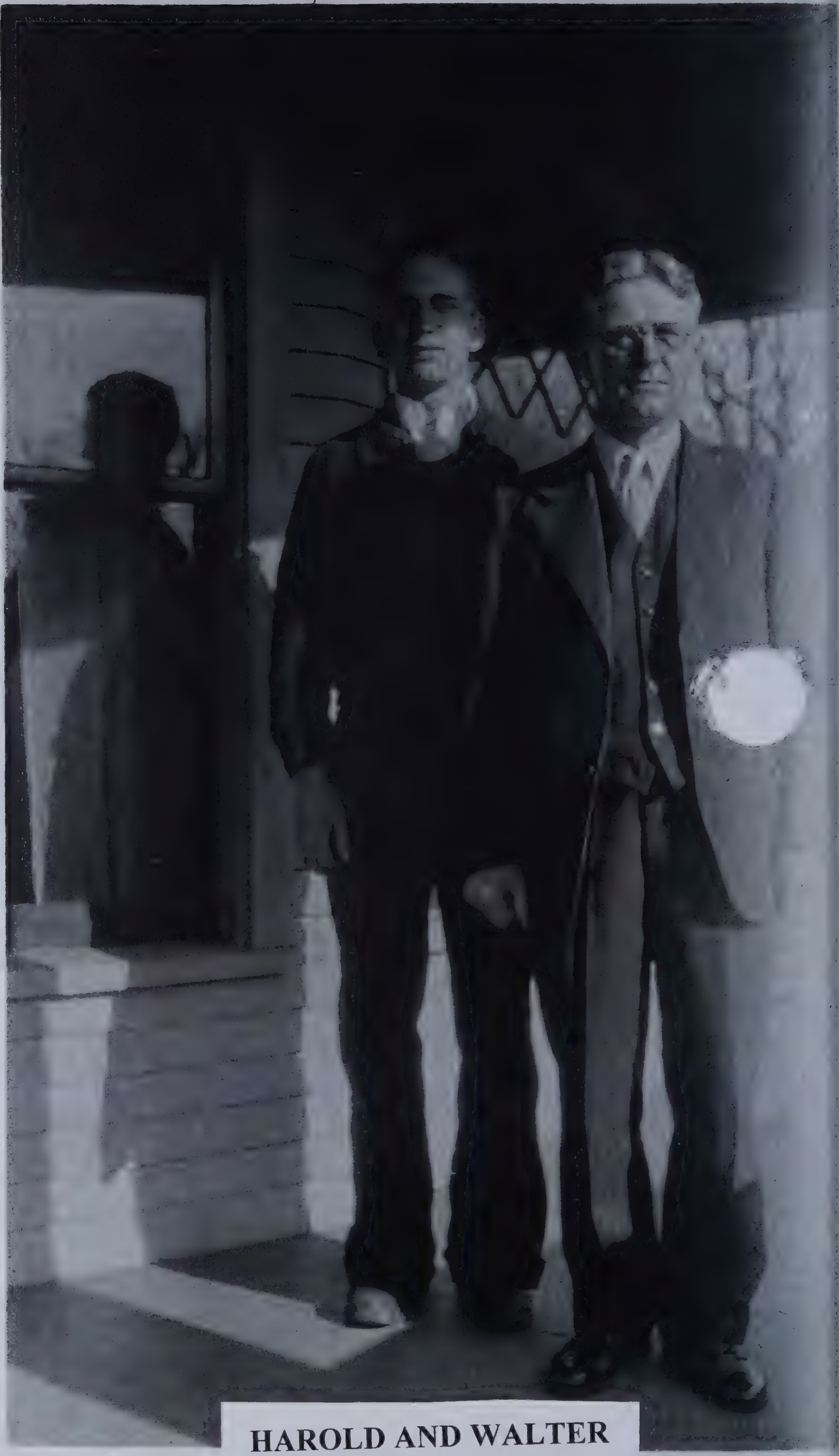
AUBURN HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM OF THE 1930'S WITH LEGENDARY COACH ZEKE YOUNG

HAROLD, THE ATHLETE

HAROLD, THE ATHLETE



HAROLD, THE ATHLETE



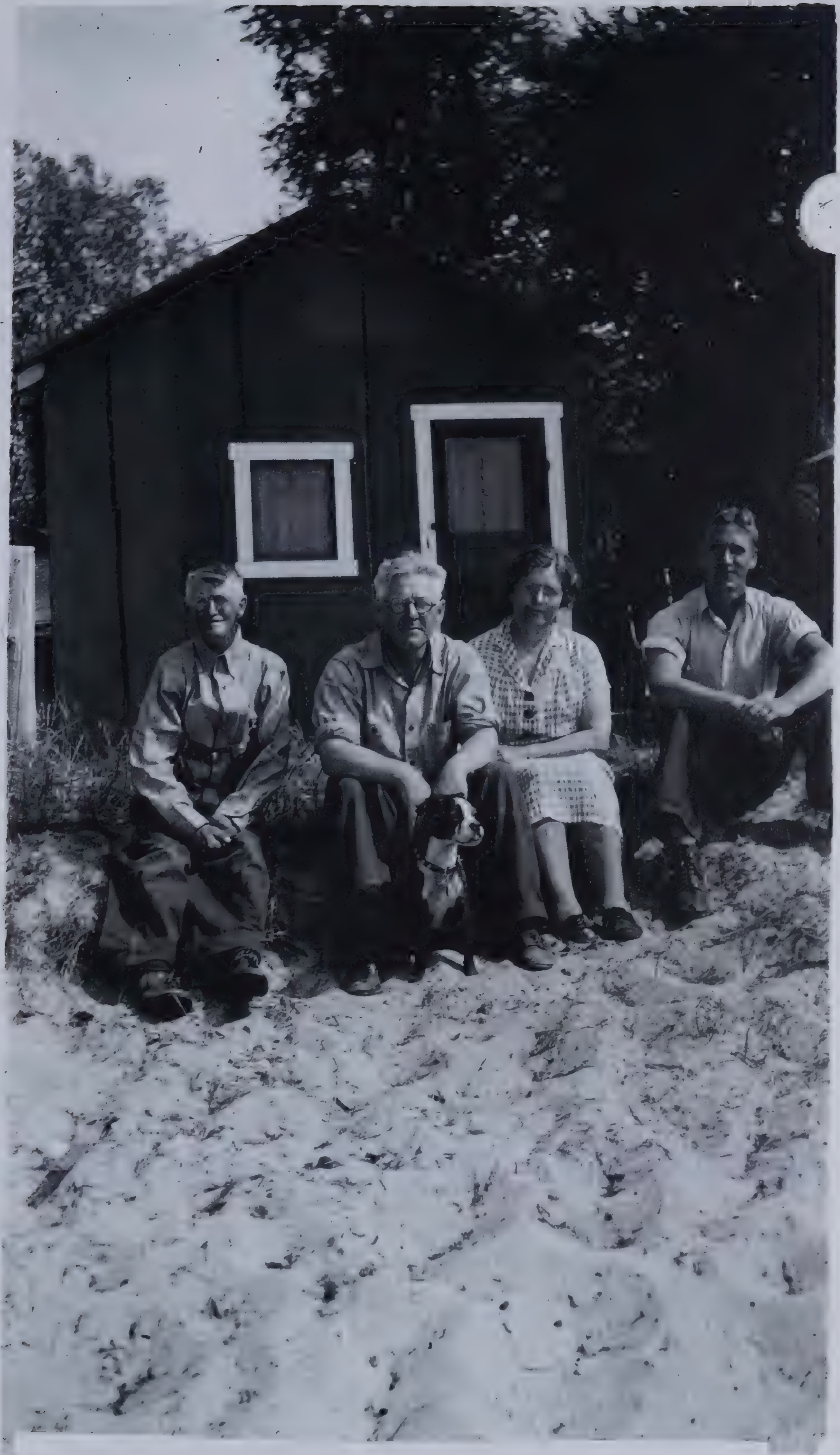
HAROLD AND WALTER

CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, HAROLD, AND WALTER
WITH PAT

CHARLES AND WALTER STUMP

CHARLES STUMP

CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, AND HAROLD WITH PAT



CHARLES, WALTER, CLEMENTINE, HAROLD
WITH PAT

CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, HAROLD, AND WALTER
WITH PAT

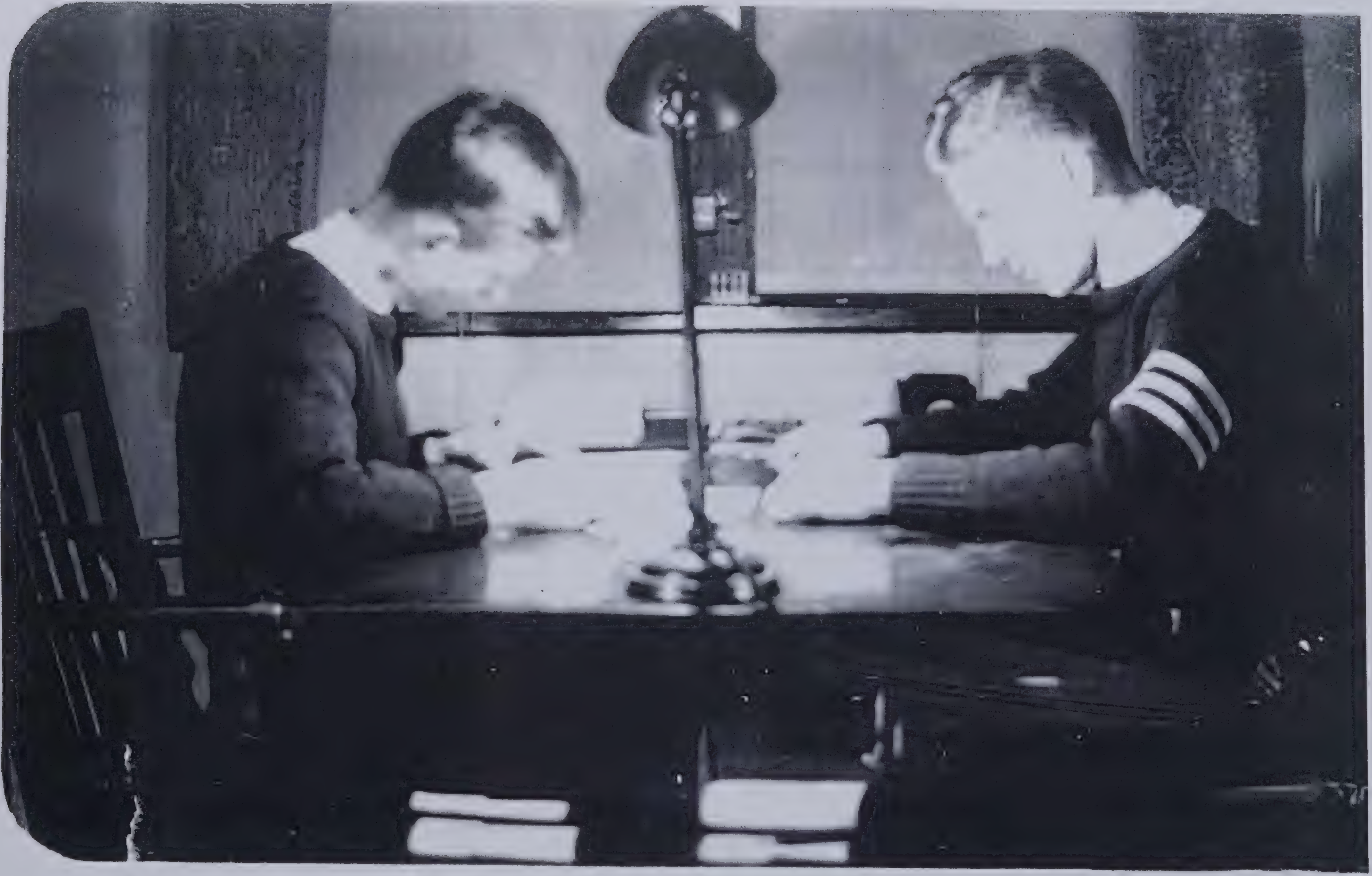
CLEMENTINE

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION: 1935

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION: 1935

OLD SOUTH HALL AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY WHERE HAROLD LIVED AS A RESIDENT ADVISOR HIS JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS

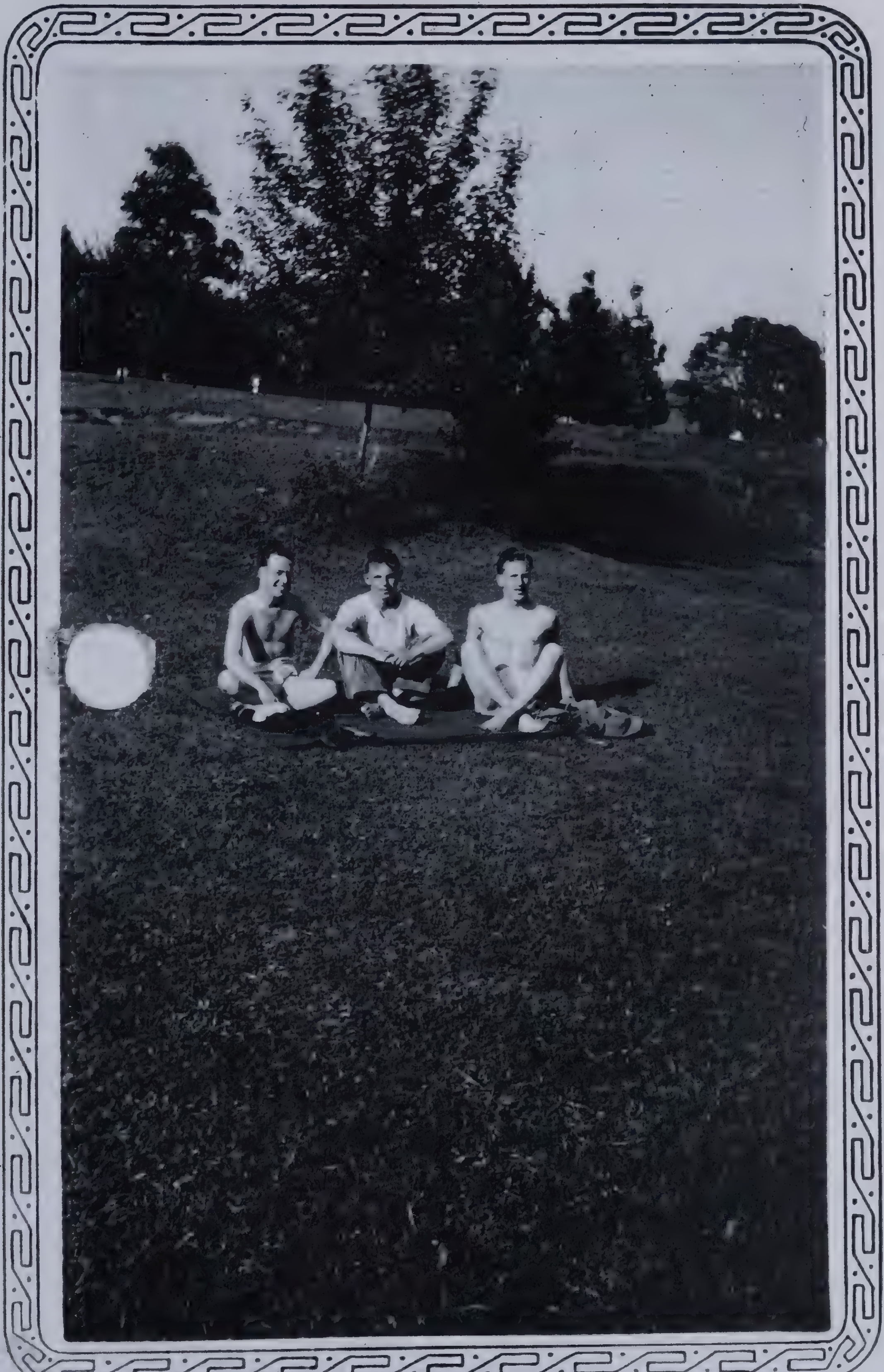
HAROLD ON THE INDIANA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



HAROLD STUDYING WHILE A STUDENT AT IU

HAROLD AT COLLEGE ...SEATED AT FAR RIGHT

HAROLD AT COLLEGE...SECOND FROM LEFT



HAROLD AT COLLEGE...ON FAR RIGHT

HAROLD AT COLLEGE...IN MIDDLE BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS

HAROLD WITH TUCK WATTS

HAROLD WITH TUCK WATTS

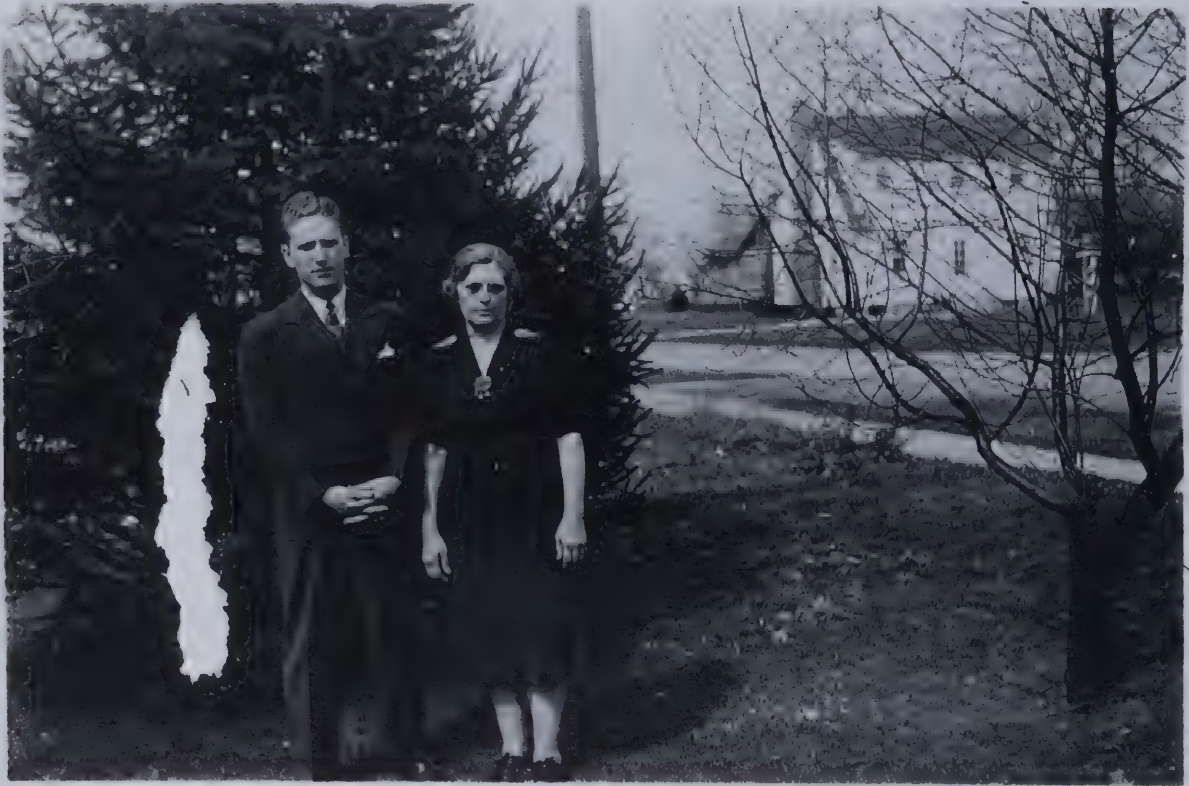
HAROLD ON LEFT WALKING THE BYWAYS OF INDIANA

COLLEGE GRADUATION: 1939

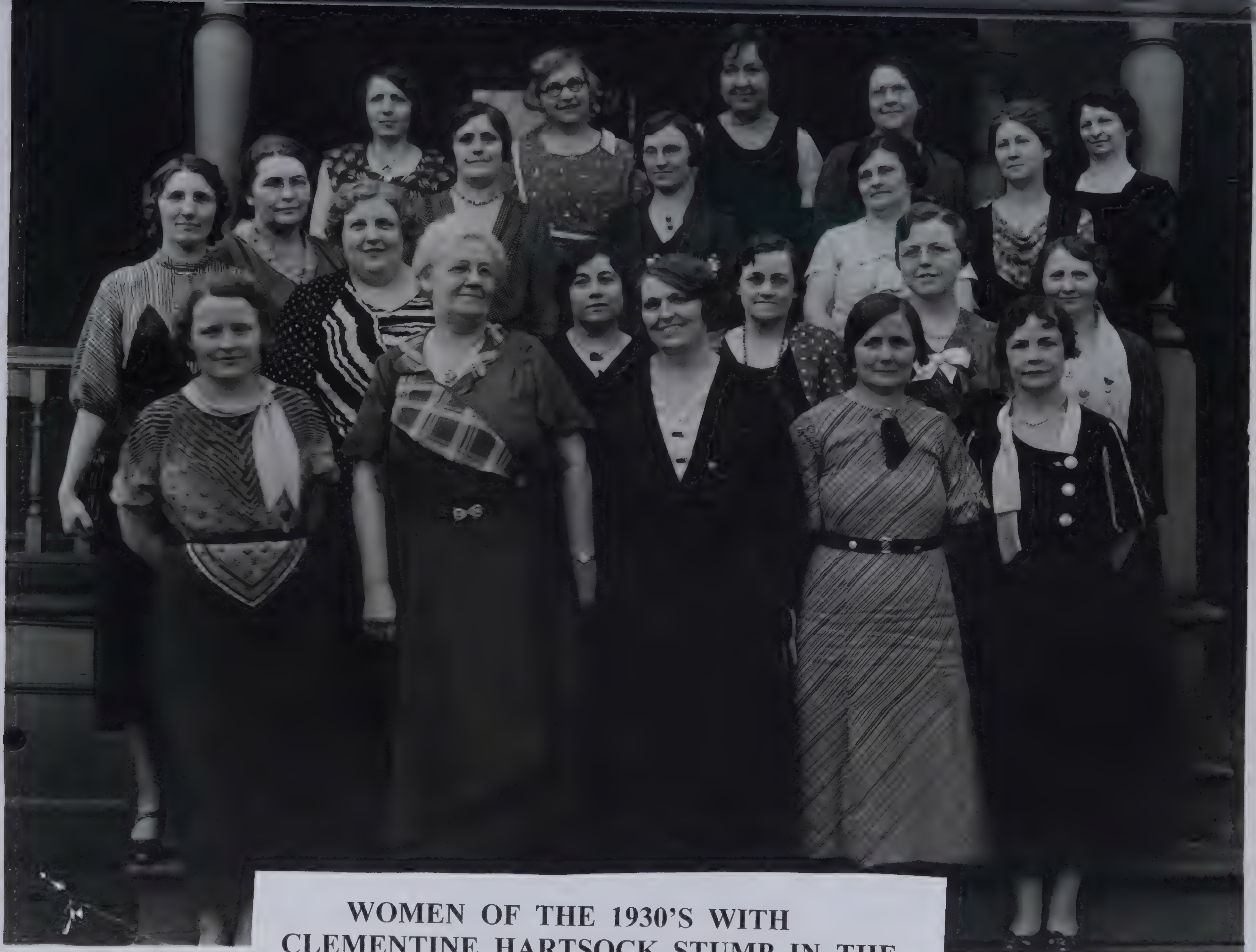
HAROLD D. STUMP

CLEMENTINE

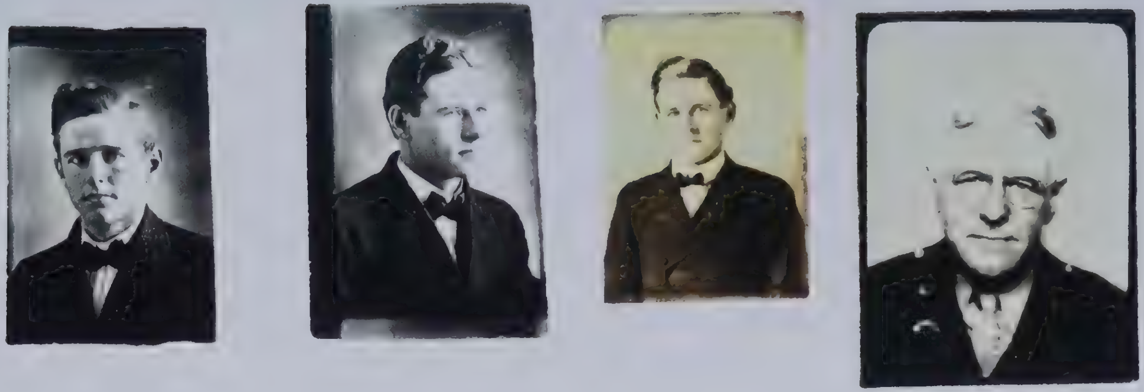
HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE



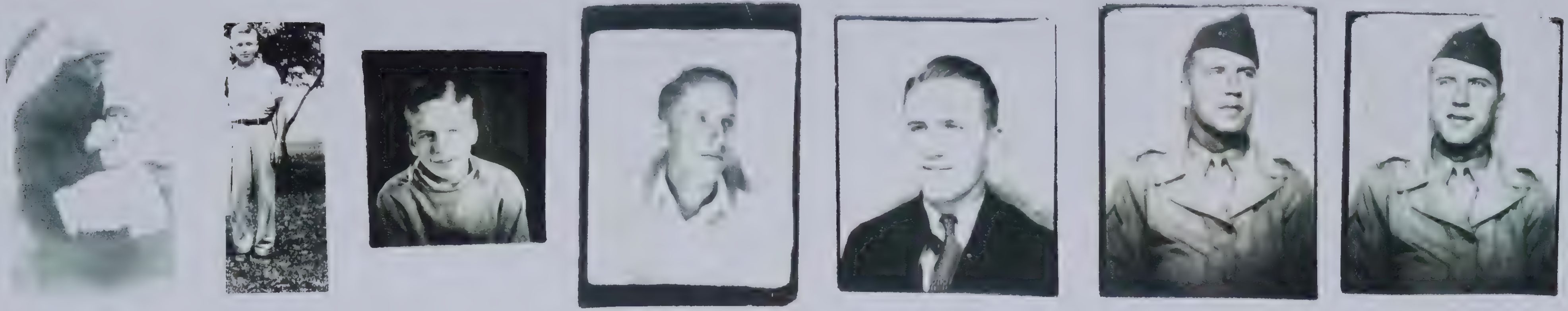
HAROLD AND CLEMENTINE



WOMEN OF THE 1930'S WITH CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP IN THE SECOND ROW FROM THE TOP, THE THIRD WOMAN FROM THE LEFT

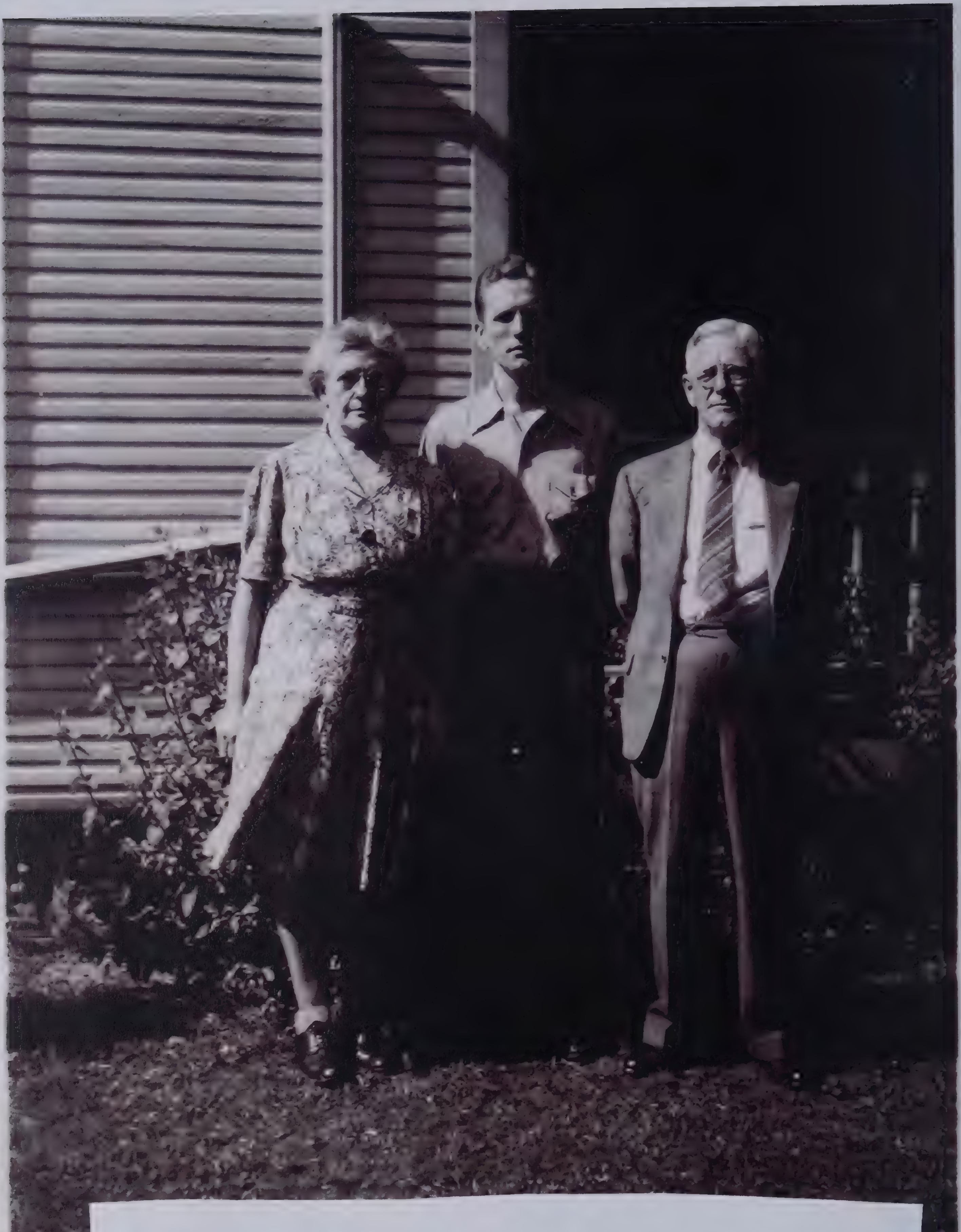


SNAPSHOTS OF WALTER D. STUMP: 1920'S – 1940'S



SNAPSHOTS OF HAROLD D. STUMP : 1940'S

HAROLD D. STUMP

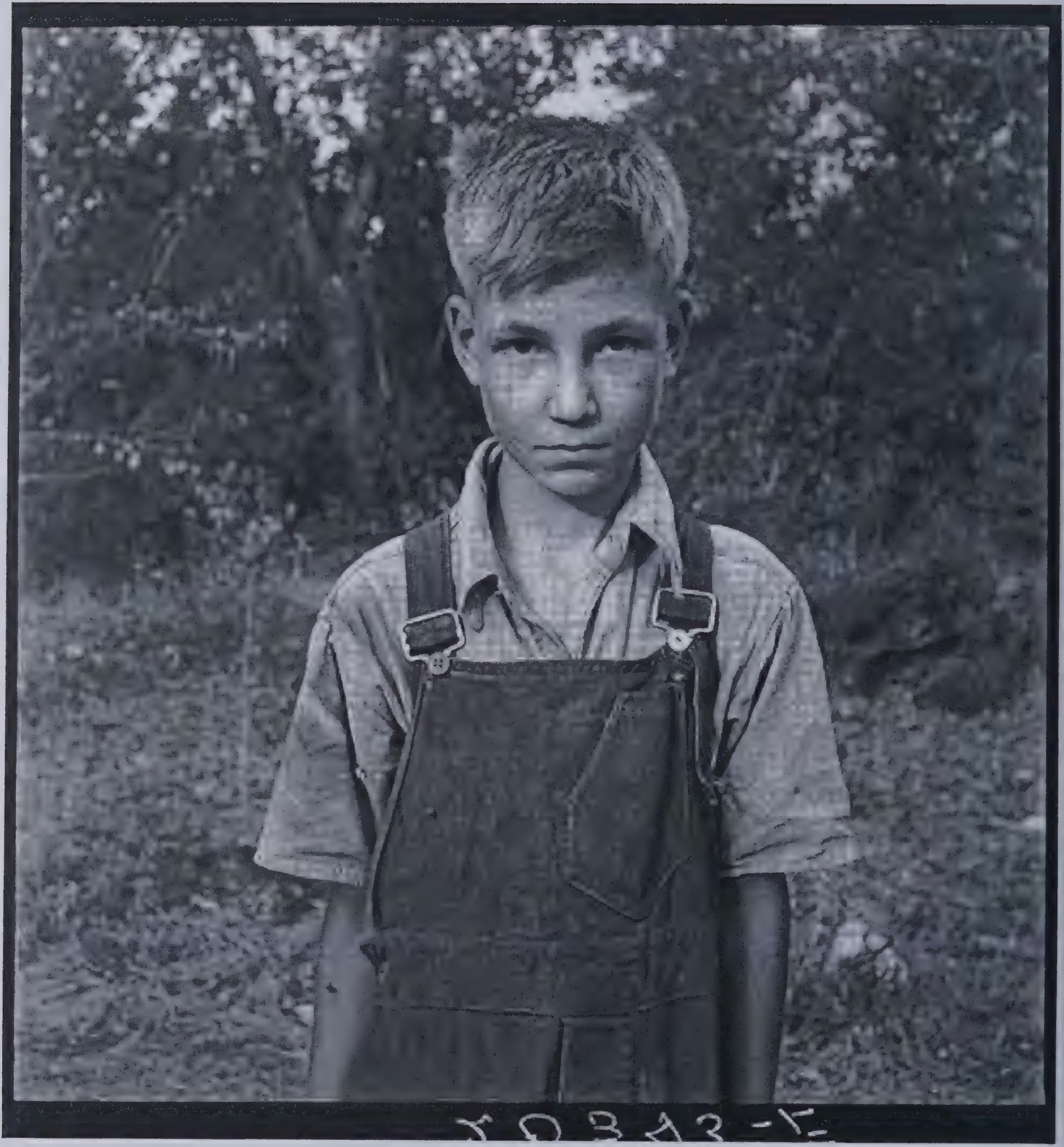


WALTER D. STUMP WITH HIS WIFE, CLEMENTINE, AND SON HAROLD IN FRONT OF THEIR SEVENTH STREET HOME IN 1939

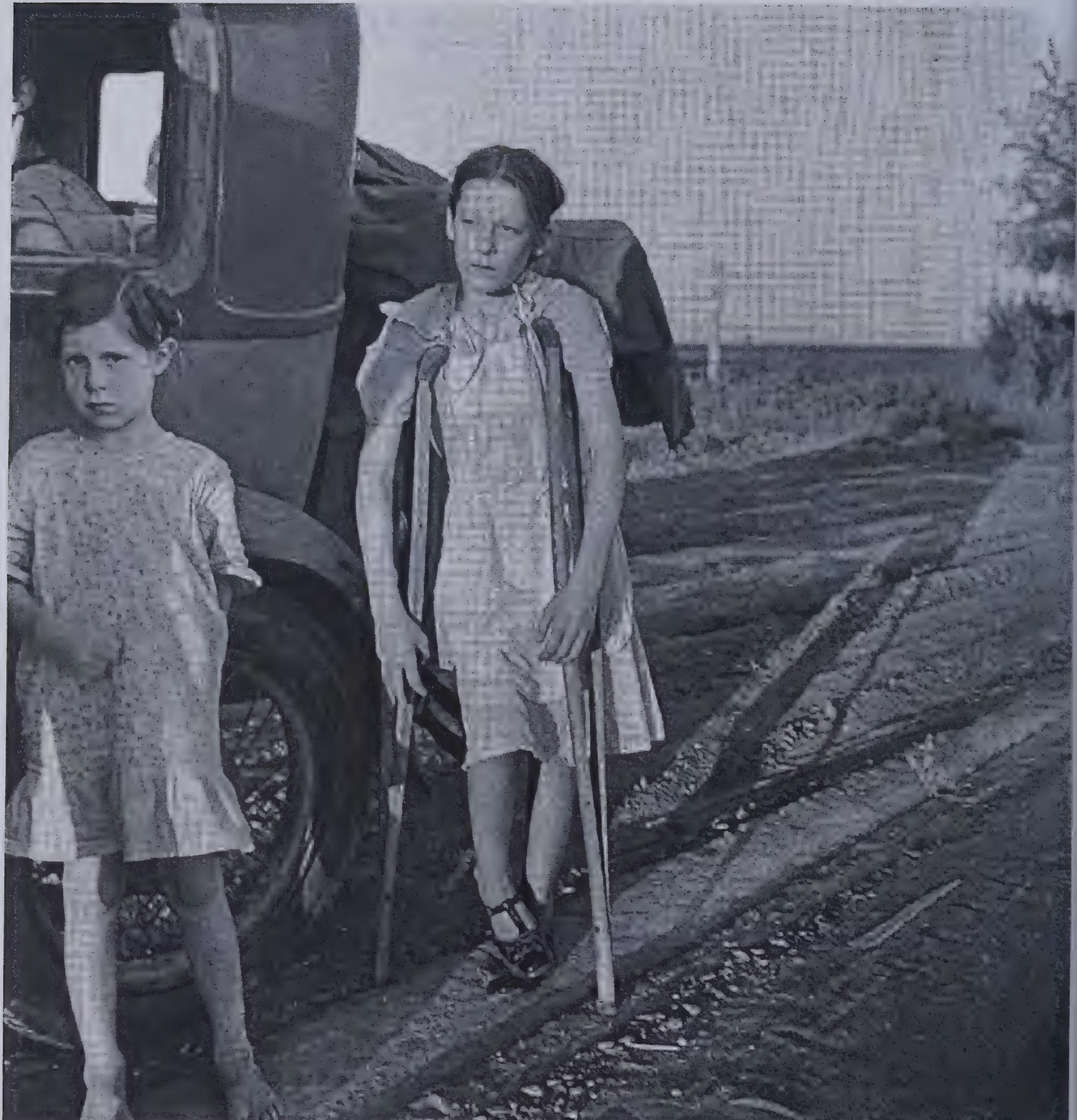
PLACES AND FACES

OF THE

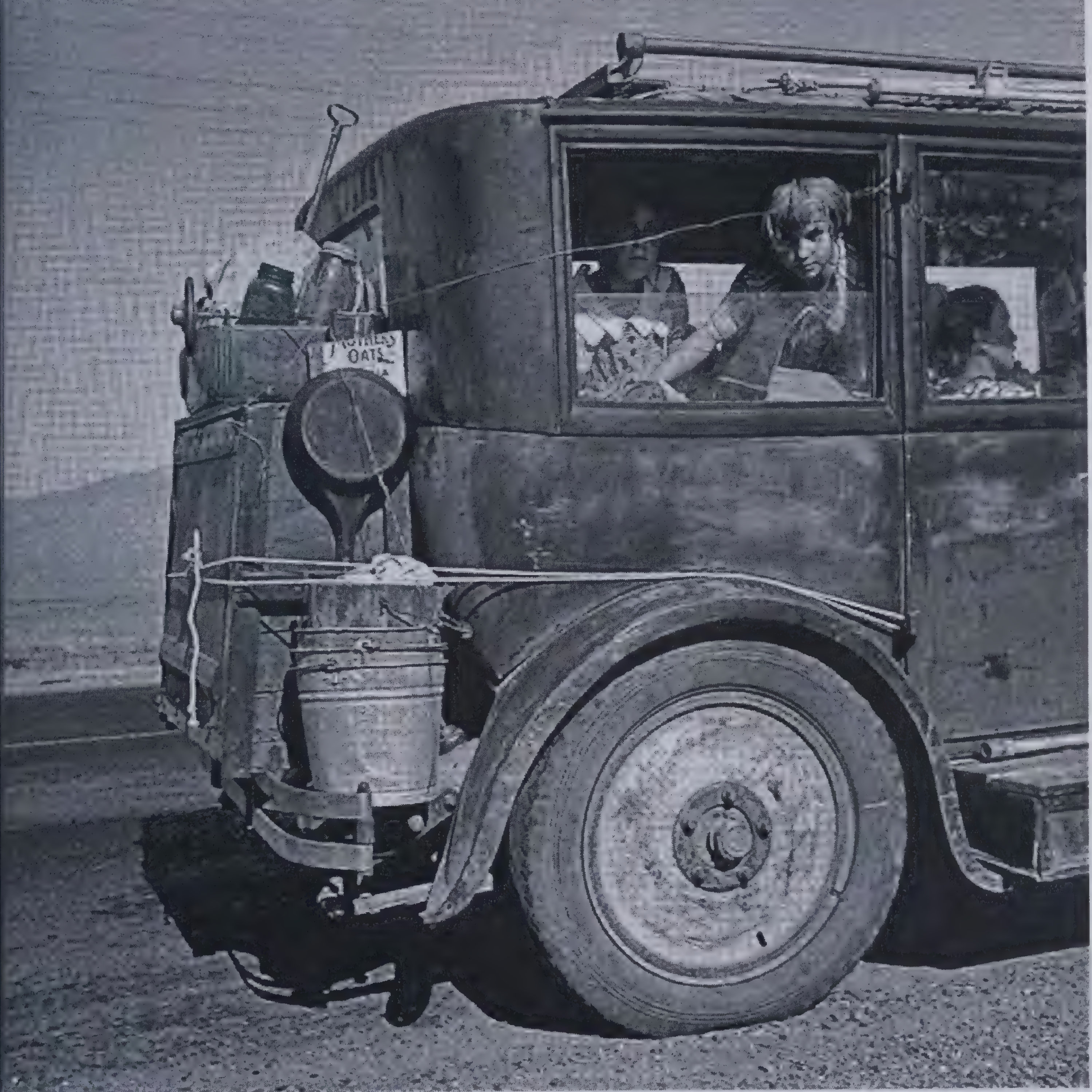
GREAT DEPRESSION



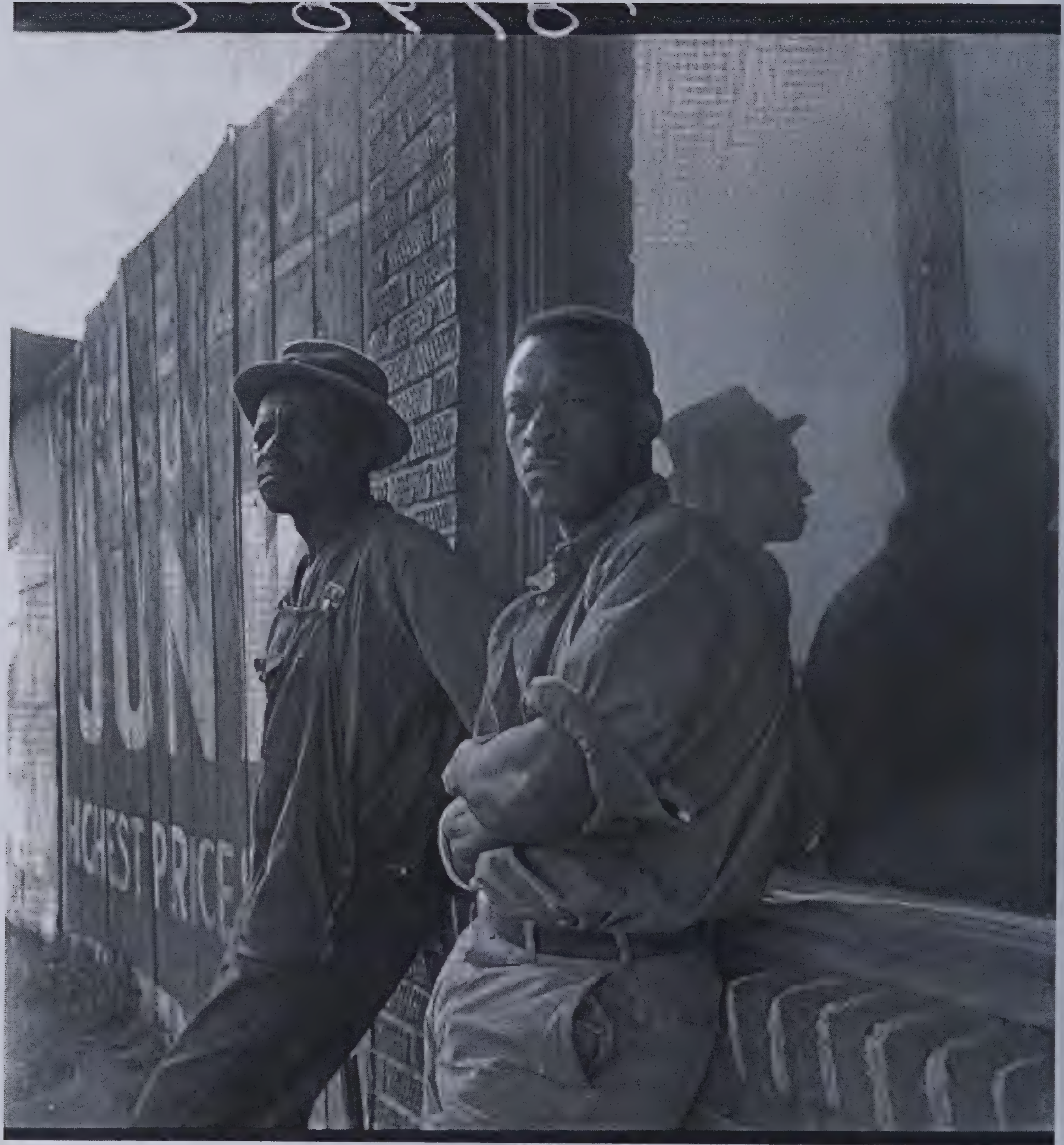
LENGTH INSIDE

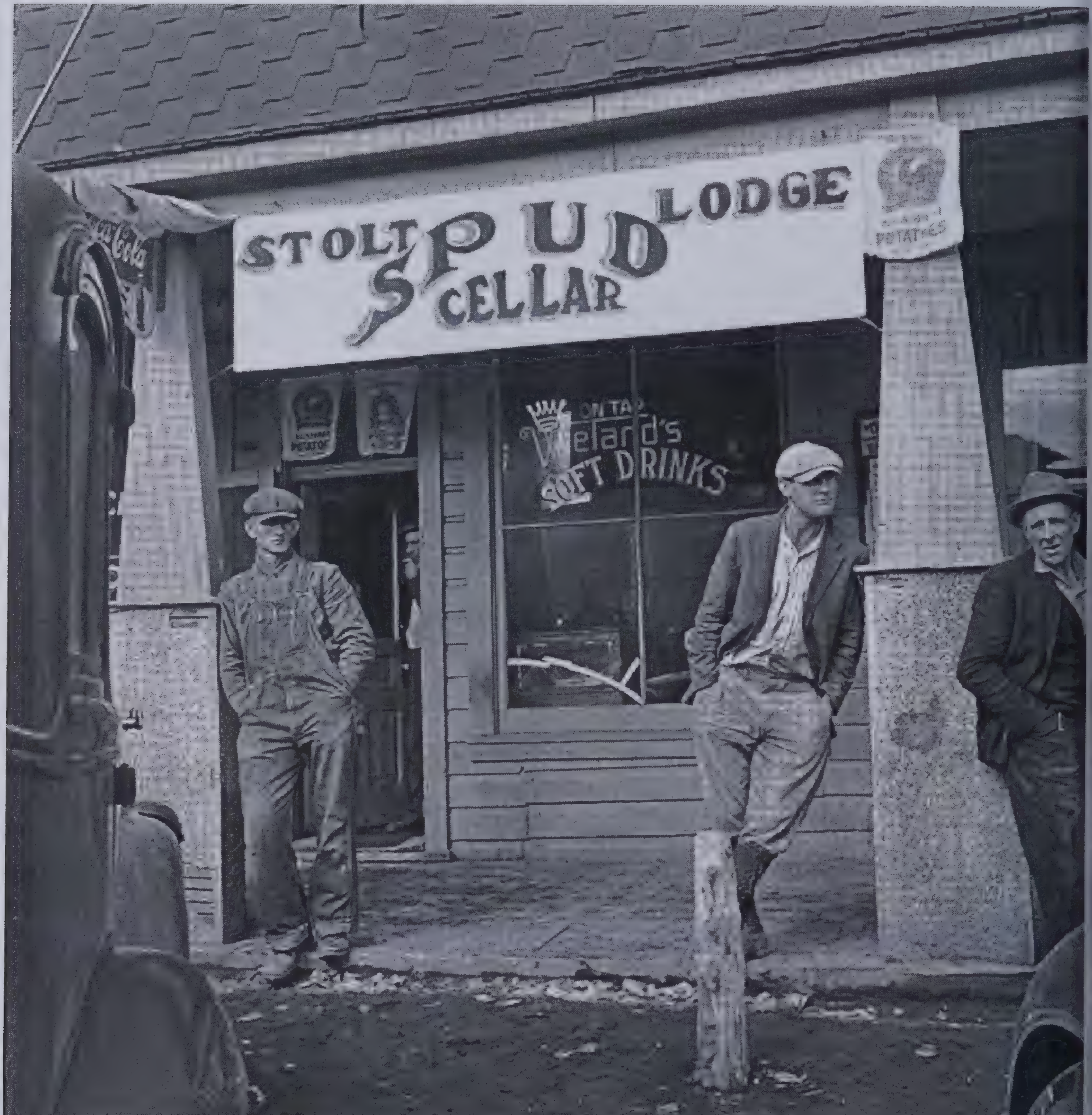


428 SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND 275
32 MEDFORD
ROSEBURG 79
OREGON
US
99
HOP PICKERS
LAKESIDE
HOP YARDS
FREE
CITY MARKET
MEATS

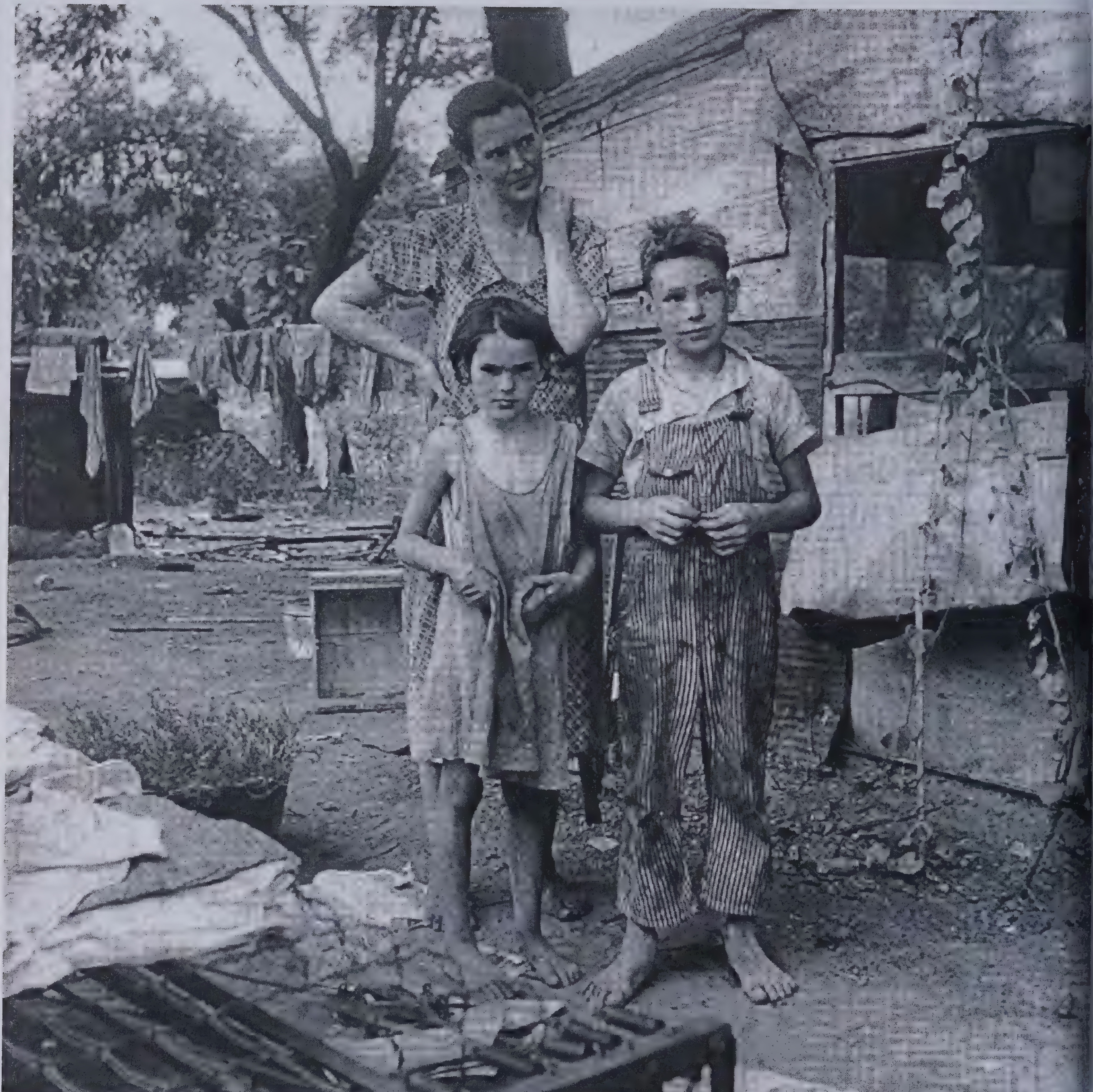


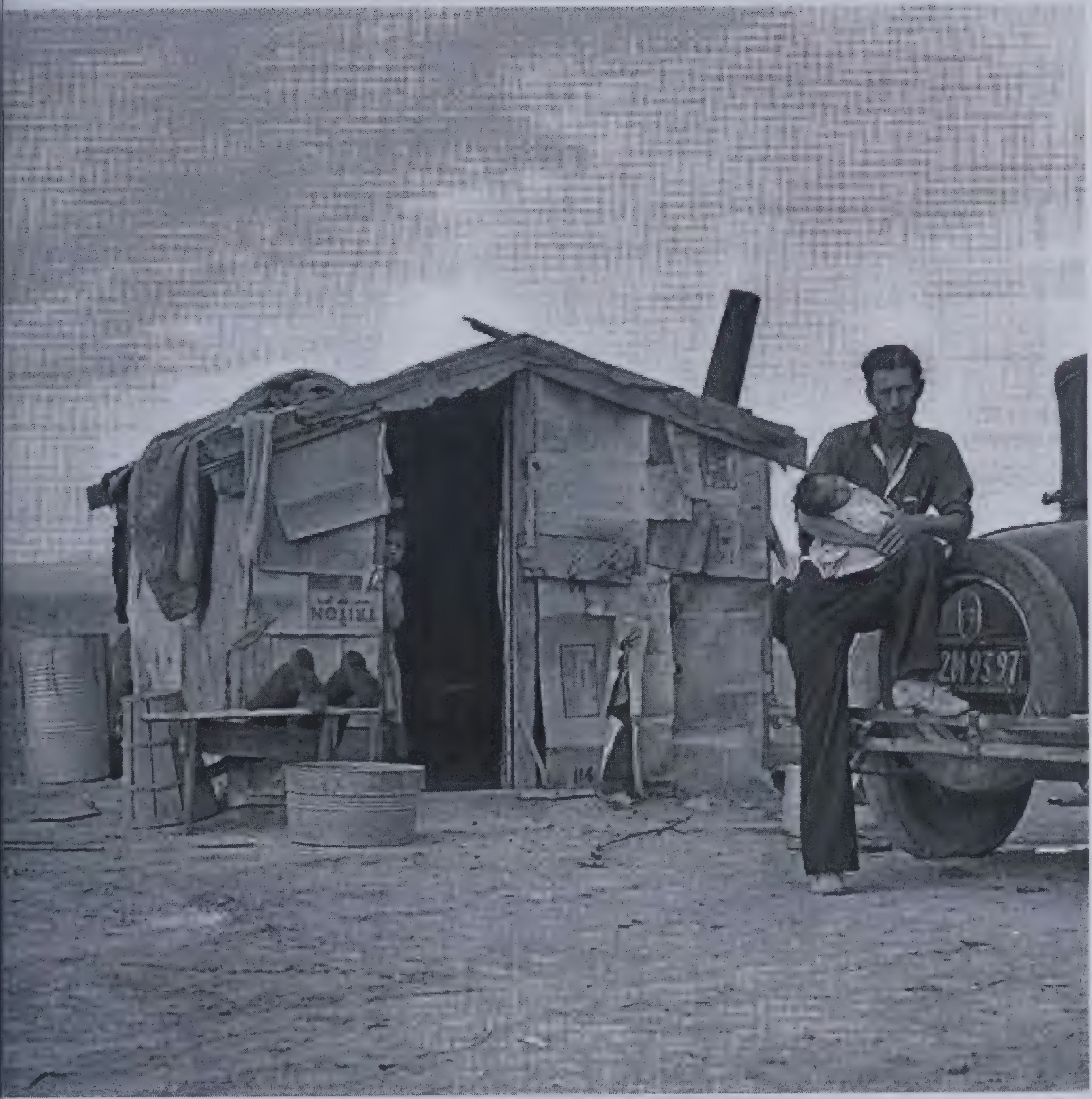
OATS


JUN
HIGHEST PRICE


STOLT SPUD LODGE
SPUD CELLAR
Coca-Cola
POTATOES
ON TAP
Welard's
SOFT DRINKS

Bri



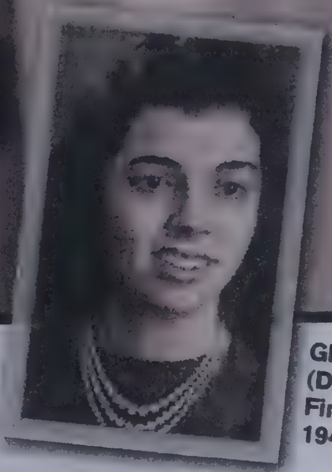


MEMORIES

OF

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

Gloria (Davis) Fink of Auburn is one of the oldest living members of the Auburn Presbyterian Church. Her mother used to direct the church's choir during the Great Depression.



Gloria (Davis) Fink in 1942.

The Great Depression

Nearly 80 years later, seniors reflect upon a time filled with jazz, parties, manufacturing and economic turmoil

STORY AND PHOTOS BY LINDSAY WINSLOW BROWN
lindsayb@kpcnews.net

Special thanks to the Willennar Genealogy Center for additional photos and information.

Auburn was a bustling, small Midwest city in the 1920s and 1930s. Young people were dancing to the syncopated rhythm of the Charleston at local dance halls such as Midway Gardens and the Silver Moon. The wealthy enjoyed elegant parties on Main Street, or as it was called at the time, Silk Stocking Row.

Joe and Mary Roop of Auburn have been married for nearly 7 years. The couple grew up on farms in DeKalb County during the Great Depression.

The courthouse, high school and elementary school were three of the newest buildings in town, and Auburn became the smallest city in the country to have a YMCA. Andrew Carnegie wanted to build a library in Auburn, and Charles Eckhart told Carnegie to keep his money, that he could build a better library.

The outskirts of town boasted large farms with animals, corn, grains and salt-of-the-earth folks who would do anything to help someone in need.

When the stock market crashed 80 years ago on Oct. 29, 1929, the Depression, at first, seemingly went unnoticed in Auburn, local historian John Martin Smith contends in his book, "Auburn The Classic City."

Smith believes the Auburn Automobile Co. helped to protect Auburn from the Great Depression.

In 1929, the Auburn Automobile Co. had its best year and sold 22,000 Auburns in one year alone, representing a 1,000 percent improvement over sales in 1924. The company, however, did take a hit on Black Tuesday, its stock dropping 60 points.

Relying on family

It wasn't until 1934 that area factories and industries succumbed to the looming Great Depression, Smith said.

During that time, families really had to start taking care of their neighbors and their extended families.

When Joe Roop of Auburn was a boy in the 1920s and '30s, his grandparents came to live with his family on their farm on C.R. 19 in Richland Township, northwest of Auburn. In the winter, his other set of grandparents would move in, too, because they could not afford to pay their heating bill.

"My grandpa worked for the Auburn Automobile Co.," Roop said. "They didn't pay (their workers) well. It was a time before pensions. They didn't give a hoot about their help."

The Auburn Automobile Co. filed bankruptcy in 1937. Its assets were liquidated, and Warner Automotive Parts Division of Borg-Warner Corp. bought the buildings. In 1941, Roop went to work for the company and stayed until 1975.

Mary (Shoudel) Roop in 1939.

Roop has many fond memories of his grandparents. When he was a teenager, he smoked a pipe, and when his Grandma Ruth would fall asleep, he'd stick his pipe in her mouth.

"She'd wake up and throw it across the room," Roop recalled with a smile.

Before Roop was 10 years old, his grandfather bought him a rifle — a .22 single shot — and a horse named Fred.

"My buddy had a rubber-tired buggy, and we went all over," Roop said. "We'd take buggy loads of kids swimming at Cedar Lake."

One night, Roop returned home past his curfew, and his grandfather took the horse away from him for three weeks.

"I learned to listen to what he told me," Roop said.

The joys of having his grandparents near him, however, were equaled by the sorrows.

Romeiser Drug Store, on the corner of Seventh and Main streets in Auburn, featured a soda fountain.

Roop later watched his kindly grandfather die of spasmodic colic.

Roop said he cried and asked his father to shoot his grandfather, because Roop thought he was in a lot of pain.

Extended families often lived together during the Depression.

Roop's wife of nearly 70 years, Mary, said her grandparents lived with them at that time. Her grandmother died at her father's home.

Neighborly love

People also were close to their neighbors.

Jennie Howell, 90, of Auburn, had seen the Depression take a toll on her father and also witnessed how neighbors helped one another. She grew up on a small fruit farm just north of Chattanooga, Tenn. One day, her father, Daniel Foster Pickett, invested a lot of money in containers so he could ship strawberries in dry ice by rail, hoping he could sell the strawberries. A neighbor, who also took produce to be sold, told her father that the berries never were shipped.

"He sat down on the front step and cried," Howell recalled. "I must have been 10 or 11. I was old enough to really realize what it meant."

Howell said he returned to the railroad and picked up the strawberries. The family

SEE **LOCALS**, PAGE C2

LOCALS: *Man in huckster wagon brought penny candies to farm boys*

FROM PAGE C1

then canned them.

Her father, she added, lost a lot of money that day.

"Back then, everybody was in the same boat," Roop said, "and people really knew their neighbors."

Roop, who will be 90 years old in March, said neighbors used to join together to thresh wheat.

"You wouldn't have believed the grain we had," Roop said.

After working in the fields, the men would join their wives and children for big dinners with lots of dessert.

Once a week, usually on Saturday nights, Roop would head to Auburn with his family. The family would buy supplies and groceries and visit with other families. Going out to eat was simply out of the question for Roop.

Mary Roop said her mother used to dress chickens for a restaurant that was above the storefront where Carbaugh Jewelers is now located.

"She sold it for 10 cents a pound," Mary Roop said.

Both Joe and Mary Roop said their parents were very frugal — a trait they passed on to them. They also said many of their friends and relatives were grateful for the simple pleasures in life.

"Once a week, a man came in a huckster wagon and gave us penny candies," Joe Roop said. A huckster wagon was covered and had a traveling grocery store inside. "We would sit outside and wait in the yard for him.

"I always craved chocolate, but I never got very much," Joe Roop said. "We never got the treats our kids got."

A simple time

Gloria (Davis) Fink also grew up in the 1930s, but not on a farm. She was born in a little house at the southeast corner of Tenth and Jackson streets in Auburn. Her father, C. Ray Davis, built the home in 1917.

Like the Roops, Fink said she never went hungry, but appreciated what she had.

Her father worked as a postal clerk. At that time, Auburn's post office was at the northeast corner of Seventh and Cedar streets.

Her mother, Winona "Nona" Davis, gave voice lessons and directed the choir at the Auburn Presbyterian Church, just two blocks south of her home. Fink is one of the oldest living members of the church today.

She said most of the houses today look about the same as they did 80 years ago. A filling station stood where Brown and Brown Insurance is now located, and a Lumm's Grocery used to be just a couple of doors down from the filling station.

"I went over to the grocery countless times," Fink recalled.

Fink's family had an icebox, and deliverymen would bring ice to her home in a horse-drawn wagon.

Fink's mother made all her dresses. She bought fabric from the store, but didn't have to go to a specialty store.

"We would dress up on Sundays, and Easter was a big deal," Fink said. She added that her mother could also copy dresses. If Fink saw a dress she fancied, her mother could make it.

Women go to work

Howell said her stepmother used to make her dresses, too. She grew up just north of Chattanooga, Tenn., in a farming community. In the 1920s and '30s, her father worked as a small fruit farmer, growing apples, strawberries and peaches.

"As I remember, I was lucky to have three dresses," Howell said. She added that cotton prints and gingham fabrics cost 10 cents per yard from Sears.

Fink said the stores in the downtown area have changed quite a bit over the years. She used to enjoy chocolate sodas from Staman's Drug Store, at the southeast corner of Ninth and Main streets. She also frequented Romeiser Drug Store, which was on the corner of Seventh and Main streets in Auburn.

As a child, she would walk with friends beyond the Auburn Rubber Co. on West Eleventh Street to watch friends play softball.

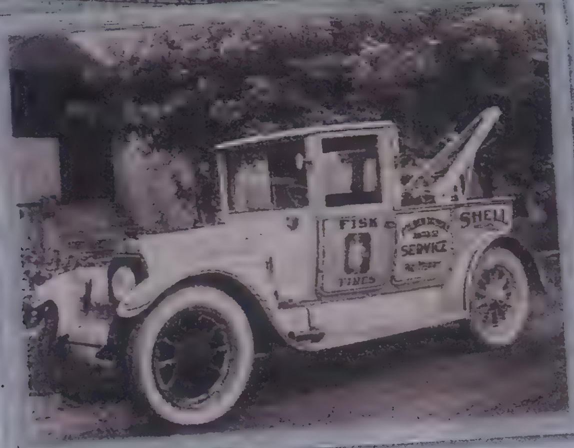
"There were no lights, and the games had to be over before the sun went down," Fink said.

Her father loved ball games, too. He often listened to Cubs games on his radio.

"He just loved to listen to sports. It's so great he lived into the TV age," Fink said.

Fink and her friends also frequented the Court Theater, which once stood at the southeast corner of Seventh and Main streets in Auburn. The theater housed a $16,000 pipe organ, and in 1927,

Harrison School in 1930.



A Holben-Trindale 1929 tow truck.

underwent $75,000 in renovations. Movies and musicians often were featured at the theater, in fact, Jazz singer Al Jolson performed there in 1929.

Fink was among the first children to attend new Harrison School in 1930. She said school started late that year, because construction wasn't completed.

She graduated from Auburn High School in 1942 and went to work as a proofreader at Messenger Corp., which took over the Auburn Greeting Card Co. in 1932.

Then, like Joe Roop, Fink went to work at Borg-Warner Corp. in the cost accounting department. During the war, Fink said, Borg-Warner went into war production. She added that before the war, women rarely worked outside the home.

After the war

In the early 1940s, Mary Roop said, she worked at Newberry's, a dime store in downtown Auburn, and made 10 cents an hour while her husband worked on the farm and made 20 cents per hour.

Joe Roop was drafted into the service and spent 17 weeks at Fort McClellan. He was sent home after officials discovered his flat feet.

"I was all right until they put that pack on me and told me to run with it," Joe Roop said.

Mary Roop went to visit her husband at Fort McClellan with their two young sons.

"I was never so homesick," Joe Roop said. "If she would not have come down to see me, I would have went AWOL."

Fink was 17 years old when the United States entered World War II. After the end of the war, she married a veteran, Richard "Dick" Fink.

"The Depression ended when we got into the war," Fink said. "Everybody was working in defense or close to it. A lot of people went to Fort Wayne to work if they couldn't get work here."

"Everybody remembers what they were doing when they heard about Pearl Harbor," Fink said. "I was ironing."

Jennie Howell was in college during World War II. After earning a science degree from Barry School for Girls in Rome, Ga., she went to work at a nuclear facility in Oak Ridge, Tenn., a site of the Manhattan Project to develop the first atomic bomb.

"I worked in the lab. I had college chemistry and knew enough to follow instructions. I was handling material to make bombs," Howell said. "When I saw a documentary on television a few years ago, I knew what we were doing."

Howell recalled weighing an orange powder and sealing it in a lead container.

"It had a special tag with a special driver to take it to another building," Howell recalled. "I signed it into a desk to the second. … Can you imagine what it was if it had to be sealed in a lead container?"

"The start of the war is when it really started getting better," Howell said.

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO.....

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Today's Economy Is Very Different From That of 1933

Katrina vanden Heuvel and Eric Schlosser's "America Needs a New Deal" (op-ed, Sept. 27) blames "years of laissez-faire economic policies" for America's current problems. The comparisons they draw between this financial-market crisis and the economic collapse of the Great Depression are laughable.

During the Great Depression, unemployment exceeded 25% and crop prices fell by 40% to 60%. Banks failed, completely eradicating people's savings. Today our economy is relatively strong. Unemployment stands at just over 6%, median household income is up and corporate profits have shown some improvement.

During the Depression, people lost their homes because they lost their jobs and savings and could not feed their families. They had no hand in creating those problems.

During this financial crisis, the majority of the uptick in defaults is the result of people's active choices. They chose to buy a home at a price and under terms which they knew might be unaffordable in a few years, gambling that their incomes would rise, rates would stay low and/or the value of their home would continue to go up.

Additionally, the people with no-down-payment loans who are "losing their homes" to foreclosure are actually losing very little. They have no significant investment in their property. Perhaps they were renting before and now they'll have to go back to renting again, disappointing to be sure, but hardly a financial hardship that can in any way be likened to the problems of the Depression.

Contrary to the assertions of Ms. vanden Heuvel and Mr. Schlosser, this financial crisis was not precipitated by "years of laissez-faire economic policies". It has resulted from a growing collection of governmental regulations which can be traced back to at least the '70s, through Republican and Democratic administrations and Congresses alike.

We continually expanded the role of Fannie and Freddie to "encourage home ownership for the greatest possible number of Americans" (a worthwhile goal but not one that can be/should be accomplished by government). Then in 1968 we turned Fannie Mae into a government-sponsored enterprise. A few years after that, Freddie Mac was created in the same image: to function as private entities with government backing. These fundamentally flawed ideas were the first in a series of changes that increased their power throughout the system to the point that Fannie and Freddie outcompeted private entities and became "too big to fail."

If there is something we do not need at this moment it is more regulation and more governmental agencies which will eventually prove to be as inefficient as the current ones at "managing" our financial system.

John Myers, CFP
Dresher, Pa.

This is instead a classic case of "The government breaks your leg and then gives you a crutch explaining that were it not for them you could not walk." Too much government has been the problem, not too little, and calls for more of the same may move us closer to depression than recovery.

Jacky D. Broadwater, Jr.
Dayton, Ohio

Ms. vanden Heuvel and Mr. Schlosser compare the $500 billion (in current dollars) spent on the New Deal and President Bush's proposed $700 billion bailout plan. This comparison ignores, as the left often does, the effect of economic growth.

According to the Commerce Department's Bureau of Economic Analysis Web site, in constant 2000 dollars, 1933's gross domestic product was $635.5 billion. The 2007 GDP (in 2000 dollars) was over $11.5 trillion—an 18-fold increase. Compare "The Maltese Falcon" (1941) to "C.S.I." to get a picture of the relative standards of living. Thus, the New Deal ultimately cost (adjusting the expense figures to 2000 dollars) approximately 60% of the 1933 GDP, while today's proposed bailout would cost approximately 5% of the current GDP.

The solution the authors propose is much, much worse. They want a "New New Deal" where the government appropriates a large portion of the economy and tells us what to drive, what doctors to see, what drugs to take, where to work (in "green" jobs), what fuels we can use and in what amounts.

Thomas S. Flynn
Dallas

ANSWERING
THE
CALL TO ARMS

1941 --- 1945

WORLD WAR II
AND
THE STUMP FAMILY

ANSWERING THE CALL TO ARMS

1930 -- 1946

LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS REFLECTING THE STUMP FAMILY DURING WORLD WAR II

THE SERVICE OF WALTER D. STUMP
THE SERVICE OF HAROLD D. STUMP
THE SERVICE OF CLEMENTINE STUMP
AND ELEANOR BUZAN STUMP

DREAMS OF....

MOUNT VESUVIUS, MOUNT SURABACHI,
AND LASTING PEACE....

ANSWERING THE CALL TO ARMS: THE STUMP FAMILY AND WORLD WAR II

THE SERVICE OF WALTER D. STUMP

Walter D. Stump had performed heroically during his voluntary enlistment during World War I, and he showed no less devotion to his country after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Three months later in March, 1942, Walter re-enlisted in the U.S. Army at the age of 55 and ½ and sought to participate actively overseas even though his age had legally made him ineligible for such an undertaking. Always a zealot in matters of civic and personal responsibility, Walter closed his law offices and subtly maneuvered the military officers with whom he was acquainted to allow him to re-enlist and to be assigned to active duty abroad.

Ultimately, this soft-spoken, gray-haired Indiana county seat lawyer became the head of the military police detachment of Company A, 737th Military Police Battalion, Zone of the Interior which was billeted at the central Parkway YMCA Annex in Cincinnati, Ohio. To fulfill his duty to the men he served with and those who served under him, Walter was home only one day in nine months of service in his Cincinnati duty post, refusing to even go home for Christmas because that was when he would be the busiest with other soldiers going home on leave. "Duty," "Honor," "Country" were hallowed words to Walter and were his rallying point throughout the remainder of his service during World War II as he commanded the legal offices of the Allied Military Government as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Walter D.'s personal experiences during his deployment to Italy with the 5th Army in 1942 and 1943 were recounted in the newspaper article which follows this essay and were evidence of the depth of trust which W.D.'s leadership commanded from his fellow soldiers. He served for over two years as a member of the Allied Military Government (AIG) division in occupied territory, many times right up to the front lines with the 5th Army taking, in W.D.'s words, "the stuff coming overhead and from snipers." He related that on one occasion, he found himself with his attachment ahead of the front lines, and it was necessary to engage in combat. The result was that two German prisoners were taken back behind American lines.

As a Lieutenant Colonel, W.D.'s main task was to set up military control in every community just as rapidly as the army advanced. The task assumed two purposes: first to facilitate military movements back of the lines, and second to give relief to the suffering of the civilian population. In order to re-establish law and order immediately following the fighting, it was necessary to set up a military government with a set of laws to operate in Italy, even to the point of holding court.

In order to facilitate this work, three courts were organized in every center: the summary court, equivalent to the lower court in America, the superior court, where a minimum of ten year sentences could be meted out to offenders, and the general court where the death penalty could be pronounced. It was the rare exception that a death sentence was administered. As a military legal office, W.D. tried over 4,000 cases himself while in Italy.

Walter also entered Rome at about 2:30 AM riding with the spearhead of the 5th Army in 1943. The Americans entered the south gate of the great, proud city which was lying in shambles. At this hour, the population was active and greeted joyfully the American soldiers. Amid snipers' bullets and floral wreaths, they traveled north into the city. After three days he met with approximately 500 lawyers of top rank in Italy and was gratified by the fine co-operation between the Allied Military Government and the legal bar of Italy. To bring order out of chaos, law and order had to be established, utilities, especially water and electricity, had to be supplied, food clothing and shelter had to be provided, public health had to be guarded, and finances, commerce, and industry had to be restructured. The fleeing German Army destroyed and carried as loot everything of value to the Italian homeland.

Walter also was part of the Fifth Army which liberated Naples, the seaport through which the Allies received all of their supplies. One of the first tasks was to re-establish a water supply since all reservoirs were destroyed and the people were without an adequate water supply for months on end. The result was that lice were abundant and nearly 2,000,000 people had to be treated. The prisons too were jammed and these people had to be released and rehabilitated.

Walter lamented that in one city just before the conquering armies marched in, the Germans took 1,000 people out of the prisons and lined them up before a firing squad without trial. Their bodies were found in a mass of dead humanity by the advancing forces. Such atrocities abounded without an accurate number of civilians who were murdered being recorded, but wherever found, a report was made giving the names of the German generals who violated all laws of war. These logs became the evidence in the war trials which were held following the end of World War II.

As the time grew brief for W.D.'s tour of duty in Europe, Mt. Vesuvius began erupting on March 19, 1944 outside of Naples, and vast clouds of volcanic ash billowed upon the terrified civilians. Walter became part of the rescue effort as the Allied armies evacuated thousands of Italian citizens, including an attempt to bring to safety from an Abbey in the mountains a group of nuns. As Walter recounted the story, the nuns would not be persuaded of the imminent dangers that they faced, and preferred instead to put their trust in the Lord. Without hesitation, a cadre of nuns marched to a point outside of the Abbey and placed a cross in the dirt beyond which they maintained the lava would not flow. True to their declaration, the lava

stopped at precisely the point at which they had selected, and they and their order were given a reprieve.

As Walter faced the end of his military service in Italy and was being mustered out, he was given the Bronze Star for his gallantry under fire and was also given a medal from the Italian government. Most revealing of his fine moral character and the respect that it engendered in his fellows was a tribute from his commanding officer, Teddy Price of Wales. In a letter to W.D. which follows this essay, Commander Price wrote about the strength that Walter had given to him under very difficult circumstances, the deep loyal support that W.D. had been as his chief legal officer who was also second in command, and the greatest gift of all, the friendship, that he and W.D. shared throughout their time together. Teddy Price's gift of remembrance to W.D. was an Italian Bible which Walter read in its entirety two times after returning to the United States. Walter's love of Italy, of the Italian people, and his fluency in the Italian language led his son, Harold, to present the name, Maria, as his daughter's middle name when she was born in 1947. The kinship found during times of war created a bond which W.D. and Harold, the Marine, shared throughout the rest of their lives whenever the tales of the Fifth Army were told to civic groups clamoring for the news of the faraway places visited during the war.

The aftermath of the Italian Campaign had an intangible effect on W.D. and the other returning veterans of the European Front as all were forged like steel in the blistering battles that were fought and in the carnage that they witnessed firsthand…the vestiges of a battle-hardened warrior would become part of W.D.'s persona for the rest of his life as he grew more introspective and reserved as he resumed again in 1945 his legal practice in the Auburn hamlet that he had called home for twenty years. The moral certainty with which Walter lived his life would be inspirational for all who knew him personally and for all with whom he shared his World War II experiences in the public forum.

THE SERVICE OF HAROLD D. STUMP

In 1943, Harold grew increasingly anxious to join the war effort in a more direct way, particularly in view of the fact that Walter D. had re-enlisted in the Army as a Lieutenant Colonel and was stationed in Italy. As a Special Agent for the FBI after he graduated from IU's law school in 1942, Harold felt that he had a "safe desk job" compared to the risks that his fifty-five year old father was taking, and Harold came home from his job one day and announced to his wife, Eleanor, that he was joining the Marines. With that decision, Harold was off to Parris Island, South Carolina, where, refusing to receive any special privilege as a result of his education of FBI training, he became an enlisted man and a drill instructor (D.I.), and Eleanor spent the remainder of the war years living with Harold's mother, Clementine, in Auburn, Indiana. As a D.I., Harold's platoon was a source of pride to him, and he

enjoyed recounting the story of one of his recruits who was mildly-retarded and could not learn to march in step. Knowing that this man could most benefit from placement in a group of soldiers with a similar handicap, the entire platoon, including the D.I., Harold, marched their friend to his new unit on the base at Parris Island. The "Espirit de Corps" so emboldened each Marine whose life was touched by their D.I., Harold, that when his platoon had graduated and been given their orders for the South Pacific, Harold found under his pillow a gift of 100 dollars which represented a donation from each member of his platoon.

Harold too was destined to go to the South Pacific, and upon bidding good-bye to Eleanor who visited him for a few hours before he was deployed, he found himself about a converted cargo ship with other Marines in the fall of 1944. While sailing across the Pacific Ocean to his duty station on Guam, Harold was chosen by his comrades to hold the gambling money for the poker games which entertained the Marines on the long voyage. His sense of honor and fair play were noted even then, and Harold spent the next few months on Guam receiving daily letters from his wife, Eleanor, carrying a lock of her hair in his wallet, and listening to the broadcasts of Tokyo Rose whom Harold said had the "sweetest voice" which could conjure treasured memories of home and loved one left behind in the minds of the GI's who were stationed in the South Pacific. Harold was preparing for the island-hopping military strategy which was designed to defeat the Japanese and which would be the pivotal experience of his life.

Harold was a member of the Third Marine Division that invaded the island of Iwo Jima in February, 1945. Harold was in the artillery battalion, and his experiences and efforts during that battle were to be the germinal experience of his life as it was for each man who was there. Although Harold remembers vividly that he did not see a Japanese soldier who was shorter than five feet eight inches during that campaign, Harold's most vivid memory of that experience was seeing his friend, Rocky, from New York City receive a fatal gunshot wound in the forehead during a particularly fierce skirmish; what remained with Harold to his dying day was the knowledge that Rocky died on that island of gray volcanic ash even though he was eligible for a military deferment as the result of having seven children, and he did not even have to join the military or serve in any capacity during the war. Harold, who had never had any sympathy for draft evaders, recoiled in an extremely personal way years later when he witnessed the almost daily barrage of news about those during the Vietnam Era who burned their draft cards and burned the American flag.

Also beget during Iwo Jima was Harold's lifelong battle with arthritis which began with an injury to his knee as he was helping to unload artillery shells during the Iwo Jima campaign. From those horrors and those heroics, which he witnessed from his combat experiences, Harold vowed that he would never complain again, and he handled the infirmity of arthritis which crippled his spine and legs with grace and dignity for the remainder of his life. Oftentimes, in the silences of the night, Harold would again suffer from what he called the "heebie jeebies," a humorous reference to the fear and anticipation of the unknown and an obvious battlefield mindset for every soldier who has ever known combat on a foreign shore.

Even years after the battle, Harold could not enjoy the fireworks to which he took his family each July 4th at Franke Park in Fort Wayne as the shock waves of the explosions and the noise of the rapid-fire bursts in the air reminded him of those two months from February through April, 1945, fighting to remove the entrenched Japanese from their miles of underground caves at the foot of Mount Surabachi. It was only forty years later in 1985 that while watching television, Harold saw a reunion take place on the beaches of that island between the Japanese veterans of that battle and their American counterparts; after witnessing that moment, Harold seemed at peace with himself and with those patriots who paid the ultimate price on that island in 1945. As Harold watched the US and Japanese veterans gather together on the sands of Iwo Jima and embrace, He too seemed to have reached closure and he commented that he felt "healed." In February, 1995, his daughter, Carolyn, and son-in-law, Kenneth Olson, represented Harold's memory during the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Iwo Jima when the couple was living in Catlett, Virginia; Ken and Carolyn went to the Iwo Jima Memorial and heard a stirring speech from then-President, Bill Clinton, a ceremony which touched their lives profoundly.

The experience of World War II and its carnage caused invisible wounds to those who saw combat and further cemented Harold's heritage of patriotism which was so much a part of his legacy from his father, Walter D. During Harold's life, he and his father lived the verse of "America the Beautiful" and became those "who more than self their country loved." Harold's childhood friend, Russell "Sam" Williams, was blinded during the Battle of the Bulge, and when he returned to Auburn for a visit with his wife whom he had met while in the hospital recovering from his wounds, he walked down the streets of Auburn with his arm entwined in hers, and Harold heard a hearty, "Hi, Harold," greet him as he was walking on the other side of the street as Sam's wife had told Sam that Harold was there. According to Harold, no one who ever knew Sam ever heard him complain about his infirmity. When Carolyn called Sam to let him know that Harold had passed away in 1993, Sam, who lived in Maryland and had four sons, wrote Harold's wife, Letha, a letter in which he said that losing Harold had been like a "body blow" to him.

During Harold's life, he was often asked as a judge and as a veteran of Iwo Jima to give patriotic speeches at special gatherings, most notably the Bicentennial Ceremonies in 1976; on those occasions, Harold would often say that no one ever should be ashamed 'if their eyes tear up when Old Glory passes." The lessons of patriotism were never shirked as Harold raised his daughters, and on one memorable occasion, Carolyn was severely chastised by Harold for not remaining still when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played before a basketball game as ten-year-old Carolyn was seated across the gymnasium from Harold where he could see her perfectly. The Marine Corps motto, "Semper Fi" (always faithful), and the

Marine Corps goal of "Espirit de Corps" (the spirit of camaraderie) were part of the lexicon of both of Harold's daughters, Carolyn and Dianna, as their father raised them to be "little Marines" in all that the title implies.

During his life, Harold's values and attitudes were constantly shaped by his combat experiences, and upon being a spectator at the Indianapolis 500 car races on Memorial Day, Harold found objection that the moment of silence devoted to those war-dead was also designated a a remembrance for those race car drivers who had died on the Indianapolis Speedway. Harold also was an admirer of the baseball great, Ted Williams, not only for his baseball prowess but primarily because Ted cut short his baseball career twice to be a fighter pilot during World War II and the Korean War. Due to his wartime experience, Harold also was an ardent supporter of President Harry Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 because the Third Marine Division, of which Harold was a part, was to spearhead the invasion of the Japanese Islands if such a maneuver would have been necessary to end the war. Harold believed wholeheartedly that the slogan "My country, right or wrong." should be a pivotal philosophy of everyone's life. Even two days before he passed away, his step-son, Delano Troyer, who was a Marine during the Korean War, came into his hospital room and said, "Semper Fi," to which a weakened Harold responded with a thumbs up, as Harold knew that there never was a man who could be called an "ex" Marine. So central to his core was his love of country that he had absorbed from Walter D. and Clementine that Harold, the committed citizen who had given a lifetime of service as a judge for DeKalb County, Indiana, chose the following distinction of which he was the most proud to be the only words and adornment on his tombstone.

Harold D. Stump
Corporal, United State Marine Corps

After World War II ended, Harold still retained his duty station in the Asiatic Theater of Operations, and due to his legal background, he was sent to China to help establish the provisional government of Chiang Kai-shek. While he was stationed in China, Harold sent back to Eleanor two beautiful kimonos and an ornately carved white vase, both of which are family heirlooms. When Harold finally returned stateside and to his home in Auburn, Indiana, in 1946, he and Eleanor continued to live with Walter D and Clementine while Harold began practicing law with his father. During this time, Harold decided that he, in his words, would "follow in his father's footsteps" and put down roots in the small Midwestern town of his birth. Eleanor knew that Harold's wartime experiences had left him, as it had other veterans, a changed man from the person she knew while they were courting and when they were beginning married life....Harold had grown somber, sober, more introspective, and inclined to want to spend time with his father, Walter, and other veterans of World War II with whom he had shared experiences. An obviously very proud Walter D frequently teased Harold by saying that he had been in two World Wars and had never even seen a Marine, a comment which always made Harold smile. During this time of post-war adjustment, Harold

and his father raised foxhounds and ran the hounds in Noble County and in other wooded locations including Brown County, Indiana, where the Stump family owned a log cabin. Continuing his desire to establish permanence in his life led Harold and Eleanor to start a family, and Carolyn Maria Stump was born on October 19, 1947.

THE SERVICE OF CLEMENTINE STUMP AND ELEANOR BUZAN STUMP

Without the shared commitment of their wives, Clementine and Eleanor, to preserving peace among nations by stopping an aggressor, Walter D. Stump and Harold D. Stump could not have performed so heroically in the service to their country. During Walter's absence, Clementine held the home front together by taking care of every aspect of maintaining their home and running the household; she even helped the office girl at Walter's offices with her secretarial duties. When Harold's wife, Eleanor, joined Clementine in Auburn, living with her during the war years, it was with a heavy heart that Eleanor parted from Harold; With her grief carried on her sleeve, she at times was inconsolable. Eleanor wrote to Harold every day, and he in turn carried with him a lock of her hair to pacify him during the lonely, fearsome days and nights in the South Pacific. Sensing Eleanor's distress, Walter wrote to Harold and also to Eleanor about the adjustments that would need to be made to cope with the separations that lasted for years during the war, and copies of these letters are included in these annals. The gentle soul that was Walter's pined equally for his own wife and also for the plight of his son and daughter-in-law during the turbulence of World War II.

A VISION FOR TODAY: THE LEGACY OF SERVICE

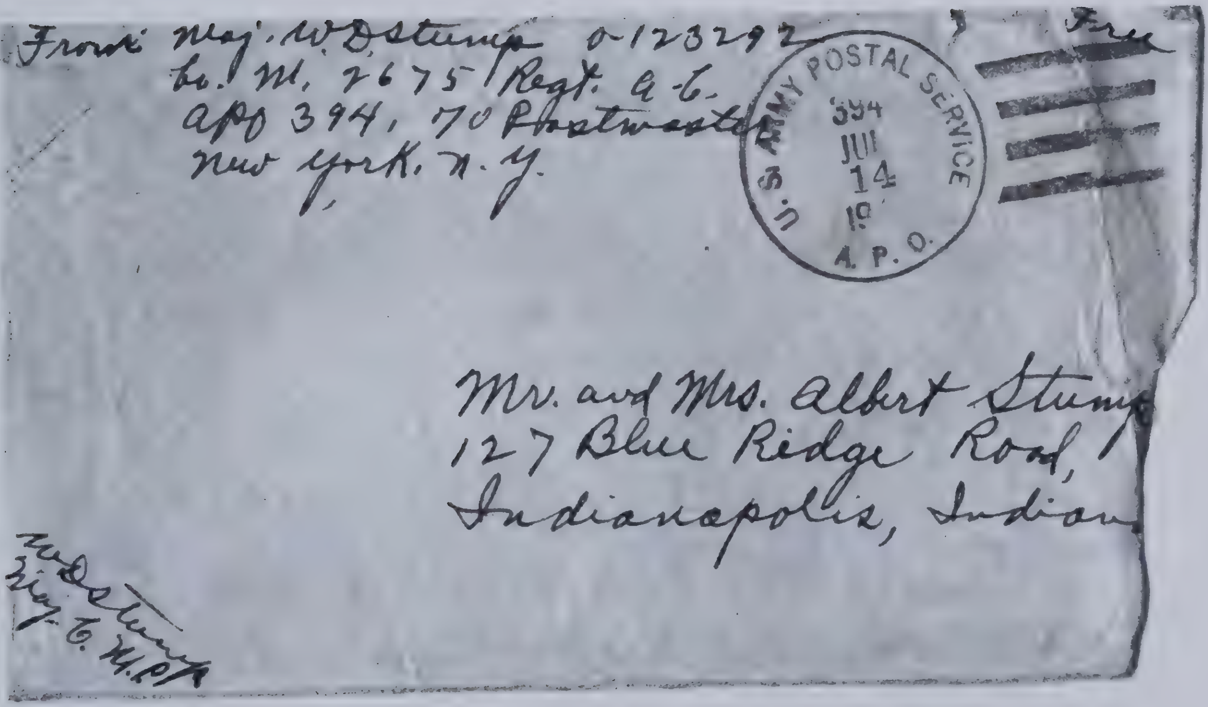
Walter, Harold, Clementine, Eleanor, and the entire World War II generation championed freedom when the preservation of moral goodness and decency throughout he world was challenged by ruthless totalitarian regimes. At a time when this country needed heroes, Walter, Harold, and their wives were there answering the call to service. To paraphrase the great World War II general, George Patton, not only should we mourn the loss of the men who died on the beaches of Normandy, France, on D-Day, but we should also thank Divine Providence that such men lived. Not only was the "Greatest Generation" valiant in war, the soldiers of that war also returned to their country after the war honoring responsibility, commitment, and community in peacetime as well.

THE SERVICE OF WALTER D. STUMP DURING WORLD WAR II

DAVIS-
HLBURN

WORLD WAR II
COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP

WALTER D. STUMP ALWAYS CALLED HIS BROTHER, ALBERT, JERRY ---



From: Maj. W.D. Stump 0-123292
Co. M, 7675 Regt. a-6.
APO 394, c/o ~~Postmaster~~
New York, N.Y.

Free

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
394
JUL
14
19
A.P.O.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stump
127 Blue Ridge Road,
Indianapolis, Indian

W.D. Stump
Maj. C. M.P.

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: Mr. & Mrs. Albert Stump
127 Blue Ridge Road
Indianapolis, Ind.

See Instruction No. 2

From: Maj. W D Stump
Co M, 267 Regt H-G-Co
APO 394,
c/o Postmaster
New York. N.Y.
July 8, 1945!
(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Jerry & Sue,- I dont recall whether I had written you about the hurdle I had to cross in getting to come overseas 2 years ago. So I am inclosing herewith several documents to be placed in the archives so that the record will be kept in case my baggage should go astray when I begin the homeward journey as I may then cross the Atlantic by airplane - as many are now doing. When I arrived at Ft Myers, near Washington, D.C. in August 1943 for overseas service, I was called up before a Board of Colonels along with all other officers, for the final check up before taking off. Although I had never tried to conceal my true age, the War Department then seemed to have discovered for the first time that I was several years above the maximum age limit fixed for overseas service which was 55; whereas I was 57. So the Board very graciously informed me that while my apparent qualifications were about what was wanted, yet they couldn't alter the absolute rule of the War Dept. and for that reason would not be permitted as none had been permitted to come who were over 55. The order was issued by the War Dept that day, Aug 16, '43 ordering me to return to my former station. I asked them ~~if there~~ if there would be any offense or court martial proceeding if I were to make a last effort to get the order revoked sending me back to my station, and they said the offense would be overlooked and gave me their best wishes as I undertook, as they said, to butt my head into the stone wall. I then went up town and called on several Major Generals assuring them despite the snows of many winters which had settled in

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V---MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

16—35311-1

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

To:

From:

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

See Instruction No. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

2

my hair, I still had the sap of springtime in my blood and the vigor of youth in my heels. I finally ~~[illegible]~~ succeeded in getting a Major General to call the Adjutant General of the army proposing that the age rule be suspended in my particular case. I could tell by the twinkle in his eye as he hung up the telephone that I had struck water. An order was thereupon issued by the War Dept on August 17 reversing its order of the 16 and as I returned to Fort Myers that evening I was proudly carrying in my pocket my new order red hot from the War Dept. for overseas service. I have been told that I am the oldest man in either the 5th or 8th armies excepting several high ranking old army officers who are about my age. But from my branch downward I think I'm the oldest of the old army mules who participated in the Italian campaign. I was in the hospital once with an attack of bronchitis ~~but and~~ and once laid up a week or two with bronchitis but not in the hospital. Other than that I've been right in there pitching for two years and they tell me that I have a rather outstanding record of service. Am hopeful that in another month or two my work will be done. Have now two recommendations for promotion either on the desk or in the waste basket of the big boy who is way back there where I've never seen him, but am quite sure that all promotions are frozen, so will not worry about that. Am now ready to take off for Brown County. Sincerely

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V···—MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

25

16—353:1-1

Major WD Stump
New York, New York
July 18, 1945

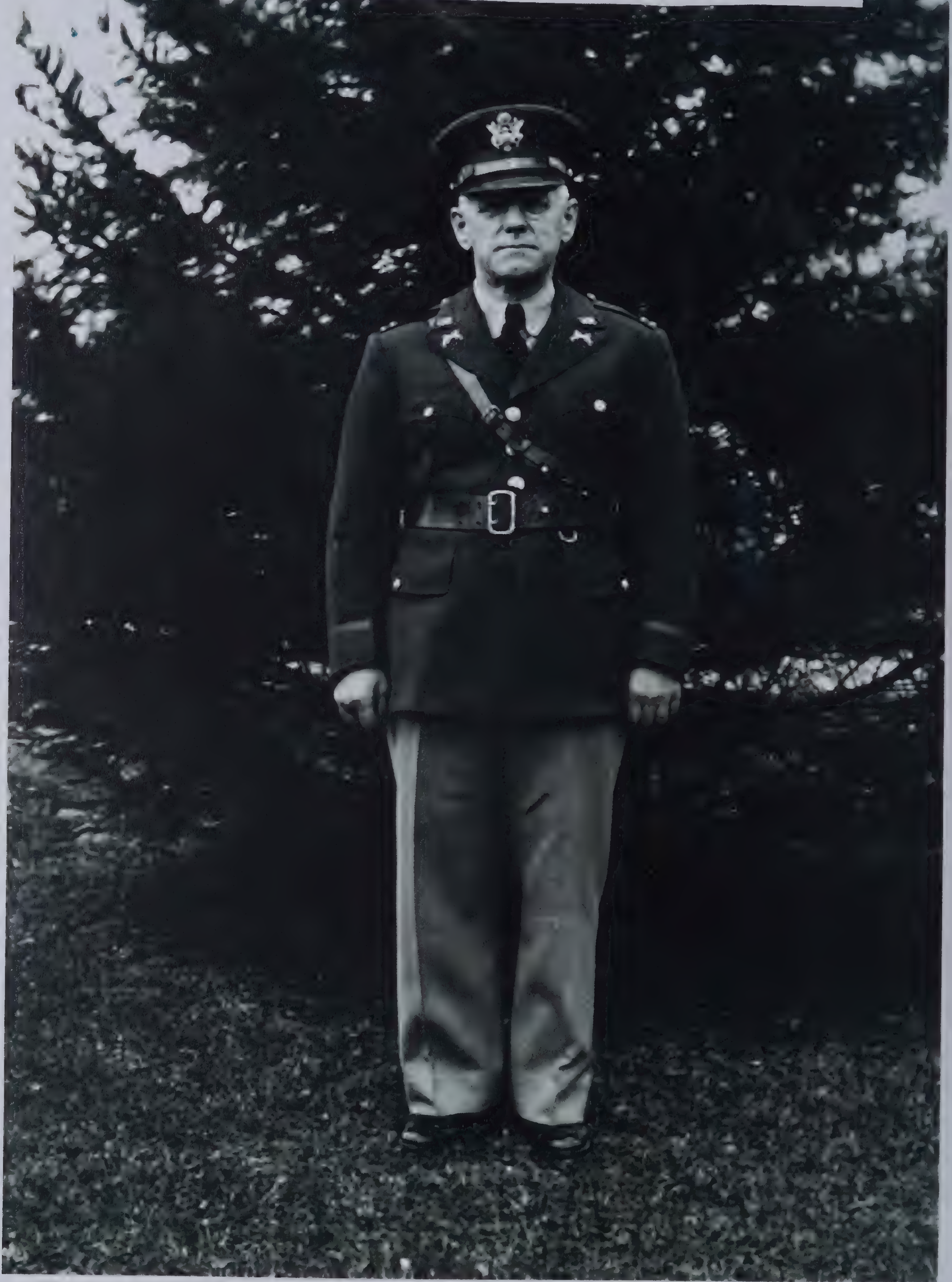
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stump
127 Blue Ridge Road
Indianapolis, Indiana

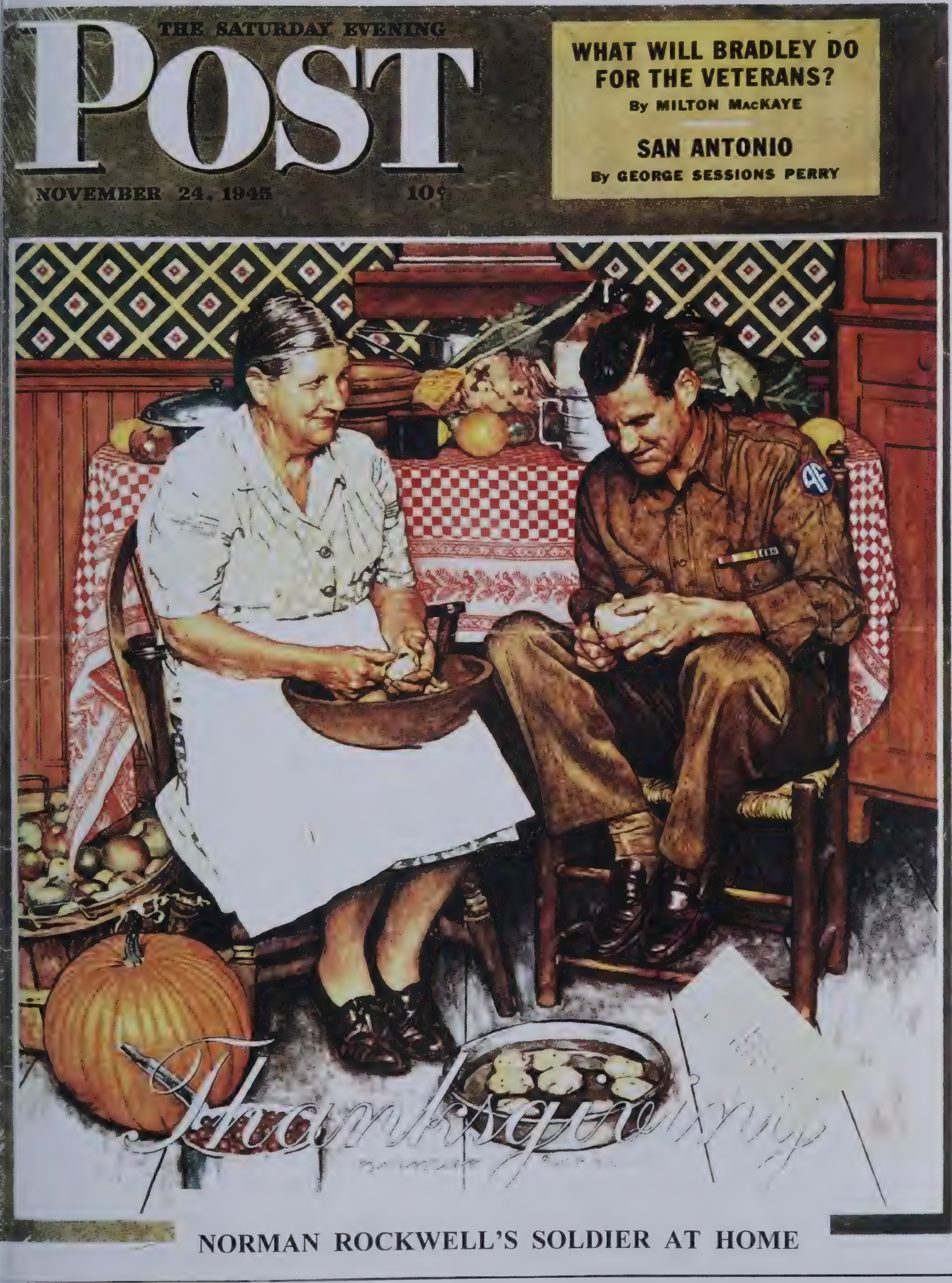
Dear Jerry and Sue,

I don't recall whether I had written you about the hurdle I had to cross in getting to come overseas two years ago. So I am enclosing herewith several documents to be placed in the archives so that the record will be kept in case my baggage should go astray when I begin the homeward journey as I may then cross the Atlantic by airplane as many are now doing. When I arrived at Ft. Myers, near Washington, D.C. in August 1943 for overseas service, I was called up before a Board of Colonels along with all other officers, for the final check up before taking off. Although I had never tried to conceal my true ago, the War Department then seemed to have discovered for the fist time that I was several years above the maximum age limit fixed for overseas service which was 55; whereas I was 57. So the board very graciously informed me that while my apparent qualifications were about what was wanted, yet they couldn't alter the absolute rule of the War Dept. and for that reason, would not be permitted as none had been permitted to come who were over 55. The order was issued by the War Dept that day, Aug 16, 1943, ordering me to return to my former station. I asked them if there would be any offense or court martial proceeding if I were to make a last effort to get the order revoked sending me back to my station, and they said the offense would be overlooked and gave me their best wishes as I undertook, as they said, to but my head into the stone wall. I then went up town and called on several Major Generals assuring them that despite the snows of many winters which had settled in my hair, I still had the sap of springtime in my blood and the vigor of youth in my heels. I finally succeeded in getting a Major General to call the Adjutant General of the army proposing that the age rule be suspended in my particular case. I could tell by the twinkle in his eye as he hung up the telephone that I had struck water. An order was thereupon issued by the War Dept. on August 17 reversing its order of the 16th and as I returned to Fort Myers that evening, I was proudly carrying in my pocket my new order red hot from the war Dept. for overseas service. I have been told that I am the oldest man in either the 5th or 8th armies excepting several high ranking old army officers who are about my age. Bur from my rank downward I think I'm the oldest of the old army mules who participated in the Italian campaign. I was in the hospital once with an attack of bronchitis and once laid up a week or two with bronchitis but not in the hospital. Other than that I've been right in there pitching for two years and they tell me that I have a rather outstanding record of service. Am hopeful that in another month or two my work will be done. Have now two recommendations for promotion either on the desk or in the waste basket of the big boy who is way back there where I've never seen him, but am quite sure that all promotions are frozen, so will not worry about that. Am now ready to take off for Brown County.

Sincerely,
W.D. Stump

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP --- 1944





THE SATURDAY EVENING

POST

NOVEMBER 24, 1945

10¢

WHAT WILL BRADLEY DO FOR THE VETERANS?

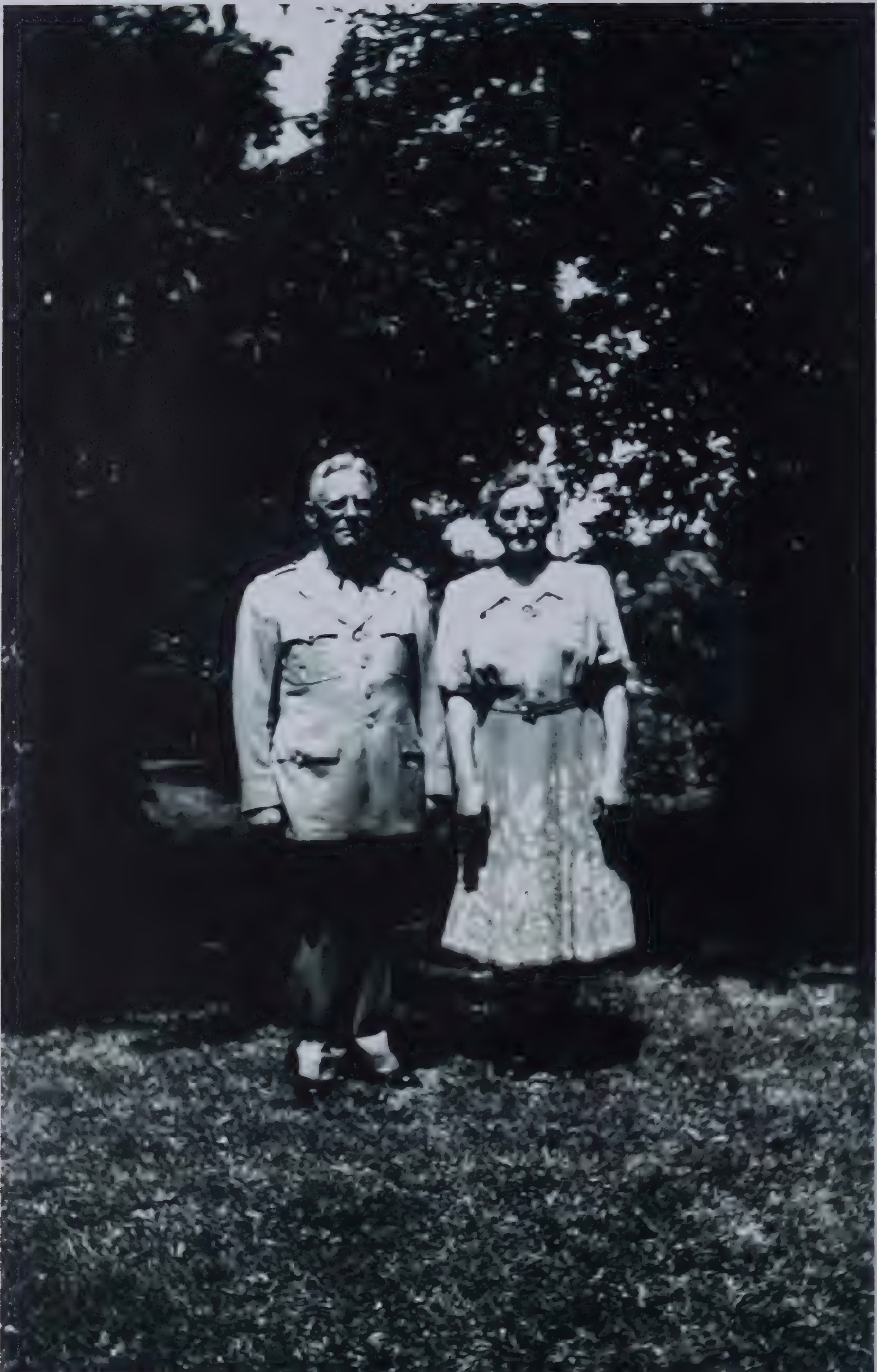
By MILTON MacKAYE

SAN ANTONIO

By GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

Thanksgiving

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S SOLDIER AT HOME



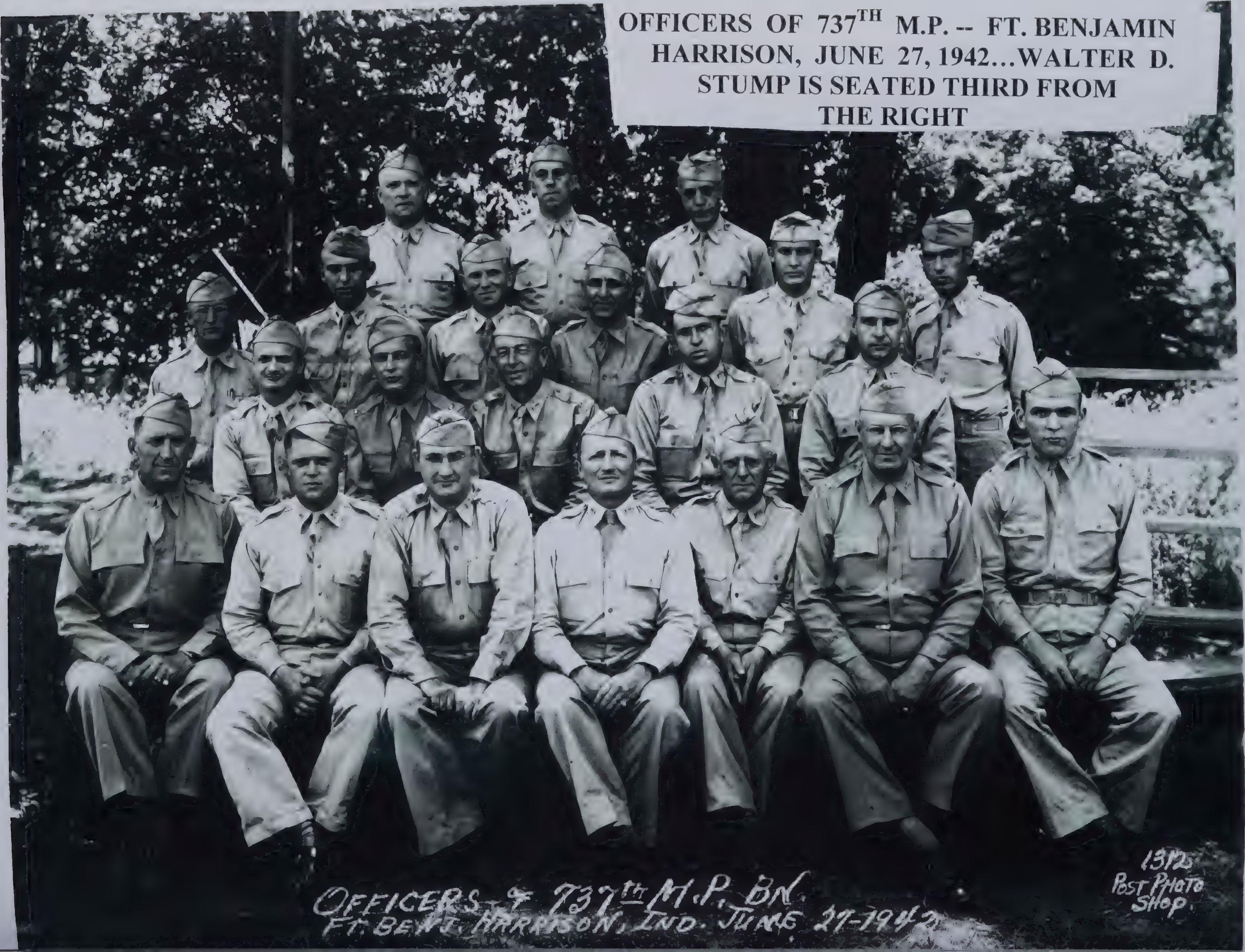
COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP AND CLEMENTINE, HIS WIFE---1940'S

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP AND CLEMENTINE,
HIS WIFE ---1940'S

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP --- 1944

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP --- 1944

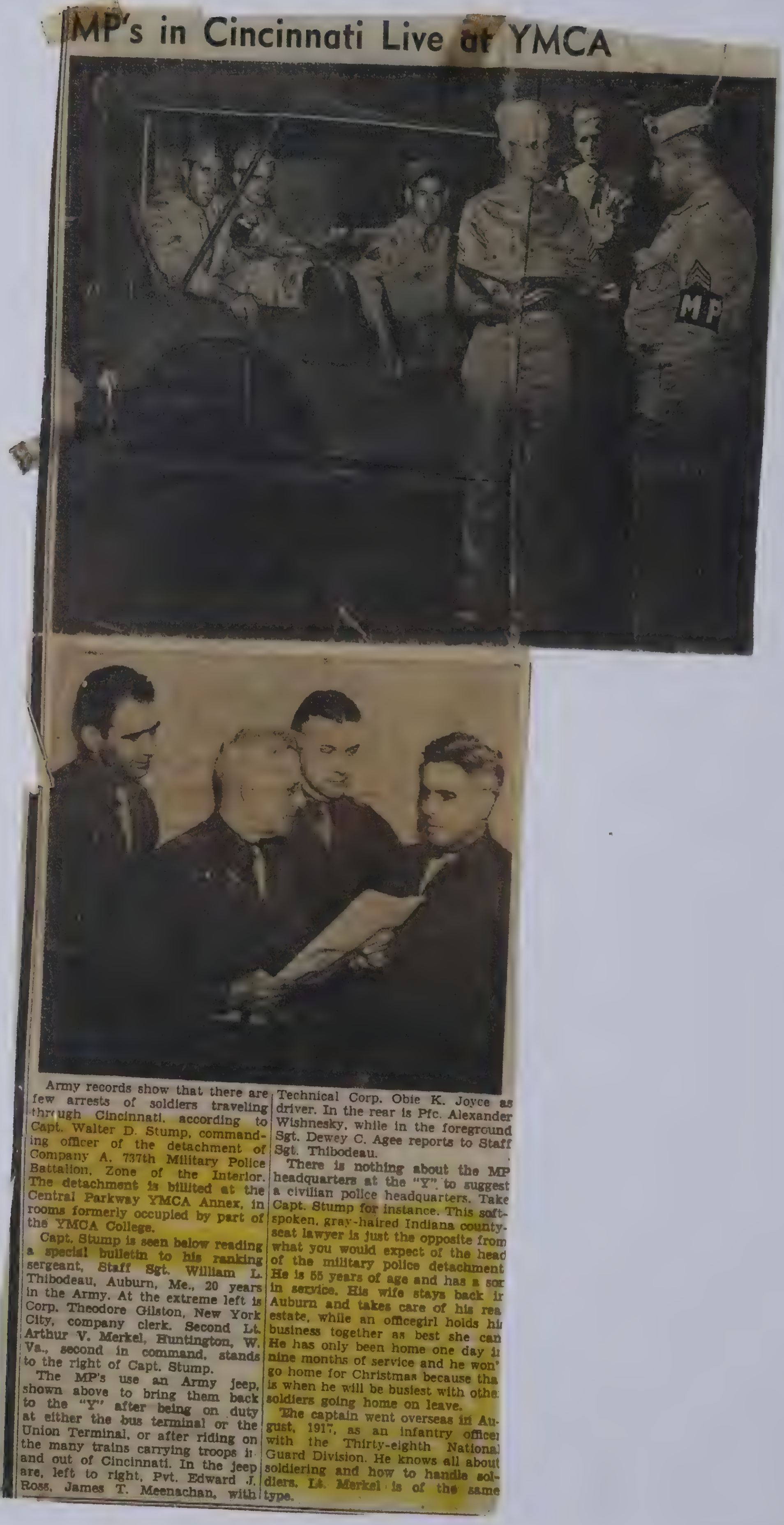
COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP -- 1944



OFFICERS OF 737TH M.P. -- FT. BENJAMIN HARRISON, JUNE 27, 1942...WALTER D. STUMP IS SEATED THIRD FROM THE RIGHT

OFFICERS of 737th M.P. BN.
FT. BENJ. HARRISON, IND. JUNE 27-1942
1312
Post Photo Shop.

WALTER D. STUMP'S FIRST DUTY POST DURING WORLD WAR II



MP's in Cincinnati Live at YMCA

Army records show that there are few arrests of soldiers traveling through Cincinnati, according to Capt. Walter D. Stump, commanding officer of the detachment of Company A, 737th Military Police Battalion, Zone of the Interior. The detachment is billited at the Central Parkway YMCA Annex, in rooms formerly occupied by part of the YMCA College.

Capt. Stump is seen below reading a special bulletin to his ranking sergeant, Staff Sgt. William L. Thibodeau, Auburn, Me., 20 years in the Army. At the extreme left is Corp. Theodore Gilston, New York City, company clerk. Second Lt. Arthur V. Merkel, Huntington, W. Va., second in command, stands to the right of Capt. Stump.

The MP's use an Army jeep, shown above to bring them back to the "Y" after being on duty at either the bus terminal or the Union Terminal, or after riding on the many trains carrying troops in and out of Cincinnati. In the jeep are, left to right, Pvt. Edward J. Ross, James T. Meenachan, with Technical Corp. Obie K. Joyce as driver. In the rear is Pfc. Alexander Wishnesky, while in the foreground Sgt. Dewey C. Agee reports to Staff Sgt. Thibodeau.

There is nothing about the MP headquarters at the "Y" to suggest a civilian police headquarters. Take Capt. Stump for instance. This soft-spoken, gray-haired Indiana county-seat lawyer is just the opposite from what you would expect of the head of the military police detachment He is 55 years of age and has a son in service. His wife stays back in Auburn and takes care of his rea estate, while an officegirl holds his business together as best she can He has only been home one day in nine months of service and he won' go home for Christmas because tha is when he will be busiest with othe soldiers going home on leave.

The captain went overseas in August, 1917, as an infantry officer with the Thirty-eighth National Guard Division. He knows all about soldiering and how to handle soldiers. Lt. Merkel is of the same type.

WALTER D. STUMP IN ITALY DURING WORLD WAR II

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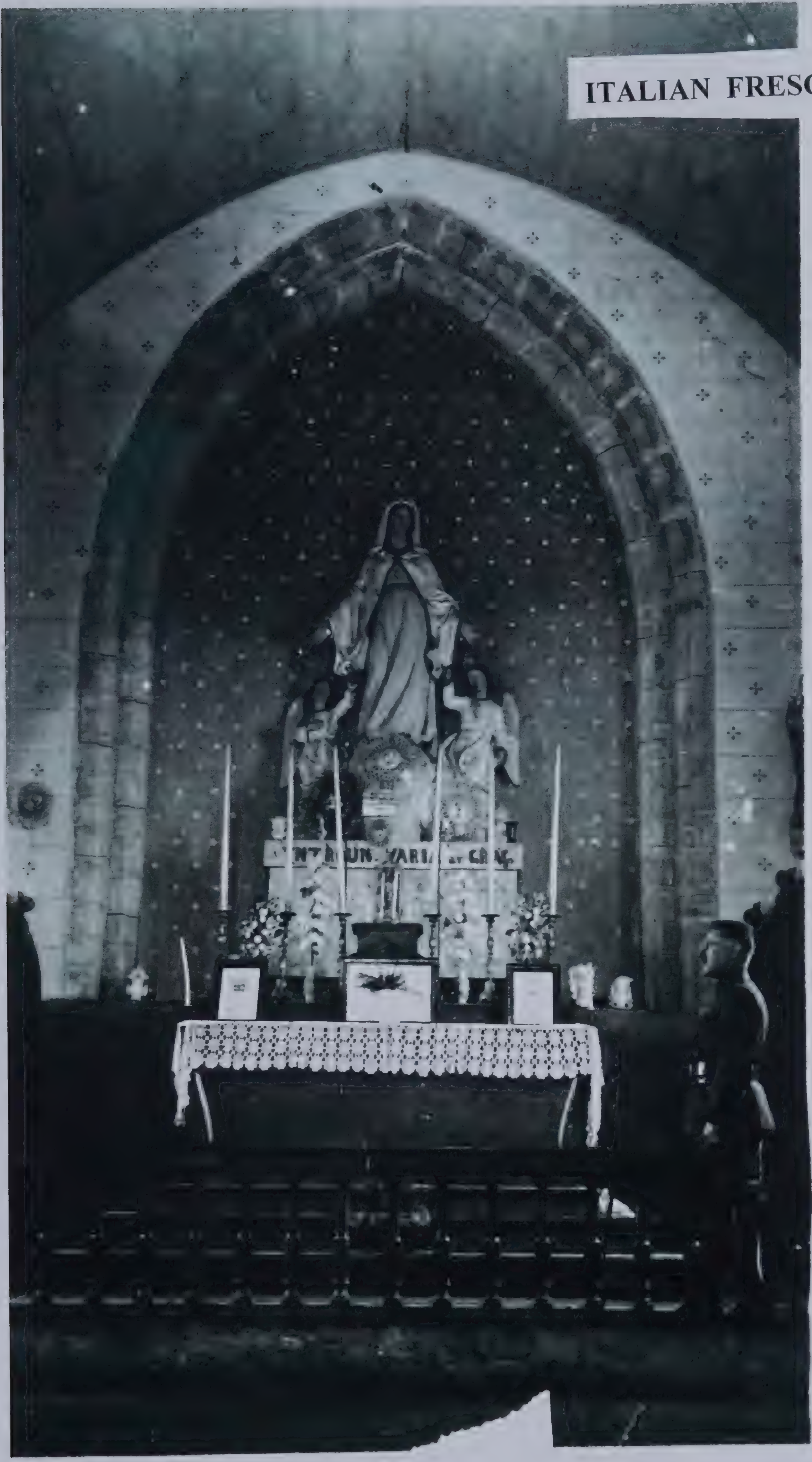
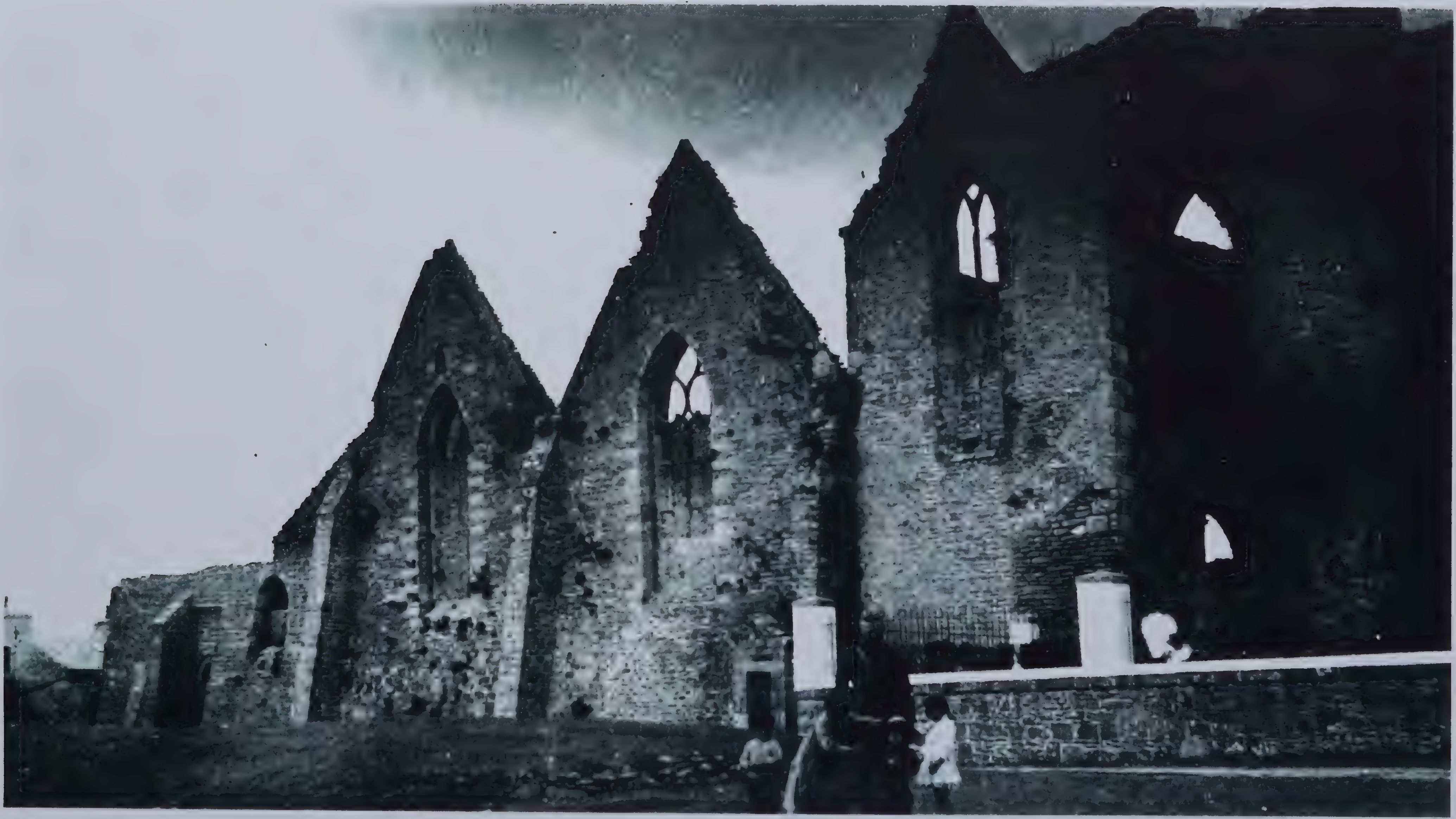
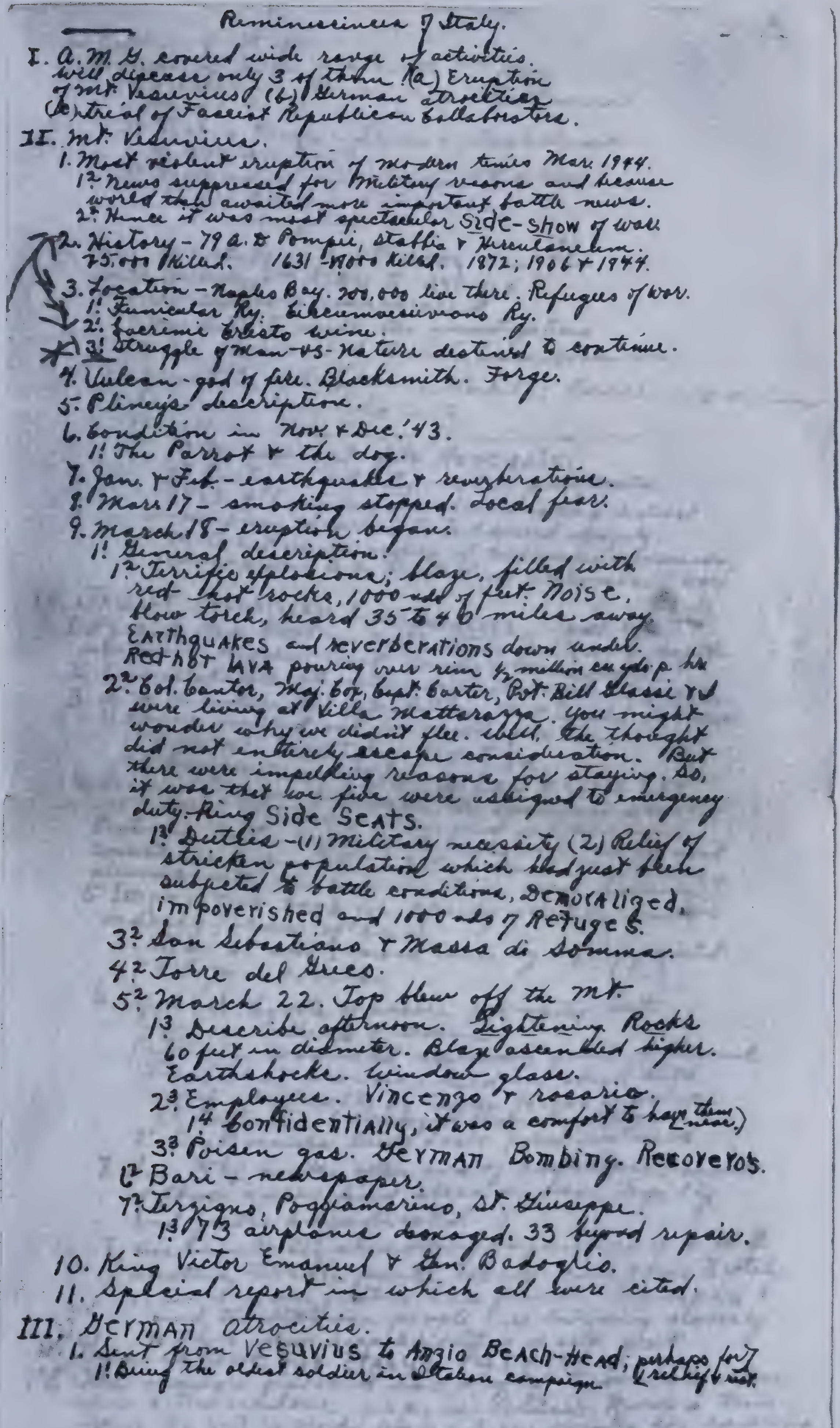
ITALIAN FRESCO



BOMBED ITALIAN CHURCH





Reminiscences of Italy.

I. A.M.G. covered wide range of activities. Will discuss only 3 of them (a) Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius (b) German atrocities (c) trial of Fascist Republican Collaborators.

II. Mt. Vesuvius.
1. Most violent eruption of modern times Mar. 1944.
1^2 News suppressed for military reasons and because world then awaited more important battle news.
2^2 Hence it was most spectacular side-show of war.
2. History – 79 A.D. Pompeii, Stabia & Herculaneum. 25,000 killed. 1631 – 4000 killed. 1872; 1906 & 1944.
3. Location – Naples Bay. 200,000 live there. Refugees of war.
1^1 Funicular Ry. Circumvesuviano Ry.
2^1 Lacrime Cristo wine.
3^1 Struggle of Man-vs-Nature destined to continue.
4. Vulcan – god of fire. Blacksmith. Forge.
5. Pliney's description.
6. Condition in Nov. & Dec. '43.
1^1 The Parrot & the dog.
7. Jan. & Feb. – earthquakes & reverberations.
8. Mar. 17 – smoking stopped. Local fear.
9. March 18 – eruption began.
1^1 General description.
1^2 Terrific explosions; blaze, filled with red hot rocks, 1000nds of feet. Noise, blow torch, heard 35 to 40 miles away. Earthquakes and reverberations down under. Red hot lava pouring over rim ½ million cu. yds. p. hr.
2^2 Col. Cantor, Maj. Cox, Capt. Carter, Pvt. Bill Glassie & I were living at Villa Mattarazza. You might wonder why we didn't flee. Well, the thought did not entirely escape consideration. But there were impelling reasons for staying. So, it was that we five were assigned to emergency duty. Ring Side Seats.
1^3 Duties – (1) Military necessity (2) Relief of stricken population which had just been subjected to battle conditions, demoralized, impoverished and 1000nds of Refugees.
3^2 San Sebastiano & Massa di Somma.
4^2 Torre del Greco.
5^2 March 22. Top blew off the Mt.
1^3 Describe afternoon. Lightening Rocks 60 feet in diameter. Blaze ascended higher. Earthshocks. Window glass.
2^3 Employees. Vincenzo & rosario.
1^4 Confidentially, it was a comfort to have them near.)
3^3 Poisen gas. German Bombing. Recoveros.
6^2 Bari – newspaper.
7^2 Terzigno, Poggiomarino, St. Giuseppe.
1^3 73 airplanes damaged. 33 beyond repair.
10. King Victor Emanuel & Gen. Badoglio.
11. Special report in which all were cited.

III. German atrocities.
1. Sent from Vesuvius to Anzio Beach-Head; perhaps for relief & rest.
1^1 Being the oldest soldier in Italian campaign.

2. Rome, fall of.
  1^1 Night of June 4, 1944 with 5th Army.
    1^2 Colloseum, Forum, King Victor Emmanuel Square by Moonlight.
    2^2 Posting Proclamations & establishment of Military Gov't.
    3^2 First contact with German atrocities.
      1^3 213 Killed in Catacombs
        12 lawyers.

3. On to Vitterbo with 5th Army and then with British 8th Army to Arezzo.
  1^1 1000 civilians massacred.
    1^2 My duty to make the investigations to be forwarded to Int. Crimes Commission.
  2^1 Civetella della Chiana; Malito; Castle nuovo, San Severo, San Polo etc.
    1^2 All in violation of Iternational Law.
      1^3 No warrant for Reprisals.
      2^3 Partizan activity not a justification.
      3^4 Int. law requires (a) wearing distinct emblem, (b) arms to be carried openly, (c) to act under orders of recognized commander, (d) captives to be treated as Prisoners of war.

IV. Fascist Republican Collaborators, trial of.
  1. Fascist Rep. Gov't in North Italy following capitulation of Regular Gov't. under ~~Mussolini~~.
  2. Unspeakable atrocities inflicted against people.
  3. A. M. G. anticipated retribution that would follow.
    1^1 Plans worked out for speedy justice.
      1^2 Special Courts of Assise.
      2^2 Combination of Common Law & Civil Law.
  4. Immediately on liberation the Partizans arrested 1000nds. Former police fled or disarmed. Partizan units difficult to hold in check and sometimes degenerated into law bands of outlaws, always with the law in their own hands.
  5. Imperative need for speedy justice under orderly forms of law.
    1^1 Stila 67 shot; mock trials by self-appointed partizan courts.
  6. Special Courts of assise promptly set. Treviso, Bellano & Udine.
    1^1 Trials conducted admidst great excitement. Turbulent crowds, held in check with much difficulty by large forces of police.
      1^2 Padula, 6 dragged from Court Room.
    2^1. Deft., under Civil Law, first witness.
  7. In 5½ months after end of hostilities, most of these cases had already been legally and justly adjudicated.
  8. Without the steadying influence of A. M. G. another terrible purge would have come to Italy.
    1^1 As it was, justice has finally triumphed and the Italian people are turning soberly to their new responsibilities of self gov't.

V. There is hope for Italy's Future!

IV. The changing world has shifted to our shoulders new & tremendous responsibilities. Never a time when the entire world looked to one country for leadership and guidance as world now looks to us. A great opportunity awaits us. We cannot escape it even if we wish. The future of the world depends on how well we respond to the call of humanity to the American people.

Mt. Vesuvius.

1. Most violent eruption of modern times in Mar. 1944.
1¹ News supressed for military reasons.
2. History - 79 A.D. Pompeii, Stabia & Herculaneum. 25,000 killed. 1631 - 18000 killed. 1872; 1906; 1944.
3. Location - Naples Bay. 200000 live there. [Funicular Ry. Circumvesuviano - Funiculi - Funicula]
1¹ Future destruction inevitable.
4. Vulcan - god of fire. Blacksmith. Forge.
5. Pliney's description.
6. Condition in Nov. & Dec. 1943.
1¹ The Parrot & the dog incident.
7. Jan. & Feb. - reverberations & earthquakes.
8. Mar. 17 - smoking stopped. Local fear.
9. Mar. 18 - eruption began.
1¹ General description.
1² Terrific explosions; blaze filled with rocks ascending 1000nds of feet; some rocks shooting out at angle falling beyond base of Mt. NOISE like blow torch heard 30 to 40 miles away. REVERBERATIONS down under. EARTHQUAKES. Red-hot LAVA pouring over rim of crater over ½ million cu. yds. per hour.
2² Col. Cantor, Maj. Cox, Capt. Carter & myself were living in Villa Matterazzo & assigned to emergency duty. You might wonder why we didn't flee. Well, the thought did not escape consideration, but there were impelling reasons for staying in the ring-side seats to which we were assigned by the fortunes of war.
1³ Duties - (1) military necessities, (2) relief of the stricken civilian population which had just been subjected to battle conditions, demoralized, impoverished and 1000nds of refugees.
3² San Sebastiano & Massa di Somma.
4² Torre del Greco. Col. Kincade; Card. Ascalesi.
5² March 22. Top blew off the Mt.
1³ Describe afternoon. Lightening. 70 airplanes wrecked.
2³ Employees - Vincenzo & Rosario.
1⁴ Confidentially, it was a comfort to have them near.
3³ Poison gas. German Bombing. Ricovero.
4³ Camaldoli.
6² Barri - Local newspaper. Col. Kincade, Card. Ascalesi.
7² Terzigno, Poggiomarino, St. Giuseppe.
10. King Victor Emanuel & Gen. Badoglio.
11. Special report in which we were all cited.
12. Anzio Beach-head, special consideration for my age.
13. 1¹ 2 months ago - little white cloud.
But inclined to step gingerly & tip our hats to the old boy as he has convinced us that despite all the inferno that man had devised for the destruction of his fellow-men in this war, he still came out second best when compared to the forces of NATURE.

Reminiscences of Italy

I. A.M.G. covered wide range of activities
Will discuss only 3 of them (a) eruption of Mount Vesuvius (2) German atrocities (c) Trial of Fascist Republican collaborators

II. Mt. Vesuvius

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            3. San Sabastiano and Massa di Somma
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2. Rome: fall of

    1. Night of June 4, 1944 with fifth Army
        i. Coliseum, Forum, King Victor Emmanuel Square by Moonlight
        ii. Posting Proclamations and establishment of Military Gov't.
        iii. First contact with German Atrocities
            1. 2/3 killed in catacombs…12 lawyers

3. On to Vitterbo with 5th Army and then with British 8th Army to Ayezzo

    1, 1000 civilians massacred.
        1. My duty to make the investigations to be forwarded to Int. Crimes Commission
    2. Civetella della Chiano; Malito; Castel Nuovo, San Severo, San Polo, Etc.
        1. All in violation of International Law.
            1. No warrant for reprisals
            2. Partisan activity not a justification
            3. Int. Law requires (a) wearing distinct emblem (b) arms to be carried openly (c) to act under orders of recognized commands (d) captives to be treated as Prisoners of War.

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    i. Trials conducted admidst great excitement. Turbulent crowns, hold in check with much difficulty by large forces of police.
        1. Padua – 6 dragged from court room
    ii. Dept. under civil law, first witness
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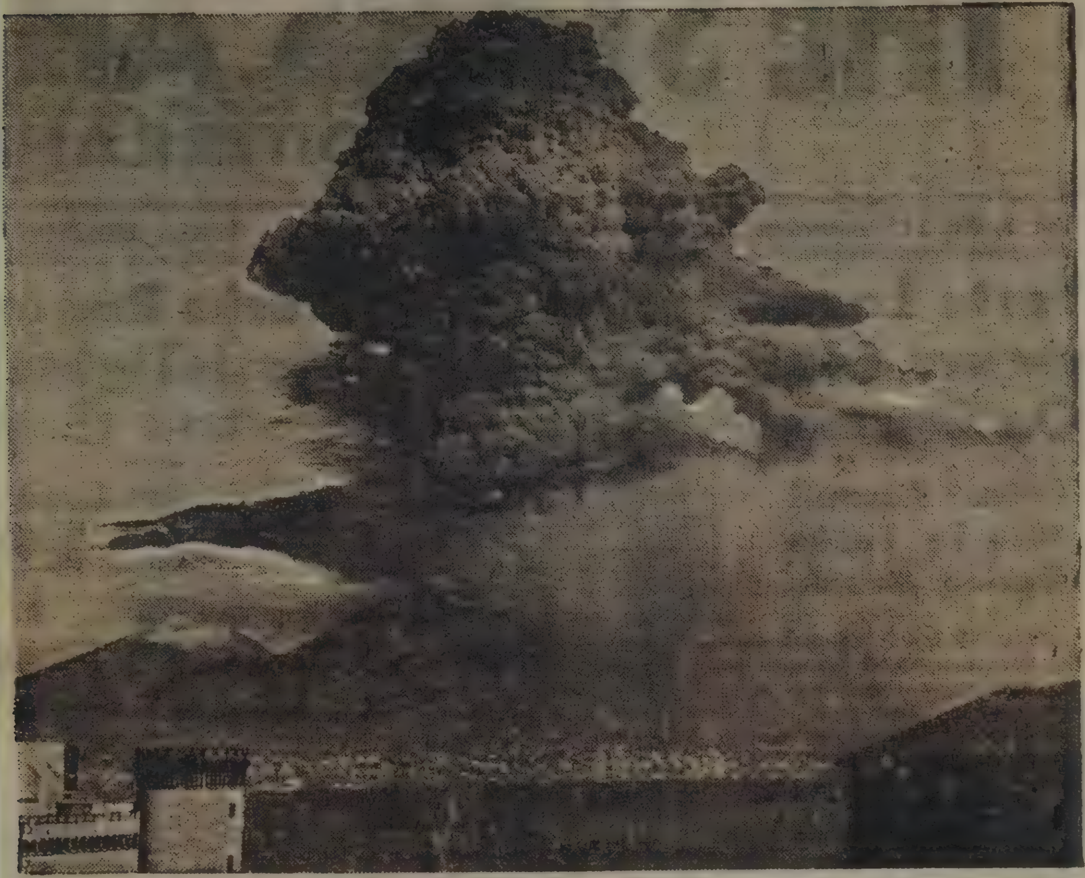
THE STARS AND STRIPES Saturday, March 25, 1944

THE SLUMBERING GIANT WAKES



UP FROM THE HEART of Mt. Vesuvius roll great clouds of smoke and volcanic ash in the greatest eruption of the volcano since 1872. The discharge reached a height of 20,000 feet and coated the countryside for miles around with a heavy layer of ash and dust. (*Photo by Sgt. Max Montgomery*)

Old Vesuvius Finally Quiets Down After Six Days Of Violent Belching

NAPLES, March 24—Vast clouds of volcanic ash today still billowed from Mt. Vesuvius but the eruption was apparently subsiding after six days of the most violent activity since 1872.

The lava flow down the northwestern side of the mountain had definitely ceased to endanger Cercola and the great spillover in the wooded country above Torre Del Greco and Torre Annunziata was coming to a halt short of the limit of the 1906 flood of fire.

At Cercola today, joyous residents were returning to homes from which they had been evacuated two days ago by Allied Military Government officials when it was thought that the stream of molten rock which cut through the heart of San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma might pour down the mountainside to engulf that city.

And to shattered, broken San Sebastiano came a trickle of returning residents, some to find their homes collapsed and buried under millions of tons of hardening lava, others to discover homes still standing along the edge of the black torrent.

HOME AGAIN

AMG officials, who a few hours ago were aiding residents of Cercola, San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma to flee the torrent of fire, today were helping them to return. Water was turned on this morning in Cercola and trucks were carrying water up to the other towns where the systems were destroyed.

Unofficial estimates of the damage varied between five and ten millions of dollars. About half of San Sebastiano, including the school, public buildings and most of the larger structures on the main street, fell victim to the fiery flood Many scores of gardens, vineyards and orchards were engulfed and damage to forest plantings higher on the mountain was great.

The rain of ash and rock which is still falling on the countryside from Torre Del Greco to Salerno is regarded as more spectacular than dangerous by vulcanologists, unless, of course, it assumes the proportion of the great eruption of 79 A.D. in which Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae were destroyed.

The ash and rock fall which in some places reached a depth of more than two feet kept residents in the affected areas busy cleaning rooftops and streets while American Army Engineers turned out with bulldozers to clear the main highways so that stalled traffic could move. Some of the ash fell into the ruins of Pompeii and residents of Bari, 120 miles down the Italian peninsula, reported that a great cloud of grey ash and smoke covered the sun for nearly an hour yesterday morning. Bari residents were forced to turn on their lights at 0900 hours and chickens, thinking that night had fallen, went to roost for a brief and startling rest.

Vulcanologists today believed that the worst was over but allowed room in their predictions for almost anything. They pointed out that most of the pressure was escaping through the vent in the top of the mountain but should that vent be closed a new outbreak could be expected which would probably bring other streams of 2,300-degree liquid rock lipping over the crater.

The terrific updraft from the volcano's mouth billowed rocks the size of golf balls miles over the mountainside. Within a mile of the crater, boulders were raining down, stripping the limbs off evergreen trees and making sightseers wish they had driven up in tanks. The maelstrom of air currents around the crater resulted in frequent thunderstorms and lightning added its voice to the roar of the volcano. At times snow, discolored by the ash particles in the air, covered the higher slopes resulting in an unbelievable contrast of heat and cold.

VIOLENT RECORD

Vesuvius' violent record goes far back beyond human history when some gigantic blast tore the entire top of the mountain away and deposited lava, rock and ash over most of central Italy. For hundreds of years after, the mountain was dormant, but on Aug. 29, 79 A.D., following 16 years of convulsions, the mountain blew its top again through an inner crater, burying the thriving city of Pompeii under 18 feet of small fragments of lava.

Herculaneum on the western base of the volcano disappeared under a 75-foot avalanche of steaming mud and Stabiae, located on the site of the present city of Castellamare, was also destroyed. It was at Stabiae that Pliny the Elder died from poisonous gases while his nephew watched the catastrophe from Posilipo across the Bay of Naples.

The elder Pliny had set out with part of his Roman fleet to rescue residents of Herculaneum but found the trip impossible. He went to Stabiae despite the fears of his crew and galley slaves only to perish three days later when poisonous fumes poured down into his sleeping quarters. Pliny the Younger gave a graphic account of the outburst, an account that was not believed for centuries, his accuracy as a reporter having been found wanting in his other writings. Late in the 19th century discovery of the ruins of Pompeii bore out his account.

18,000 KILLED

Ever since the eruption in August of 79, the volcano has been more or less active. The greatest eruption since came on Dec. 16, 1631. Although six months of earth tremors warned inhabitants that something was due to happen, so quickly did the 1631 blast come that 18,000 persons lost their lives.

Violent eruptions followed every few years thereafter, most of them causing both loss of life and property damage. An eruption of particular violence took place in 1872, sending streams of lava down the same channel that the present flow followed. Many of the houses destroyed in the present outburst replaced structures built after the 1872 flow.

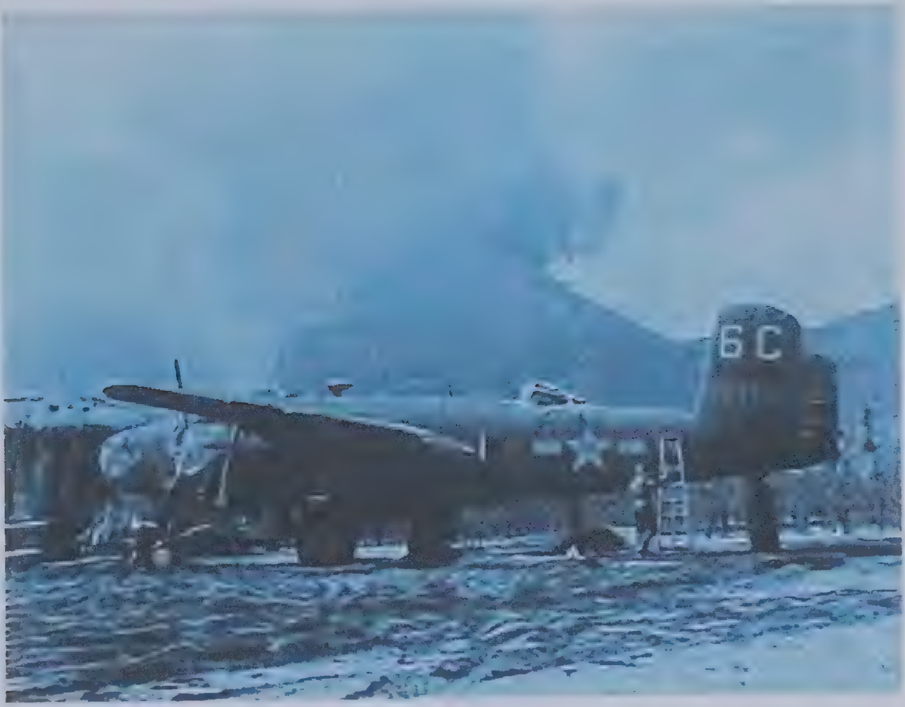
In 1906 another heavy blast took place which trimmed 613 feet off the top of the mountain, completely changing the appearance of the cone. This eruption, however, did not cause as extensive damage as the present one. The lava now flowing above Torre Annunziata and Torre Del Greco is coursing over the flows of 1906.

Twenty-three years later Vesuvius underwent another outburst which caused great alarm and heavy damage to vineyards that produce the famous wine, Vesuvinum or Lacrima Christi. The present outburst is following the pattern of the past two eruptions.

The Tripodi Collection

The following photos were kindly provided by Mr. Carlo Tripodi and Giuseppe Versolato.

The following pictures were taken during and following the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in March, 1944.
The eruption resulted in the largest single loss of aircraft for the 57th during the war.



Vesuvius erupting March, 1944.

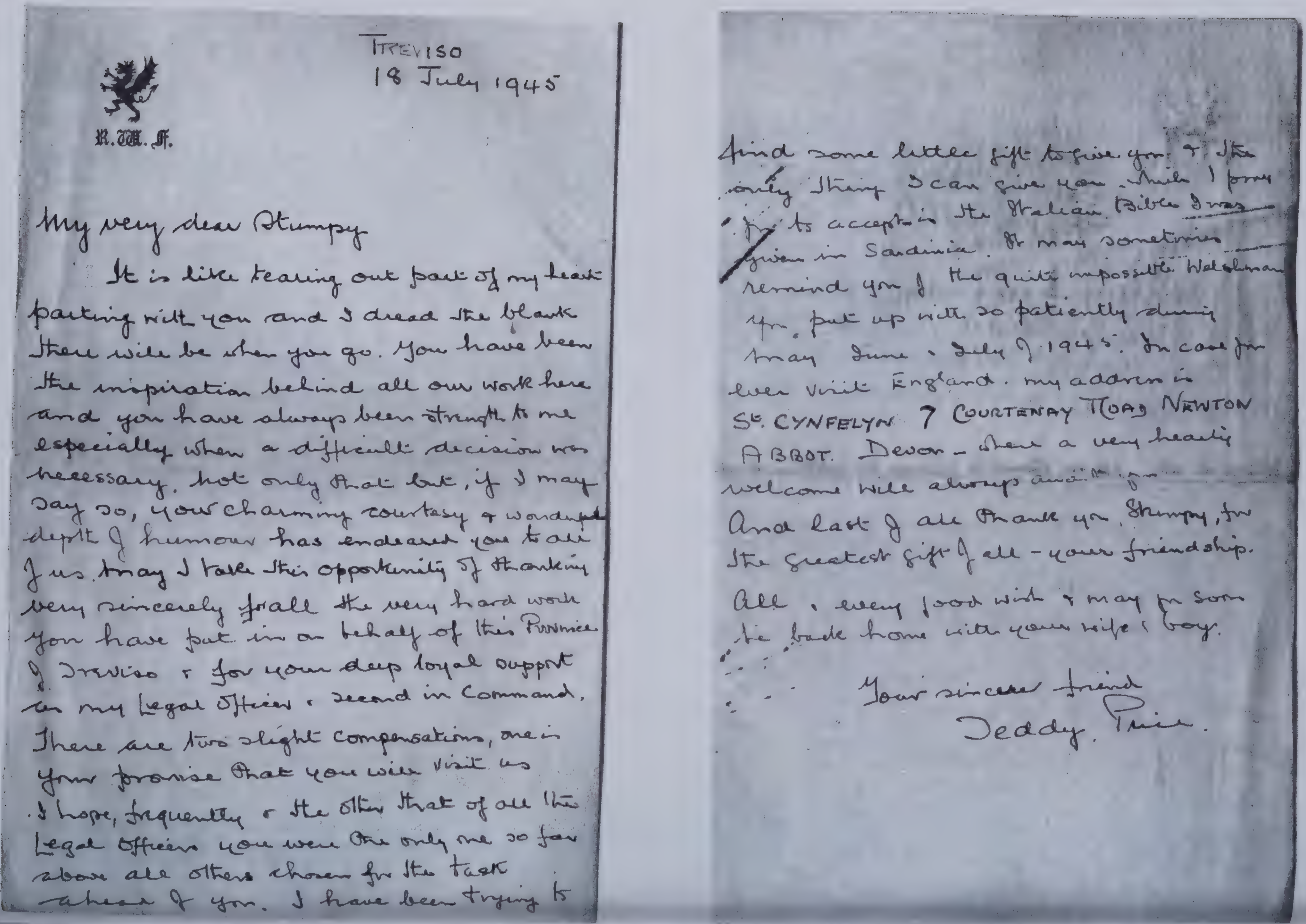
Neither cloth surfaces or plexi glass fared well during the eruption.

A 50 caliber machine gun in need of some cleaning after the eruption.

Back to History of the 310th, 321st and 340th Bomb Groups

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP ASSIGNED TO THE ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT AS A LEGAL OFFICER DURING WORLD WAR II

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP ENJOYING THE
SCENERY OF ITALY



R.W.F.

TREVISO
18 July 1945

My very dear Stumpy

It is like tearing out part of my heart parting with you and I dread the blank there will be when you go. You have been the inspiration behind all our work here and you have always been strength to me especially when a difficult decision was necessary. Not only that but, if I may say so, your charming courtesy & wonderful depth of humour has endeared you to all of us. May I take this opportunity of thanking very sincerely for all the very hard work you have put in on behalf of this Province of Treviso & for your deep loyal support as my Legal Officer & Second in Command.

There are two slight compensations, one is your promise that you will visit us I hope, frequently & the other that of all the Legal Officers you were the only one so far above all others chosen for the task ahead of you. I have been trying to find some little gift to give you & the only thing I can give you which I pray you to accept is the Italian Bible I was given in Sardinia. It may sometimes remind you of the quite impossible Welshman you put up with so patiently during May June & July of 1945. In case you ever visit England my address is St. CYNFELYN 7 COURTENAY ROAD NEWTON ABBOT. Devon – where a very hearty welcome will always await you.

And last of all thank you, Stumpy, for the greatest gift of all – your friendship.

All & every good wish & may you soon be back home with your wife & boy.

Your sincere friend
Teddy Price.

Treviso
18 July 1945

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Your sincere friend,

Teddy Price

GOOD FRIEND, TEDDY PRICE, COMMANDING OFFICER IN TREVISO, ITALY WITH THE ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT

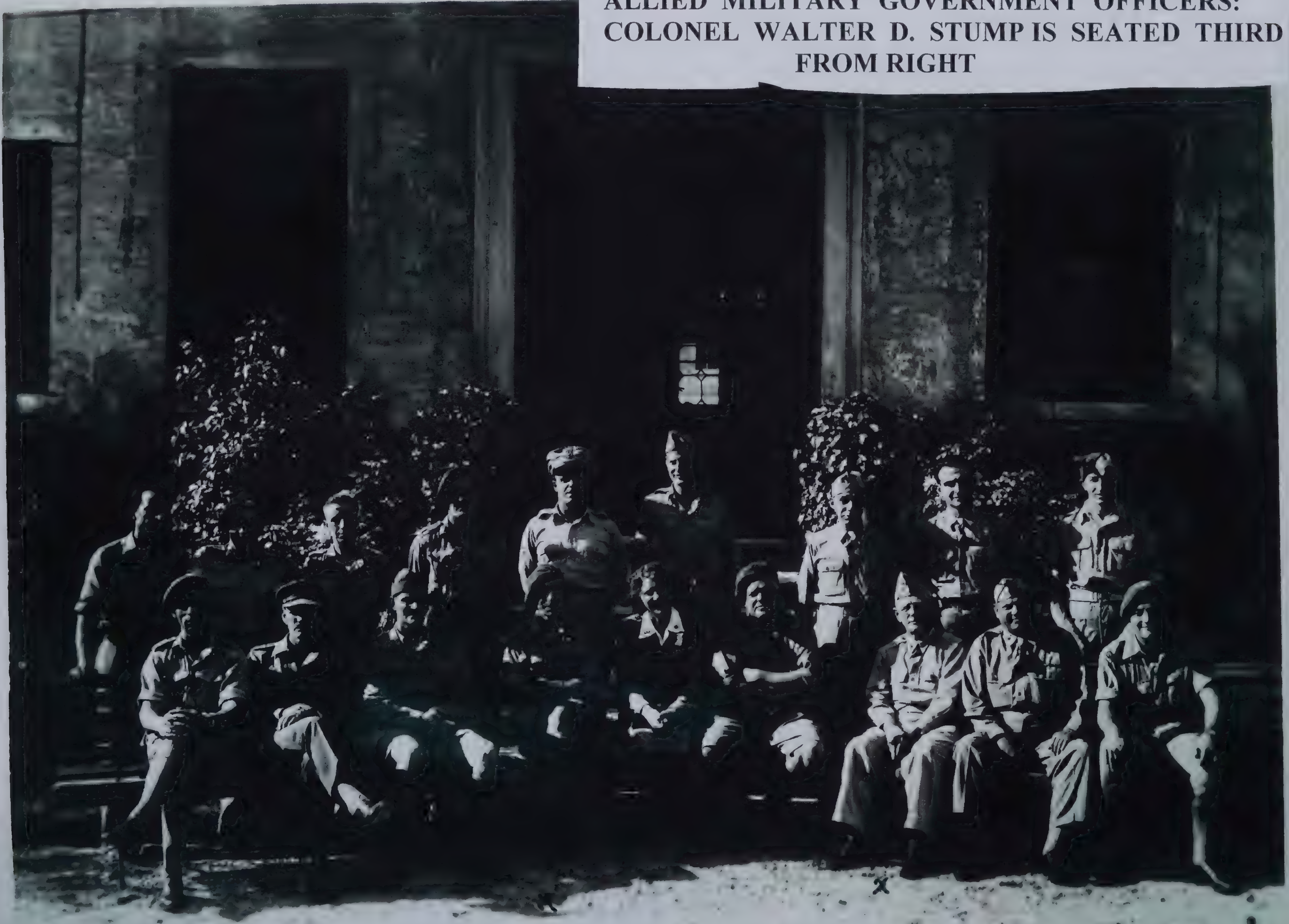
COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP SECOND FROM RIGHT....TEDDY PRICE IS STANDING ON THE FAR LEFT

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP ASTRIDE HIS HORSE

COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP ENJOYING THE SCENERY OF ITALY

WALTER D. STUMP IN ITALY DURING WORLD WAR II

ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT OFFICERS: COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP IS SEATED THIRD FROM RIGHT



MILITARY OFFICERS WITH THE ALLIED MILITARYGOVERNMENT – COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP IS SEATED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT ROW, SEVENTH FROM THE LEFT

m No.650-8 A.G.O.,
July 6,1920.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Walter D. Stump,

I do appoint him Captain, Field Artillery,

Officers' Reserve Corps of the Army of the United States:

such appointment to date from the tenth *day of* January, *nineteen hundred and* twenty. *He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.*

And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command when he shall be employed on active duty, to be obedient to his orders as an officer of his grade and position. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General or other Superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War.

This Commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being, and for a period of five years from date.

Given under my hand, in the District of Columbia, this tenth *day of* September, *in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and* twenty-one, *and in the one hundred and* forty-sixth *year of the Independence of the United States.*

By the President:

The Adjutant General's Office.
Recorded:
September13, 1921.

Adjutant General.

J M Wainwright
The Assistant Secretary of War.

HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED COMMISSION
APO 394

/mde

File : 201 - STUMP, WALTER D. (O). 28 March 1946.

SUBJECT: Army Commendation Ribbon

To : Commanding General, MTOUSA, APO 512, U. S. Army.
(Through 2675 th Regiment, Allied Commissin).

1. Under the provisions of War Department Circular 377, dated 18 December 1945, subject: "Army Commendation Ribbon" it is recommended that WALTER D. STUMP, O-123292, Lieutenant Colonel, CMP, 2675th Rigiment, Allied Commission, be authorized to wear the Army Commendation Ribbon for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services while assigned to and on duty with the Legal Section, Naples Province, Arezzo Province, and Venezia Region from 11 October 1943 to 20 October 1945.

2. On 11 October 1943, following the initial landing of the Allied Forces in Italy, Lieutenant Colonel Stump (then Major) was assigned as a Legal Officer in the area south of Naples. In January, 1944, with the organization of the Naples Province Legal Office , Lieutenant Colonel Stump (then Major) was appointed a circuit summary and superior Court Judge. Thereafter, on 1 July 1944 and continuing until 12 May 1945 he was Provincial Legal Officer Arezzo Province. On 13 May 1945 until 20 October 1945, when he was redeployed to the United States for discharge, he served as Provincial Legal Officer Venezia Region.

3. At Naples, and thereafter in Arezza Province and Venezia Region, Lieutenant Colonel STUMP (then Major) was called upon to fill positions of much responsibility. Enriched by a distinguished background of experience in civil life, Lieutenant Colonel STUMP brought into the performance of his exacting duties a total of attainment which enriched occupational government in Italy. As a trial Judge, his talent for the administration of law,in keeping with the high dignity of mankind, came into full bloom. Even though asserted before an alien population, the seeds which he sowed were to blossom into an epic of Allied prestige, its aims and institutions, to endure, perhaps, long after the coming of the peace. Patient, unassuming, devoid of ostentation, with high courage and resolution, he administered the law with talent and skill on an order high above the ordinary. In the shepardin of the discouraged and perhaps disheartened Italian Judiciary, he instilled by his rugged personality a new hope of achievement which speeded the return to normal. Here we have the attainments of an officer which stand out thru sheer merit, reflecting credit not only on himself, his organization, and the Courts over which he presided, but to the saga of accomplishment in Italy to be recorded by the verdict of historians. Because of all this, commendation is here made of the work of Lieutenant Colonel STUMP.

4. The recommending officer has personal knowledge of the facts of theperformance of exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service by Lieutenant Colonel STUMP and of the contribution made by him.

5. Lieutenant Colonel STUMP'S tireless energy and devotion to duty were in keeping with the finest traditions of the United States Army and reflect credit upon himself, his organization, and the Allied Military Government in Italy. By reason thereof he is hereby specially commended for his achievement and meritorious services.

6. At the time of rendering the service for which this commendation is made, the officer was a Major. When separated from the Service, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

7. Lieutenant Colonel STUMP hasreceived no previous awards.

8. Proposed commendation is attached as an inclosure.

John K. Weber,
Colonel, Infantry.
Chief Legal Advisor.

Incl: (Proposed commendation)

PROPOSED COMMENDATION

WALTER D. STUMP, O-123292, Lieutenant Colonel, CMP, 2675th Regiment, Allied Commission, for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services from 11 October 1943 to 20 October 1945.

Following the initial landing of the Allied Forces in Italy, Lieutenant Colonel STUMP (then Major) was assigned as a Legal Officer in the area south of Naples. With the organization of the Naples Province Legal Office, he was appointed a Circuit Summary and Superior Court Judge. Thereafter he was Provincial Legal Officer, Arezza Province, and later served as Provincial Legal Officer, Venezia Region/

At Naples, and thereafter in Arezzo Province and Venezia Region, Lieutenant Colonel STUMP (then Major) was called upon to fill positions of much responsibility, and brought into the performance of his exacting duties a total of attainment which has enriched occupational government in Italy. Patient, unassuming, devoid of ostentation, with high courage and resolution, he administered the law with talent and skill of an order high above the ordinary. The attainments of Lieutenant Colonel STUMP stand out through sheer merit, reflecting credit not only on himself, his organization, and the Courts over which he presided, but to the saga of accomplishment in Italy to be recorded by the verdict of historians.

Lieutenant Colonel STUMP entered the Service from his home in Auburn, Indiana.

LAWYER TELLS ABOUT EXPERIENCES IN WAR

Lt. Col. W. D. Stump Says Germans Took 1,000 Prisoners and Lined Them Up before a Firing Squad without Trial

The Auburn Lions club, at their meeting Monday evening listened attentively for over an hour as Lt. Col. Walter D. Stump, an Auburn attorney and war veteran, brought some of his personal experiences while with the 5th army in Italy.

He served for over two years as a member of the Allied Military government division in occupied territory, many times right up to the front lines with the 5th army taking the "stuff coming overhead and from snipers." He related that on one occasion he found himself with his attachment ahead of the front lines and it was necessary to engage in combat. The result was that two "Jerry" prisoners were taken back of the American lines.

Col. Stump stated his main task was to set up military control in every community just as rapidly as the army advanced. The task assumed two purposes, first to facilitate military movements back of the lines and second to give relief to suffering of the civilian population. In order to get law and order immediately following the fighting it was necessary to set up a military government with a set of laws to operate in Italy even to the point of holding court.

In order to facilitate this work three courts were organized in every center, the summary court, equivalent to the lower court in America, the superior court, where a minimum of ten year sentence could be meted out to offenders and the general court where the death penalty could be pronounced. It was the rare exception that a death sentence was administered. He tried over 4,000 cases himself while in Italy.

He described the entry into Rome, about 2:30 a. m., riding with the spearhead of the 5th army. The Americans entered the south gate of the great proud city, lying in shambles. At this hour the populance was active and greeted joyfully the American soldiers. Amid snipers' bullets and floral wreaths they traveled north into the city. After three days he met with approximately 500 lawyers of top rank in Italy. He paid tribute to the fine co-operation between the Allied Military government and the bar of Italy. To bring order out of chaos, law and order had to be established, utilities, especially water and electricity, had to be suppdied, food, clothing and shelter had to be provided, public health had to be guarded and finances, commerce and industry had to be established. The Germans destroyed and carried as loot everything of value to their homeland.

He gave a brief picture of the condition of Naples, the seaport through which the allies received all their supplies. One of the first tasks was to re-establish a water supply since all reservoirs were destroyed and people were without water supply for months. The result was that lice were abundant and nearly 2,000,000 people had to be treated. Prisons were jammed and these people had to be released and rehabilitated.

In one city just before the conquering armies marched in the Germans took about 1,000 out of the prisons and lined them up before a firing squad without trial. Their bodies were found in a mass of dead humanity by the advancing forces. Such atrocities were without number and wherever found a report was made giving names of German generals who violated all laws of war, which evidence is being used by the army of occupation in the war trials of Europe today, Col. Stump was introduced by William H. Husselman.

Keith Showalter reported that the October program for the Lions club was complete.

Gilbert D. Potter, Auburn firechief, advised that Fire Prevention week would be observed beginning Oct. 6th.

THE SERVICE OF HAROLD D. STUMP DURING WORLD WAR II

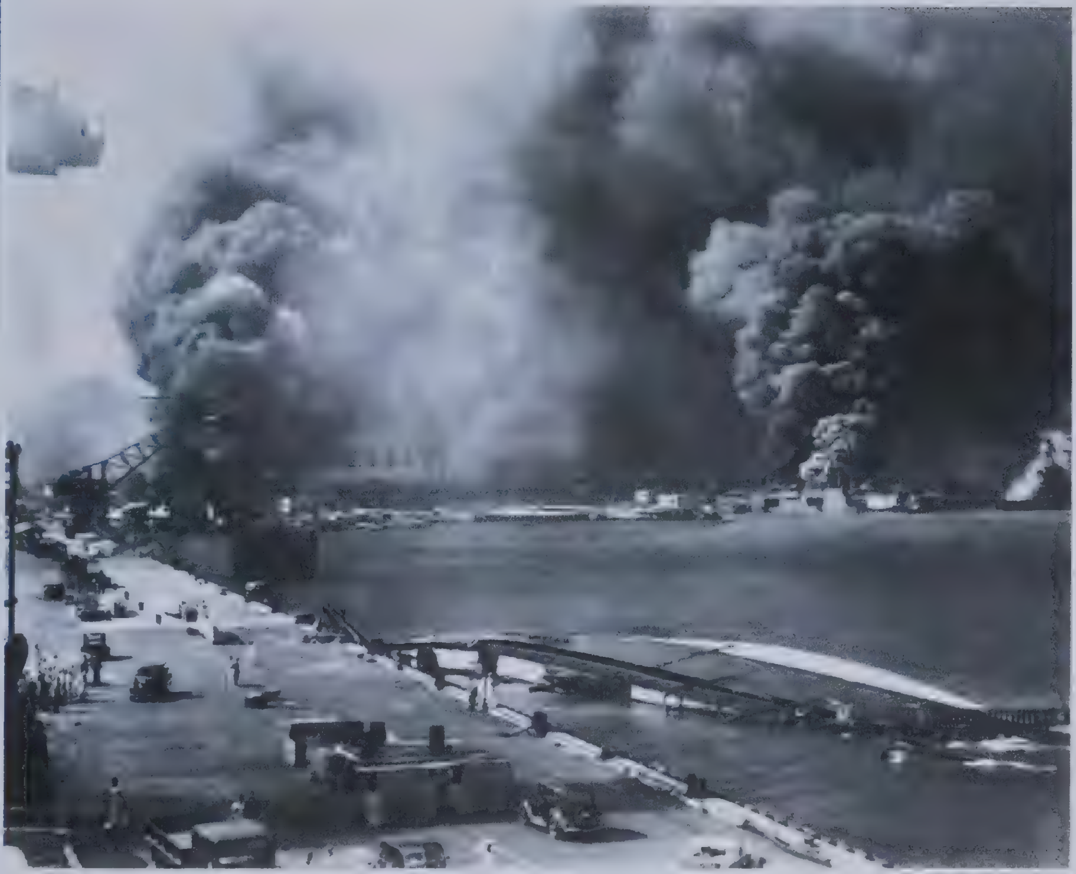
THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR:

DECEMBER 7, 1941....

"A DAY THAT WILL LIVE IN INFAMY."

AFTER THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR, HAROLD ACCELERATED HIS LAW SCHOOL STUDIES AS HE AND HIS GENERATION KNEW THAT THEY HAD A "RENDEVOUS WITH DESTINY"

Subject: Fw: Pictures stored in an old Brownie Camera taken in 1941

> These photos are absolutely incredible....Read below the first picture and at the end...
>
> 
>
> PHOTOS STORED IN AN OLD BROWNIE CAMERA
>
> **Thought you might find these photos very interesting; what quality from 1941.**
> **Pearl Harbor photos found in an old Brownie stored in a foot locker. and just recently taken to be developed.**
>
> **THESE PHOTOS ARE FROM A SAILOR WHO WAS ON THE USS QUAPAW ATF-11O.**
>
> **I THINK THEY'RE SPECTACULAR!**
>
> **PEARL HARBOR**
>
> **December 7th, 1941**

7-35

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD
SEMPER PARATUS
1790

Pea
< BR>

Pearl Harbor

On Sunday, December 7th, 1941 the Japanese launched a surprise attack against the U.S. Forces stationed

at Pearl Harbor , Hawaii By planning his attack on a Sunday, the Japanese commander Admiral Nagumo, hoped to catch the entire fleet in port. As luck would have it, the Aircraft Carriers and one of the Battleships were not in port. (The USS Enterprise was returning from Wake Island , where it had just delivered some aircraft. The USS Lexington was ferrying aircraft to Midway, and the USS Saratoga and USS Colorado were undergoing repairs in the United States .)

In spite of the latest intelligence reports about the missing aircraft carriers (his most important targets), Admiral Nagumo decided to continue the attack with his force of six carriers and 423 aircraft. At a range of 230 miles north of Oahu , he launched the first wave of a two-wave attack. Beginning at 0600 hours his first wave consisted of 183 fighters and torpedo bombers which st ruck at the fleet in Pearl Harbor and the airfields in Hickam, Kaneohe and Ewa. The second strike, launched at 0715 hours, consisted of 167 aircraft, which again struck at the same targets.

**At 075 3 hours the first wave consisting of 40 Nakajima B5N2 'Kate' torpedo bombers, 51 Aichi D3A1 'Val' dive bombers, 50 high altitude bombers and 43 Zeros struck airfields and Pearl Harbor Within the next hour, the second wave arrived and continued the attack.
When it was over, the U.S. Losses were:**

Casualties
US Army: 218 KIA, 364 WIA.
US Navy: 2,008 KIA, 710 WIA.
US MarineCorp: 109 KIA, 69 WIA.
Civilians: 68 KIA, 35 WIA.

TOTAL: 2,403 KIA, 1,178 WIA.

Battleships
USS Arizona (BB-39) - total loss when a bomb hit her magazine.
USS Oklahoma (BB-37) - Total loss when she capsized and sunk in the harbor.
USS California (BB-4 4) - Sunk at her berth. Later raised and repaired.
USS West Virginia (BB-48) - Sunk at her berth. Later raised and repaired.
USS Nevada - (BB-36) Beached to prevent sinking. Later repaired.
USS Pennsylvania (BB-38) - Light damage.
USS Maryland (BB-46) - Light damage.
USS Tennessee (BB-43) Light damage.
USS Utah (AG-16) - (former battleship used as a target) - Sunk.

Cruisers
USS New Orleans (CA-32) - Light Damage..
USS San Francisco (CA-38) - Light Damage.
USS Detroit (CL-8) - Light Damage.
USS Raleigh (CL-7) - Heavily damaged but repaired.
USS Helena (CL-50) - Light Damage.
USS Honolulu (CL-48) - Light Damage..

Destroyers
USS Downes (DD-375) - Destroyed. Parts salvaged.
USS Cassin - (DD -3 7 2) Destroyed. Parts salvaged.
USS Shaw (DD-373) - Very heavy damage.
USS Helm (DD-388) - Light Damage.

Minelayer
USS Ogala (CM-4) - Sunk but later raised and repaired.

Seaplane Tender
USS Curtiss (AV-4) - Severely damaged but later repaired.

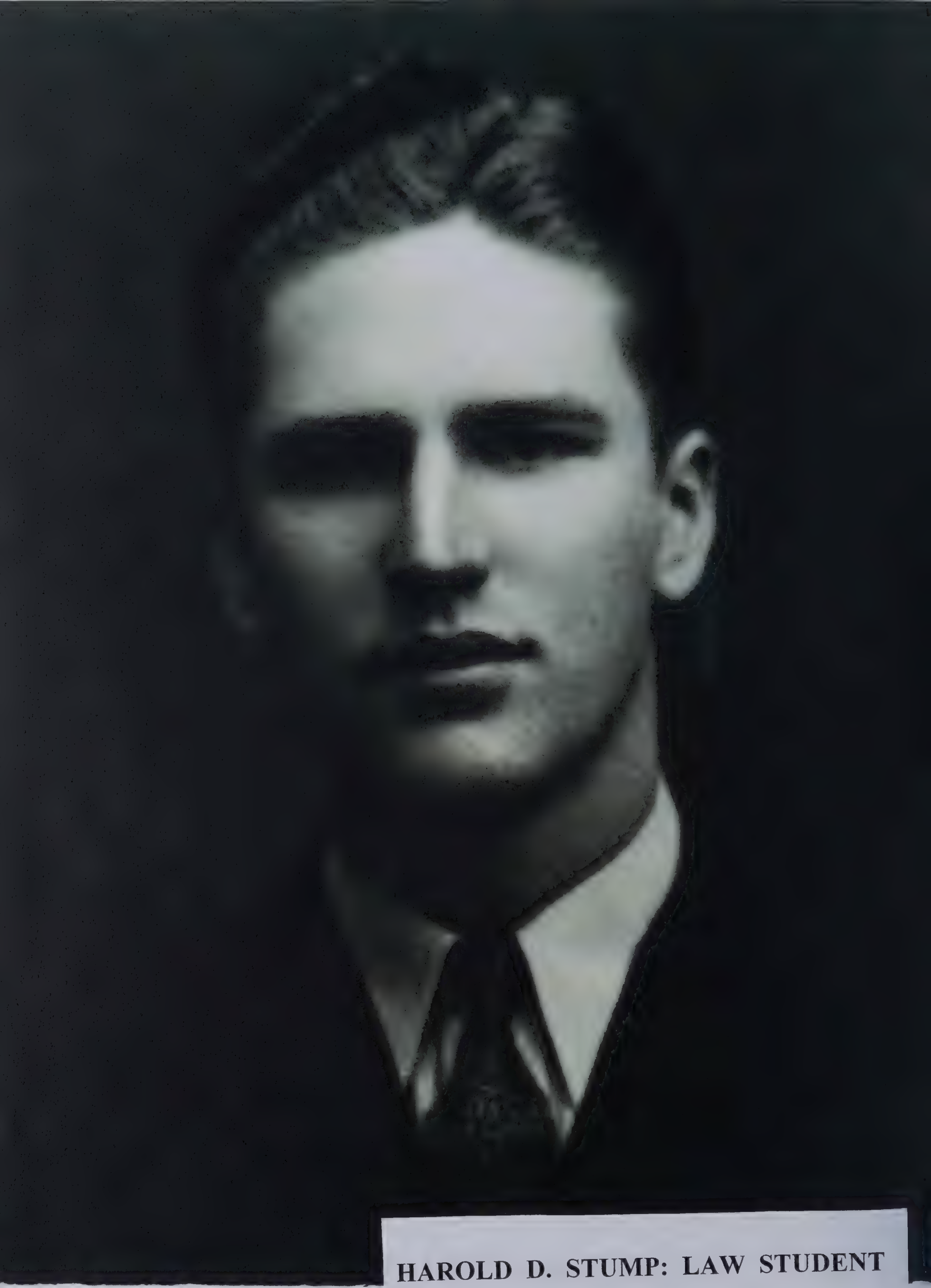
Repair Ship
USS Vestal (AR-4) - Severely damaged but later repaired.

Harbor Tug
USS Sotoyomo (YT-9) - Sunk but later raised and repaired.

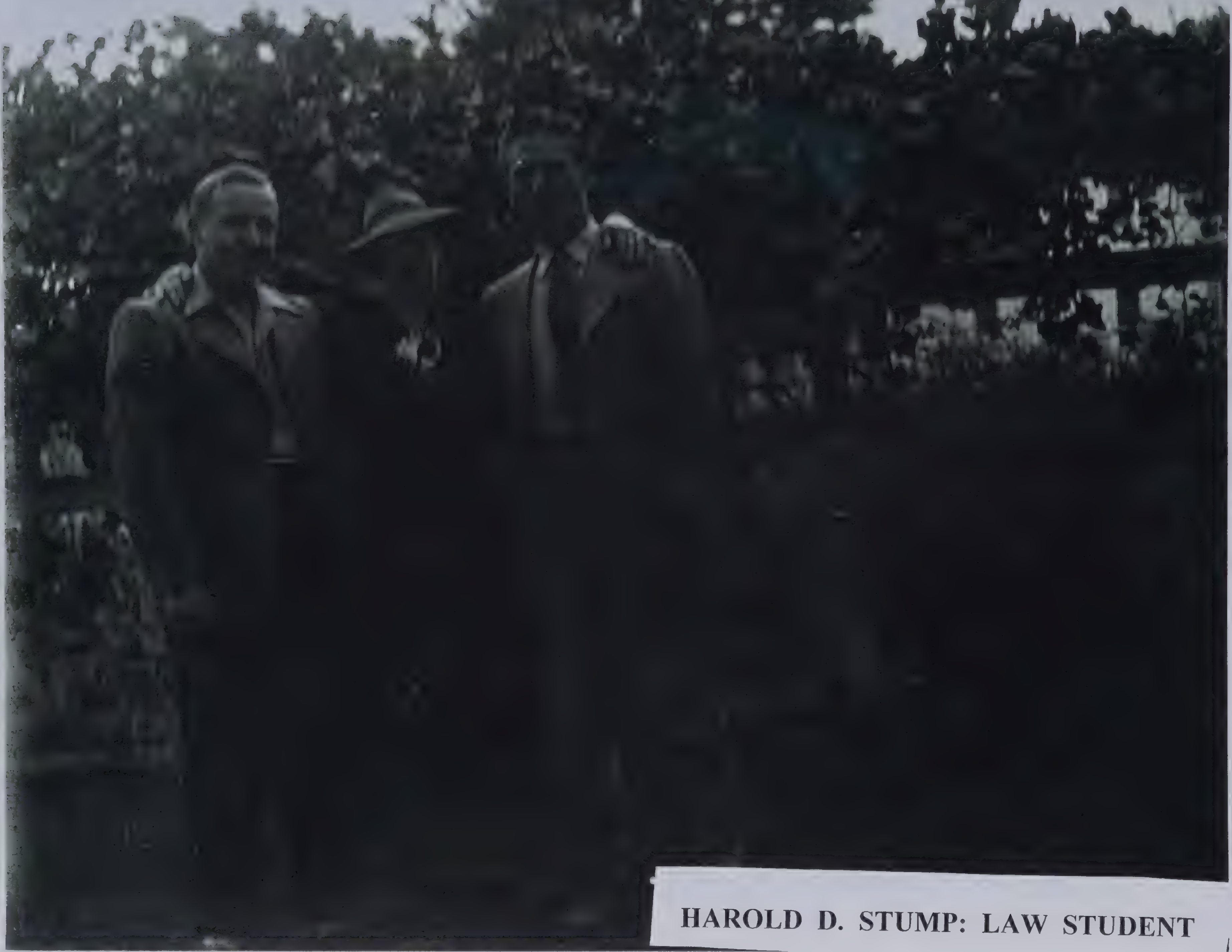
Aircraft
188 Aircraft destroyed (92 USN and 92 U.S. Army Air Corps.)

HAROLD D. STUMP: LAW STUDENT

THE SERVICE OF HAROLD D. STUMP DURING WORLD WAR II



HAROLD D. STUMP: LAW STUDENT



HAROLD D. STUMP: LAW STUDENT

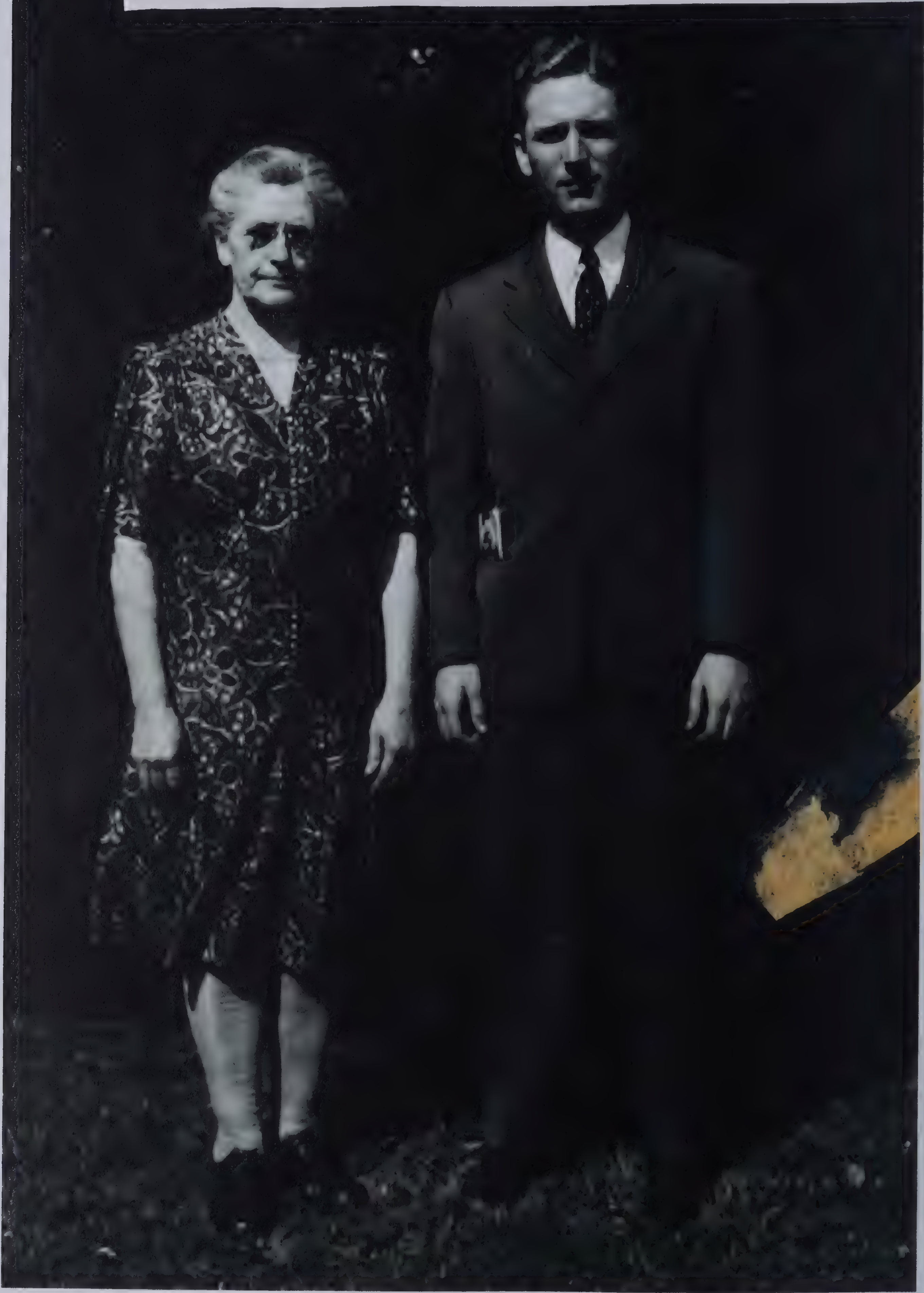
HAROLD D. STUMP: LAW STUDENT

HAROLD D. STUMP: SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE FBI

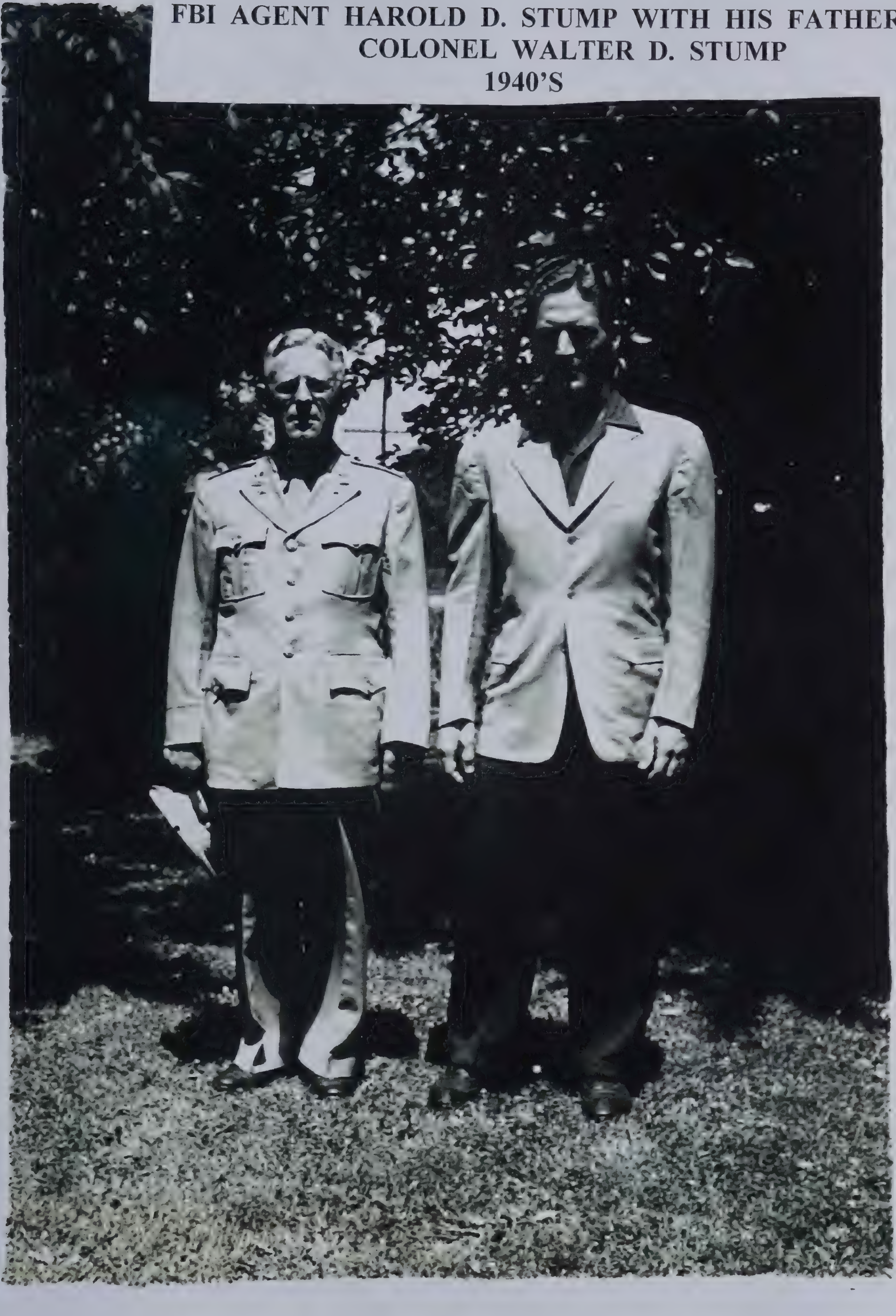
HAROLD AS THE BEST MAN AT TUCK AND BETTY WATTS WEDDING

HAROLD D. STUMP: BEST MAN AT THE MARRIAGE OF HIS BEST COLLEGE FRIEND, TUCK AND BETTY WATTS – HAROLD IS STANDING ON THE FAR RIGHT NEXT TO TUCK

FBI AGENT HAROLD D. STUMP WITH HIS MOTHER, CLEMENTINE, 1940'S



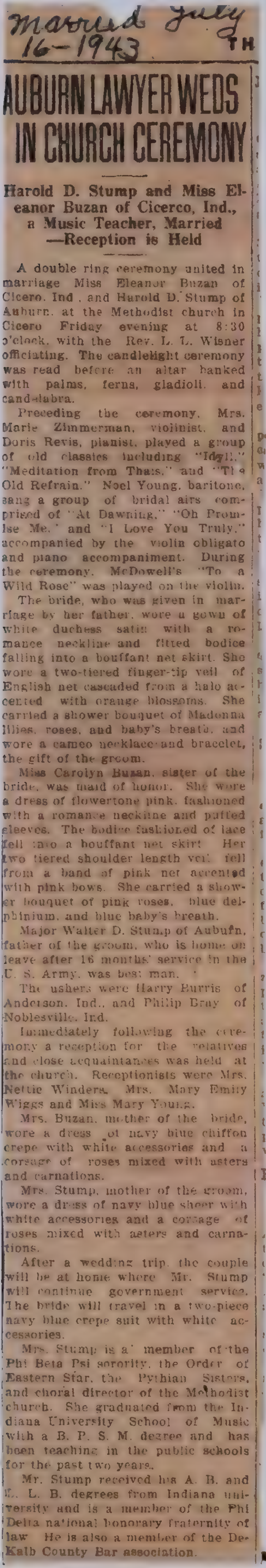
FBI AGENT HAROLD D. STUMP WITH HIS FATHER,
COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP
1940'S



FBI AGENT HAROLD D. STUMP WITH HIS FATHER,
COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP
1940'S

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Buzan
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Eleanor Eloise
to
Mr. Harold D. Stump
on Friday evening, July the sixteenth
at half after eight o'clock
Methodist Church
Cicero, Indiana

HAROLD'S MARRIAGE TO ELEANOR ELOISE BUZAN
...JULY 16, 1943....



Married July 16-1943

TH

AUBURN LAWYER WEDS IN CHURCH CEREMONY

Harold D. Stump and Miss Eleanor Buzan of Cicerco, Ind., a Music Teacher, Married —Reception is Held

A double ring ceremony united in marriage Miss Eleanor Buzan of Cicero. Ind., and Harold D. Stump of Auburn, at the Methodist church in Cicero Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock, with the Rev. L. L. Wisner officiating. The candlelight ceremony was read before an altar banked with palms, ferns, gladioli, and candelabra.

Preceding the ceremony, Mrs. Marie Zimmerman, violinist, and Doris Revis, pianist, played a group of old classics including "Idyll," "Meditation from Thais," and "The Old Refrain." Noel Young, baritone, sang a group of bridal airs comprised of "At Dawning," "Oh Promise Me," and "I Love You Truly," accompanied by the violin obligato and piano accompaniment. During the ceremony, McDowell's "To a Wild Rose" was played on the violin.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white duchess satin with a romance neckline and fitted bodice falling into a bouffant net skirt. She wore a two-tiered finger-tip veil of English net cascaded from a halo accented with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of Madonna lilies, roses, and baby's breath, and wore a cameo necklace and bracelet, the gift of the groom.

Miss Carolyn Buzan, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a dress of flowertone pink, fashioned with a romance neckline and puffed sleeves. The bodice fashioned of lace fell into a bouffant net skirt. Her two tiered shoulder length veil fell from a band of pink net accented with pink bows. She carried a shower bouquet of pink roses, blue delphinium, and blue baby's breath.

Major Walter D. Stump of Auburn, father of the groom, who is home on leave after 16 months' service in the U. S. Army, was best man.

The ushers were Harry Burris of Anderson, Ind., and Philip Bray of Noblesville, Ind.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception for the relatives and close acquaintances was held at the church. Receptionists were Mrs. Nettie Winders, Mrs. Mary Emily Wiggs and Miss Mary Young.

Mrs. Buzan, mother of the bride, wore a dress of navy blue chiffon crepe with white accessories and a corsage of roses mixed with asters and carnations.

Mrs. Stump, mother of the groom, wore a dress of navy blue sheer with white accessories and a corsage of roses mixed with asters and carnations.

After a wedding trip, the couple will be at home where Mr. Stump will continue government service. The bride will travel in a two-piece navy blue crepe suit with white accessories.

Mrs. Stump is a member of the Phi Beta Psi sorority, the Order of Eastern Star, the Pythian Sisters, and choral director of the Methodist church. She graduated from the Indiana University School of Music with a B. P. S. M. degree and has been teaching in the public schools for the past two years.

Mr. Stump received his A. B. and LL. B. degrees from Indiana university and is a member of the Phi Delta national honorary fraternity of law. He is also a member of the DeKalb County Bar association.

TRANSCRIPT OF THE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE ANNOUNCING THE MARRIAGE OF HAROLD D. STUMP AND ELEANOR ELOISE BUZAN

JULY 16, 1943

AUBURN LAWYER WEDS IN CHURCH CEREMONY

HAROLD D. STUMP AND MISS ELEANOR BUZAN OF CICERO, IND., A MUSIC TEACHER, MARRIED

-- RECEPTION IS HELD--

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The bride , who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white duchess satin with a romance neckline and fitted bodice falling into a bouffant net skirt. She wore a two-tiered finger tip veil of English new cascaded from a halo accented with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of Madonna lilies, roses, and baby's breath, and wore a cameo necklace and bracelet, the gift of the groom.

Miss Carolyn Buzan, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She wore a dress of flowertone pink fashioned with a romance neckline and puffed sleeves. The bodice fashioned of lace fell into a bouffant net skirt. Her two tiered shoulder length veil fell from a band of pink net accented with pink bows. She carried a flower bouquet of pink roses, blue delphinium, and blue baby's breath.

Major Walter D. Stump of Auburn, father of the groom, who is home on leave after 16 months' service in the U.S. Army, was best man.

The ushers were Harry Burris of Anderson, Indiana and Philip Bray of Noblesville, Indiana.

Immediately following the ceremony, a reception for the relatives and close acquaintances was held at the church. Receptionists were Mrs. Nettie Winders, Mrs. Mary Emily Wiggs, and Miss Mary Young.

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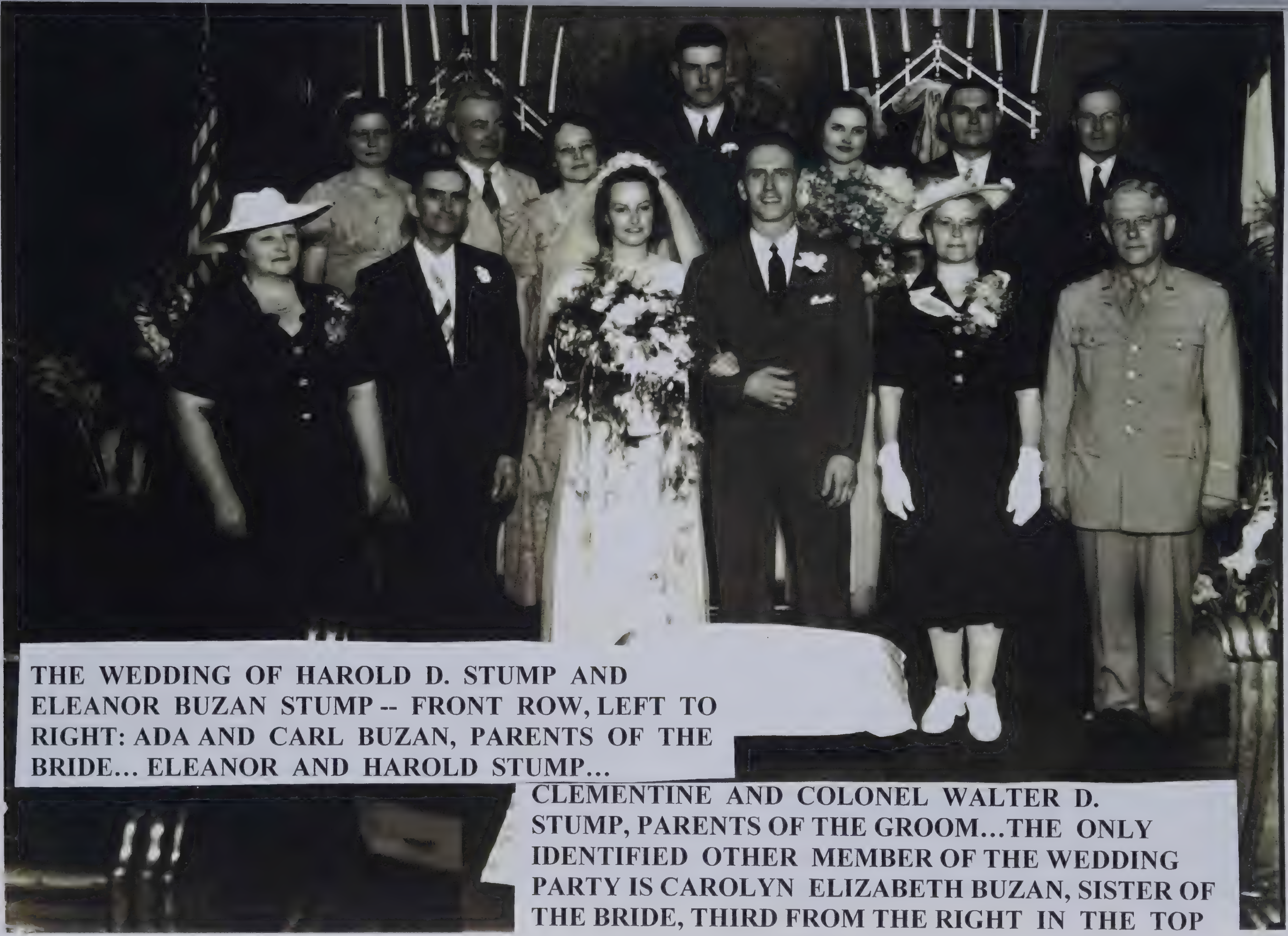
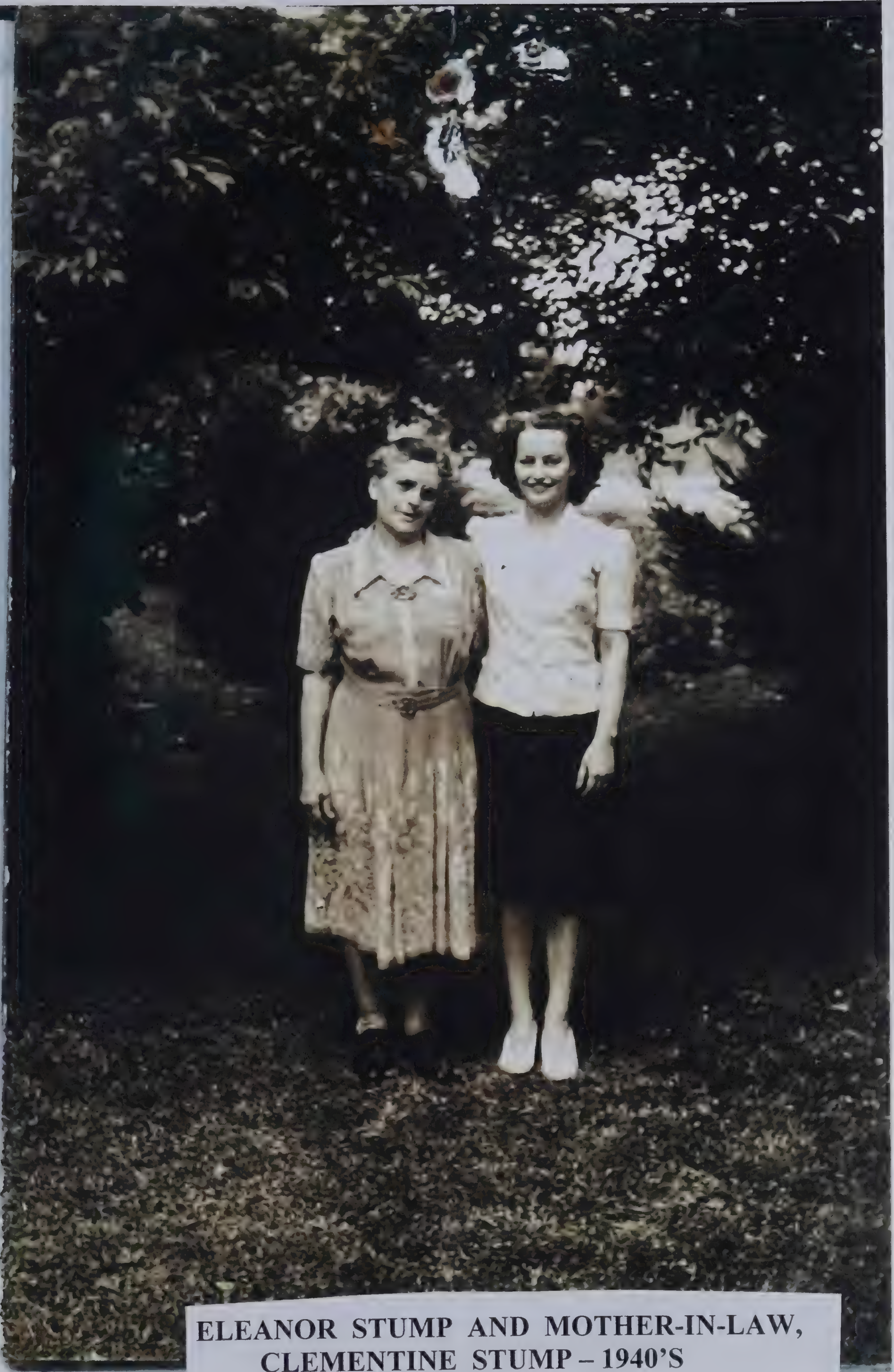


THE WEDDING OF HAROLD D. STUMP AND ELEANOR BUZAN STUMP -- FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: ADA AND CARL BUZAN, PARENTS OF THE BRIDE... ELEANOR AND HAROLD STUMP... CLEMENTINE AND COLONEL WALTER D. STUMP, PARENTS OF THE GROOM...THE ONLY IDENTIFIED OTHER MEMBER OF THE WEDDING PARTY IS CAROLYN ELIZABETH BUZAN, SISTER OF THE BRIDE, THIRD FROM THE RIGHT IN THE TOP ROW

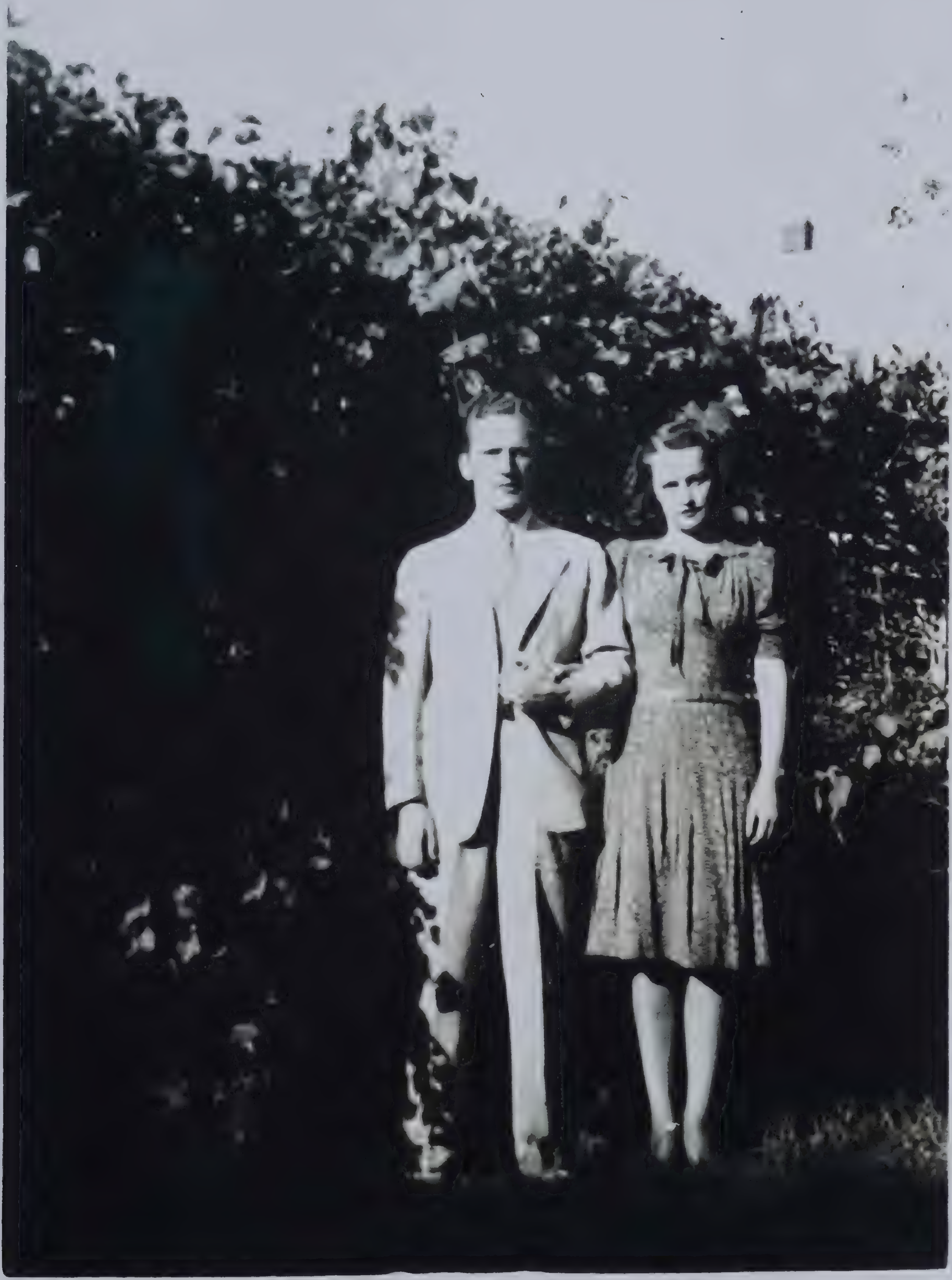
NEWLYWEDS, ELEANOR AND HAROLD D. STUMP



ELEANOR STUMP AND MOTHER-IN-LAW,
CLEMENTINE STUMP – 1940'S

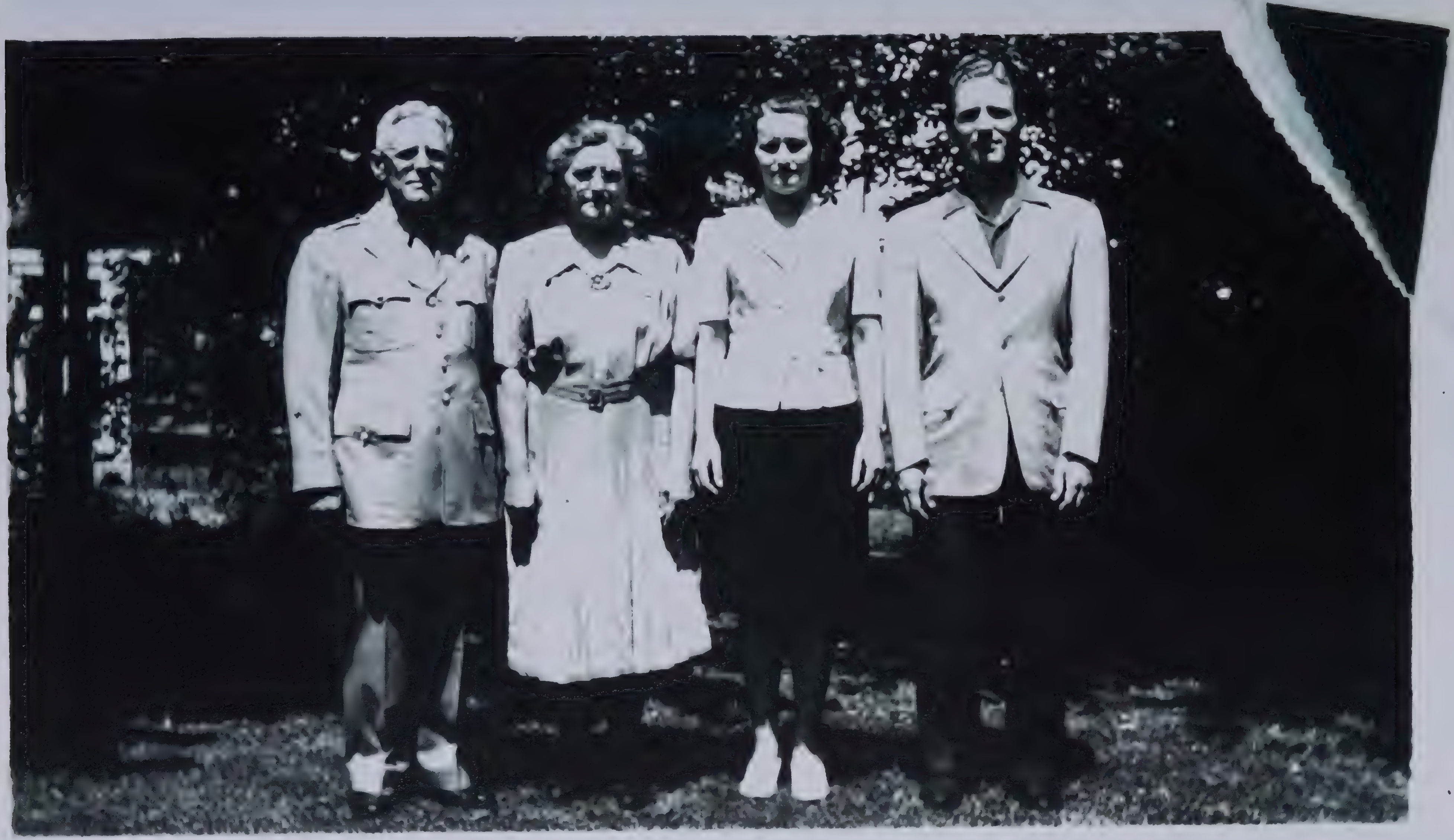
ELEANOR AND HAROLD -- 1940'S

ELEANOR AND HAROLD -- 1940'S

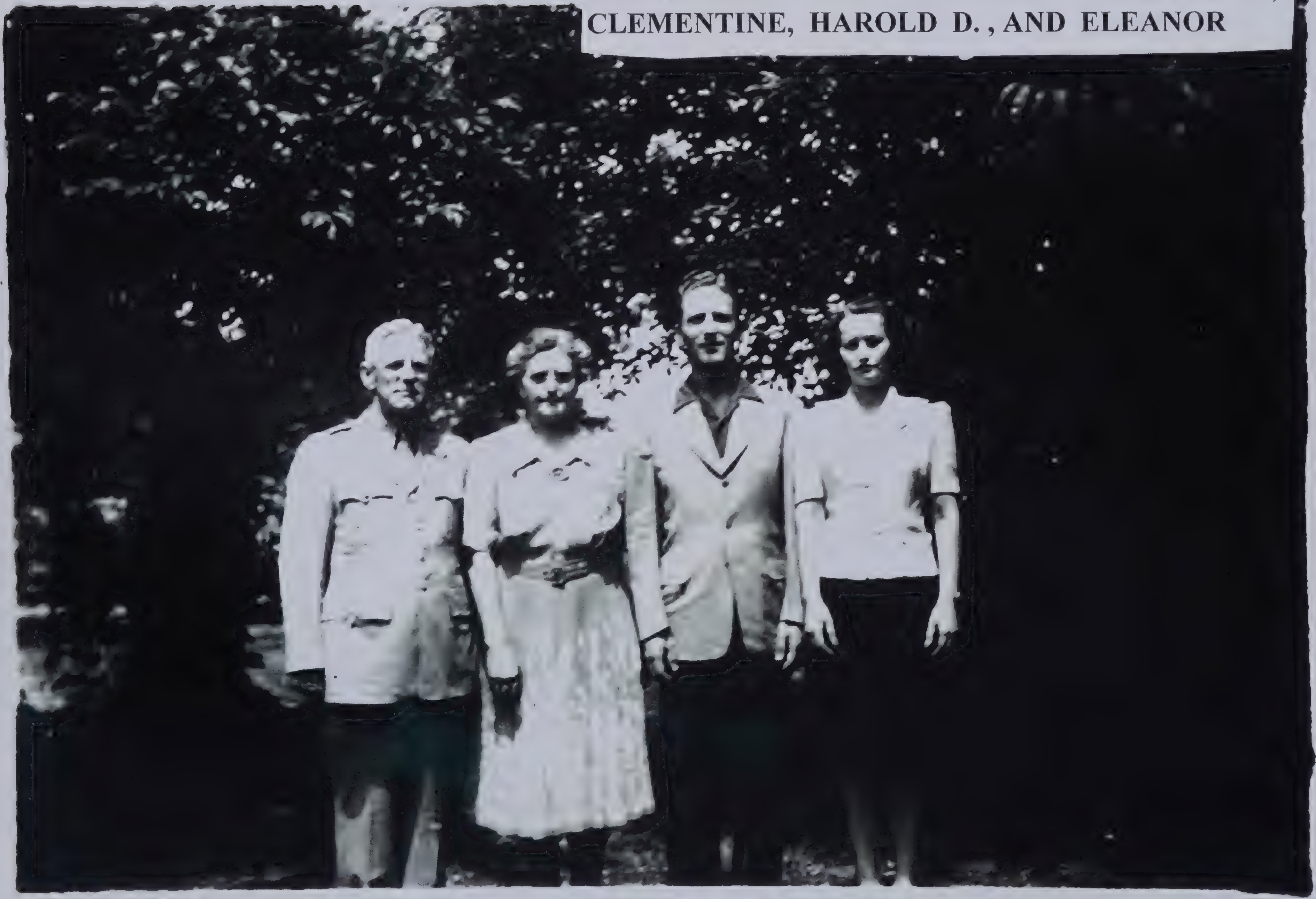


THE BUZANS: LEFT TO RIGHT...ELEANOR, ADA, CARL, AND FREDERICK

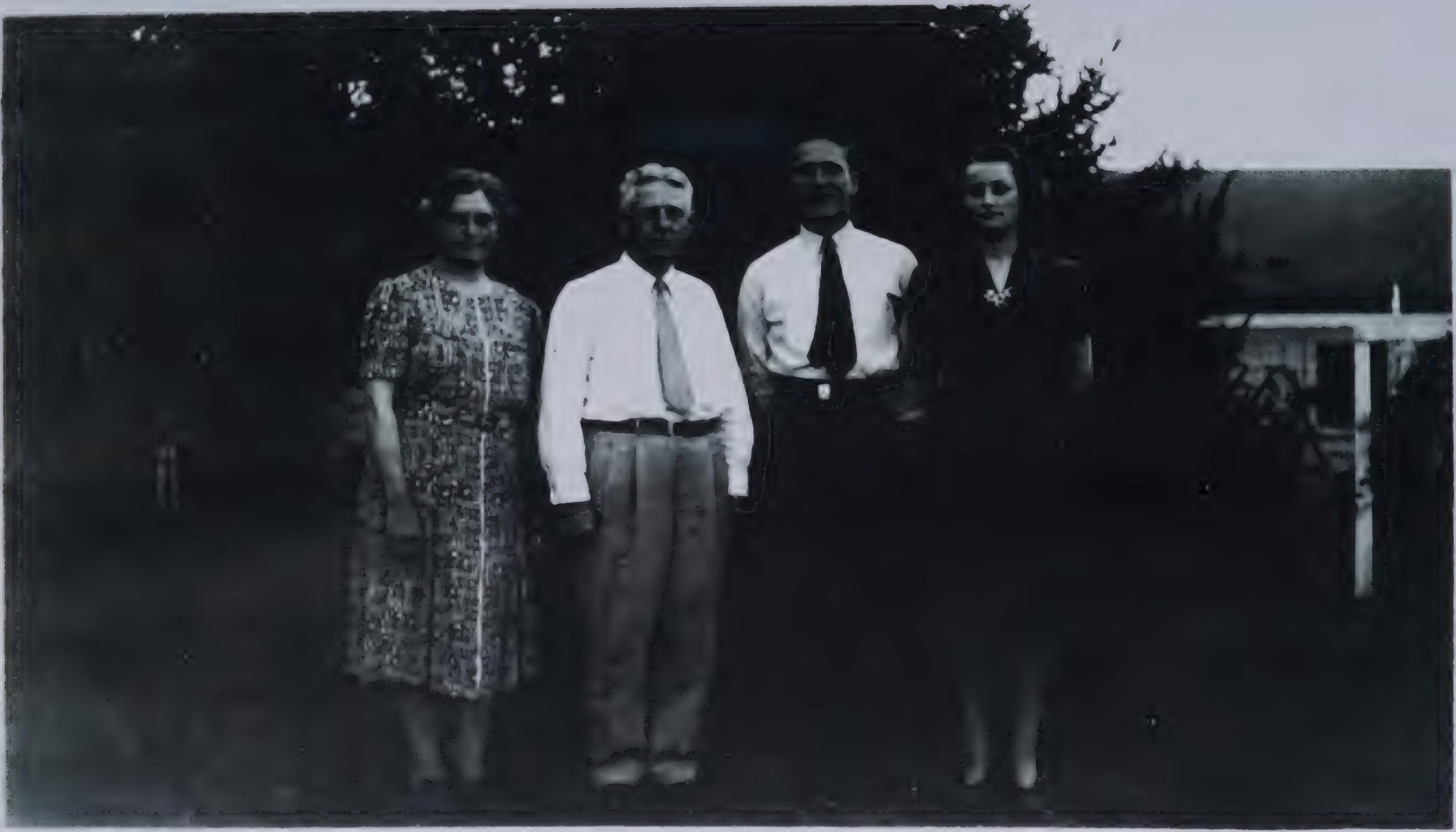
LEFT TO RIGHT: WALTER D. STUMP, ELEANOR BUZAN STUMP, CLEMENTINE STUMP, ADA BUZAN, FREDERICK BUZAN,(BROTHER OF ELEANOR), CARL BUZAN



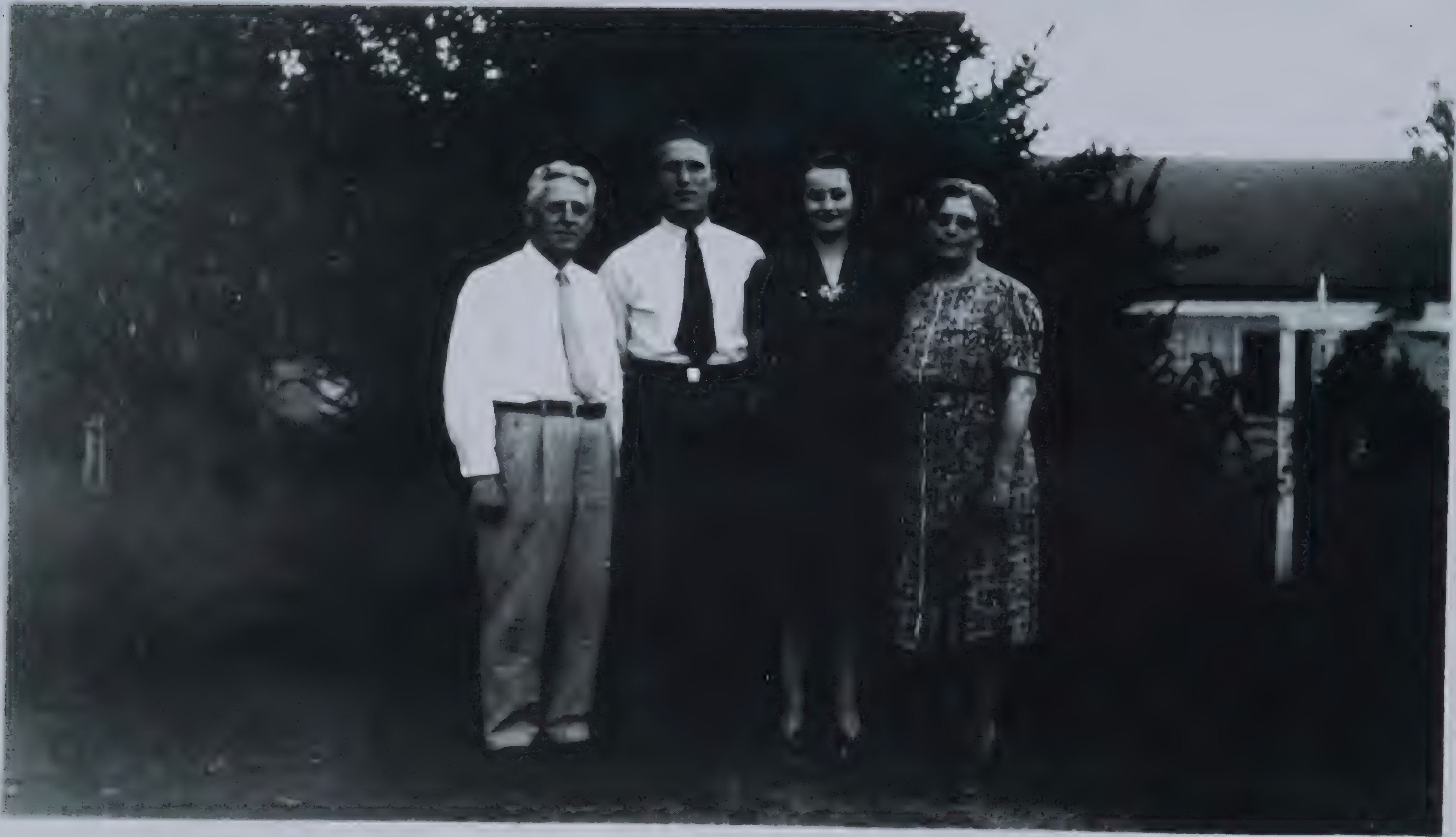
THE STUMPS: LEFT TO RIGHT...WALTER D., CLEMENTINE, ELEANOR, AND HAROLD D.



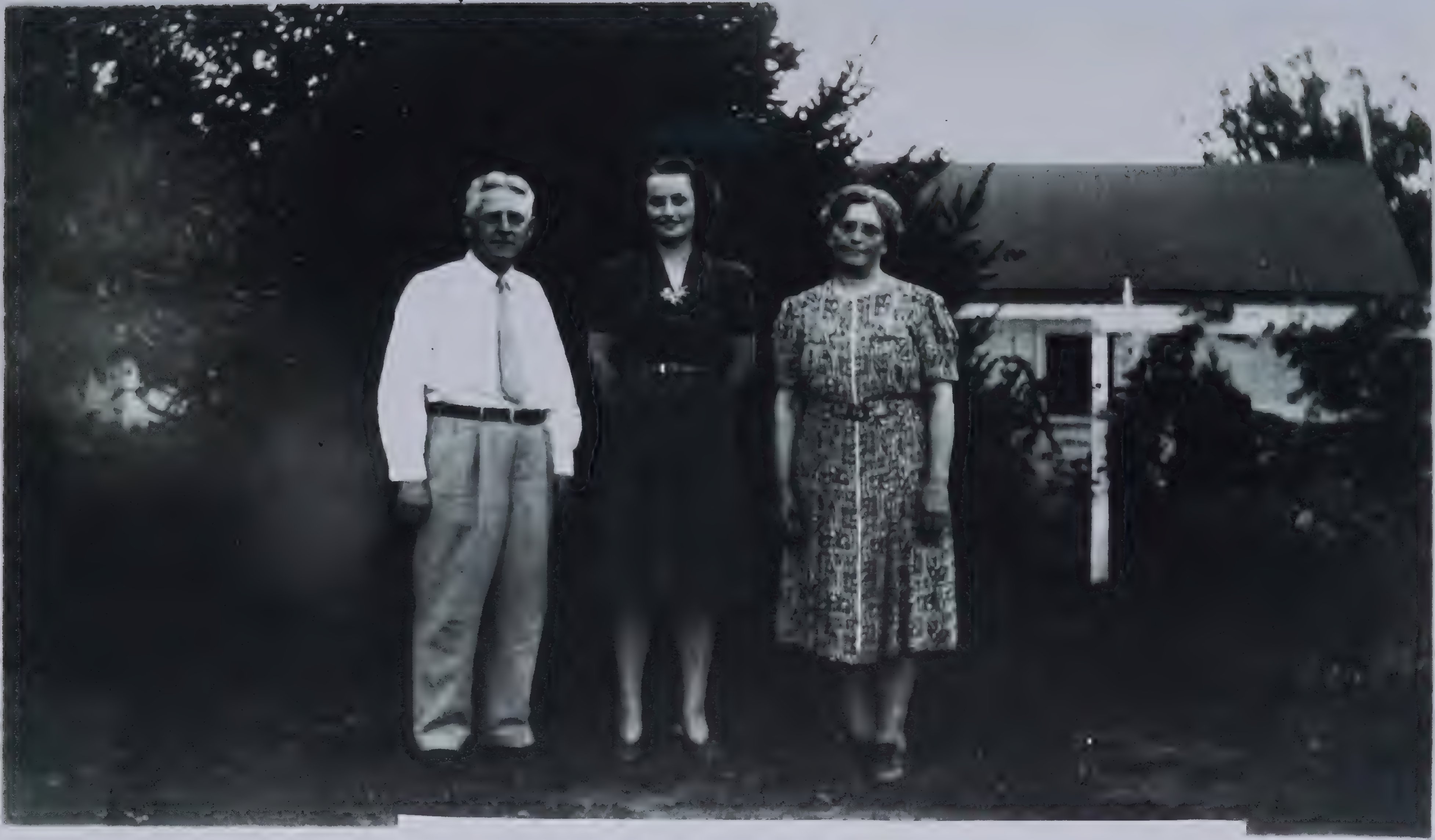
THE STUMPS: LEFT TO RIGHT... WALTER D., CLEMENTINE, HAROLD D., AND ELEANOR



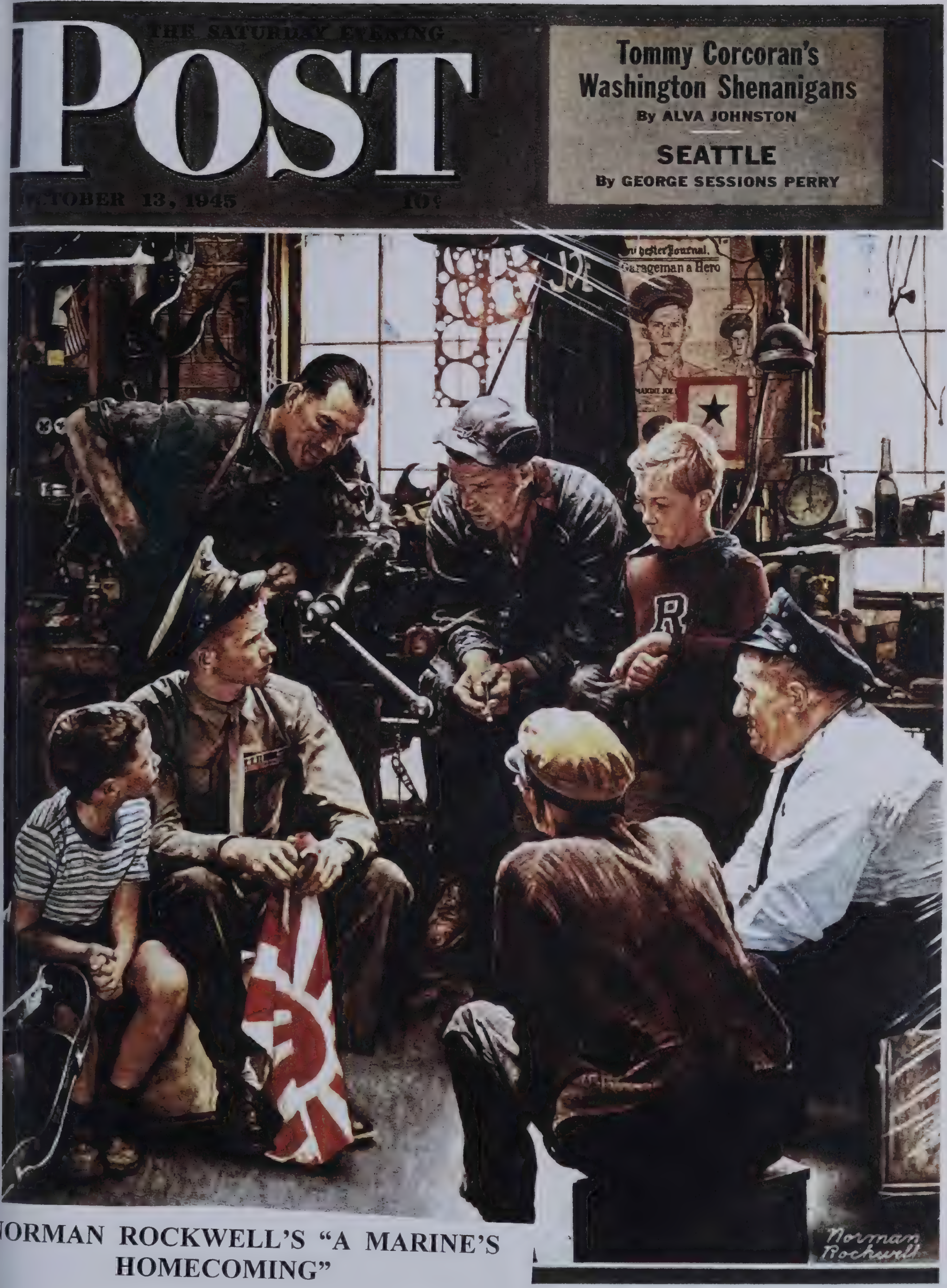
THE STUMPS: LEFT TO RIGHT…CLEMENTINE, WALTER D., HAROLD, AND ELEANOR



THE STUMPS: LEFT TO RIGHT...WALTER D., HAROLD, ELEANOR, AND CLEMENTINE



THE STUMPS: LEFT TO RIGHT...WALTER D.,
ELEANOR, AND CLEMENTINE


THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST
CTOBER 13, 1945
10¢
Tommy Corcoran's
Washington Shenanigans
By ALVA JOHNSTON
SEATTLE
By GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY
Garageman a Hero
R
Norman Rockwell

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S "A MARINE'S HOMECOMING"

ONCE A MARINE...
ALWAYS A MARINE
SEMPER FIDELIS

SINCE STUMP HAS JOINED THE BOLD MARINES.

I.

Since Stump has joined the bold Marines
And gone to fight in foreign scenes,
Ten thousand claim they "knew him when" -
For pride to know such fighting men.

II.

Since Stump has sailed so far away
The town grows emptier every day,
The girls all join as WAVE or WAC
To pass the time till Stump gets back.

III.

Since Stump has joined the bloody fray
The foe can't rest by night or day,
For even in peace Stump never knew
When night began and day was through.

IV.

And Stump - now, foemen, mark this well!
Both night and day, he'll give you hell
Until you wish you'd never seen
That day Stump joined as a Marine.

V.

When Stump returns with the Marines
To join again in peaceful scenes,
Each fat old man and 4-F lean
Will wish he'd been a tough Marine.

VI.

For Stump will have tall tales to tell
Of all the chances that befell
To those who held, in every land,
The situation well in hand.

VII.

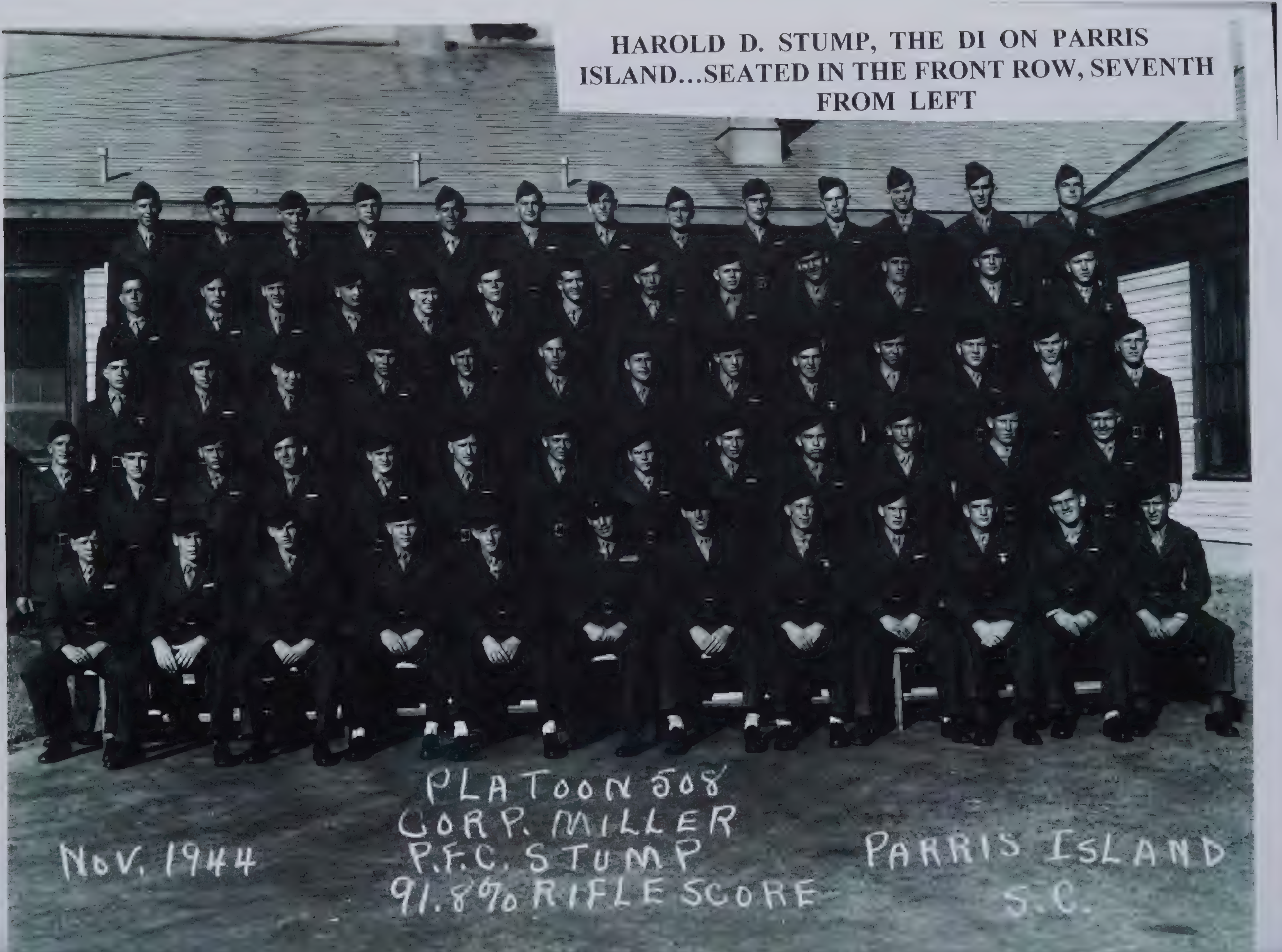
But why grudge Stump, the bold Marine,
The center of the peaceful scene,
When centers of the war-like scenes
Were always sought by the Marines.

VIII.

So Stump, we'll welcome your return
Though it may cause some low concern
To know how little we will mean
If we're compared to a Marine.

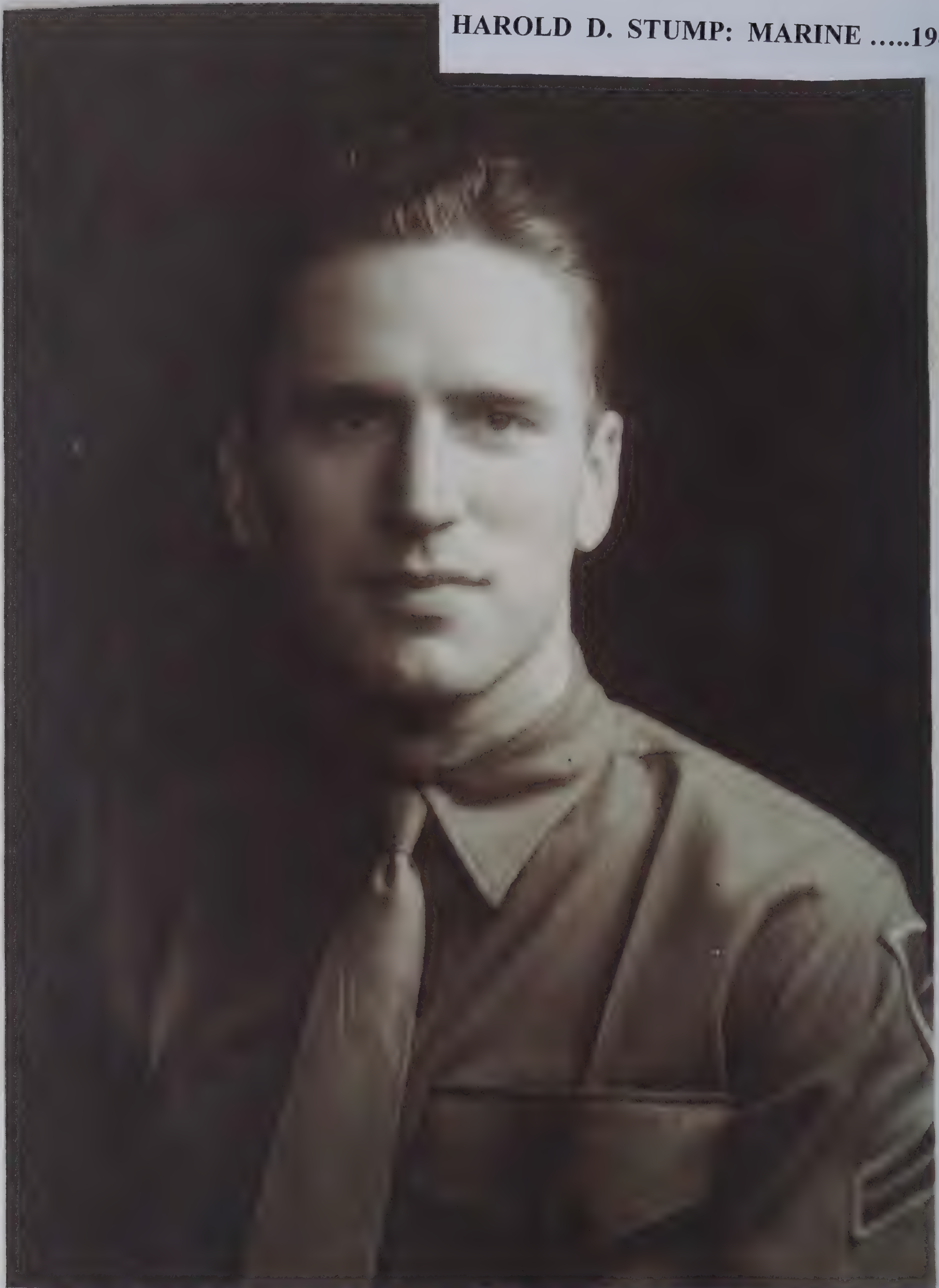
Albert Stump

HAROLD D. STUMP, THE DI ON PARRIS ISLAND…SEATED IN THE FRONT ROW, SEVENTH FROM LEFT



PLATOON 508
CORP. MILLER
P.F.C. STUMP
91.8% RIFLE SCORE
NOV. 1944
PARRIS ISLAND
S.C.

HAROLD D. STUMP: MARINE …..1940'S



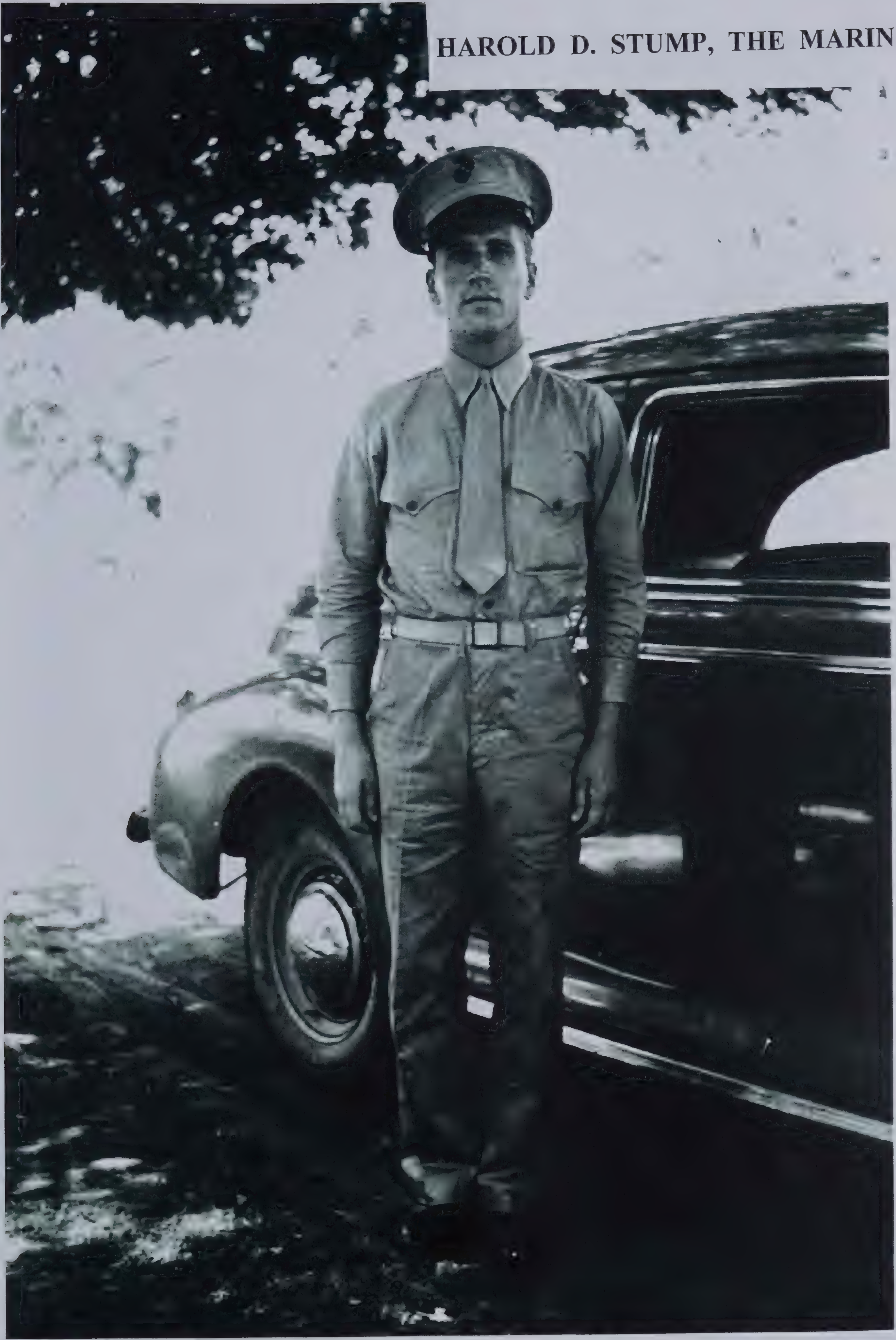
HAROLD D. STUMP: MARINE....1940'S

HAROLD'S DRILL INSTRUCTOR

HAROLD ON LEAVE IN WASHINGTON D.C.
HAROLD ON FAR LEFT

HAROLD D. STUMP, THE MARINE

HAROLD D. STUMP, THE MARINE



ROGER (ROD) KAIN, LIFELONG FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR FROM AUBURN, INDIANA, ON HIS VISIT WITH HAROLD AND ELEANOR IN NEW YORK CITY WHILE ON LEAVE FROM THE NAVY DURING WORLD WAR II

ROGER (ROD) KAIN, LIFELONG FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR FROM AUBURN, INDIANA, ON HIS VISIT WITH HAROLD AND ELEANOR IN NEW YORK CITY WHILE ON LEAVE FROM THE NAVY DURING WORLD WAR II

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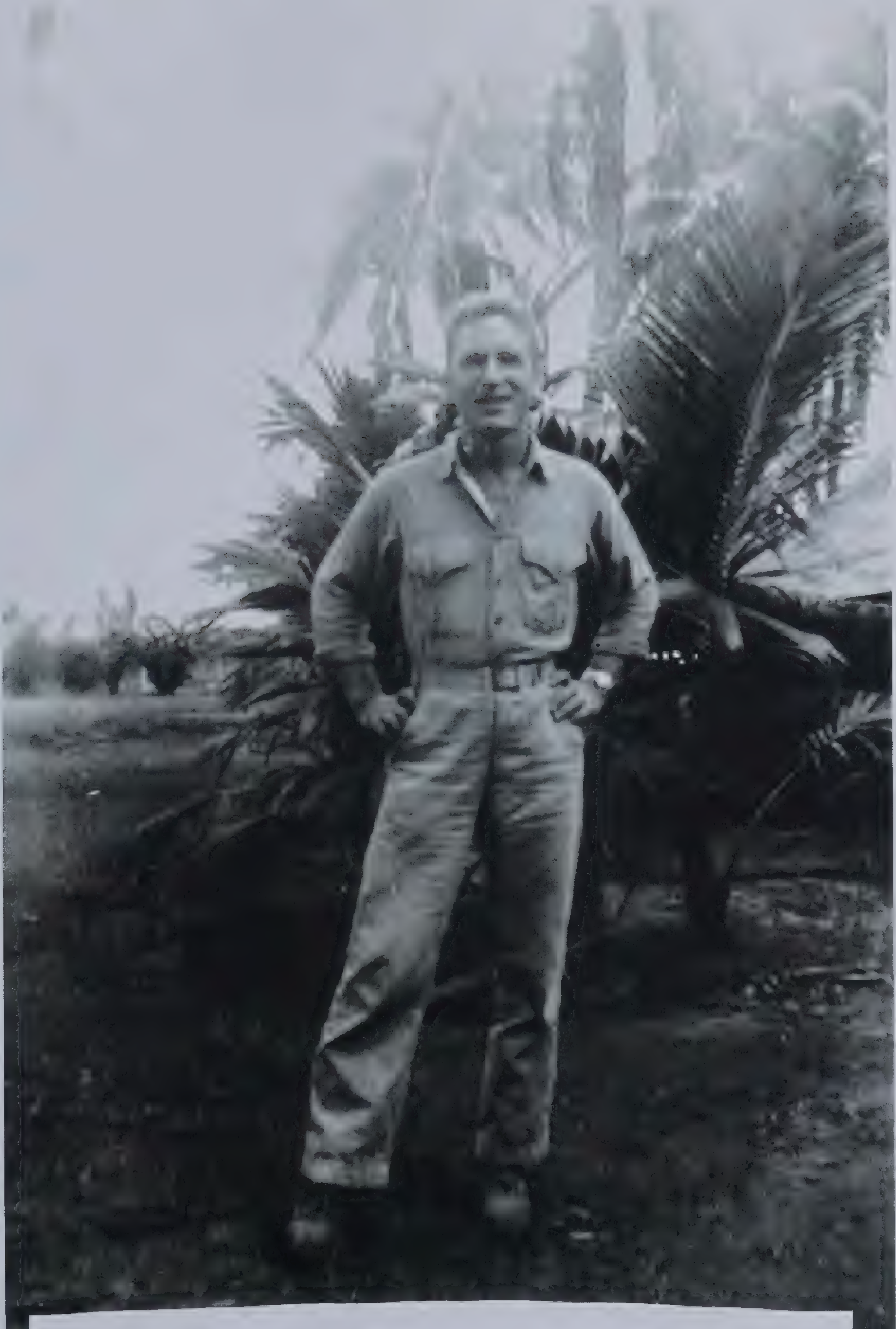
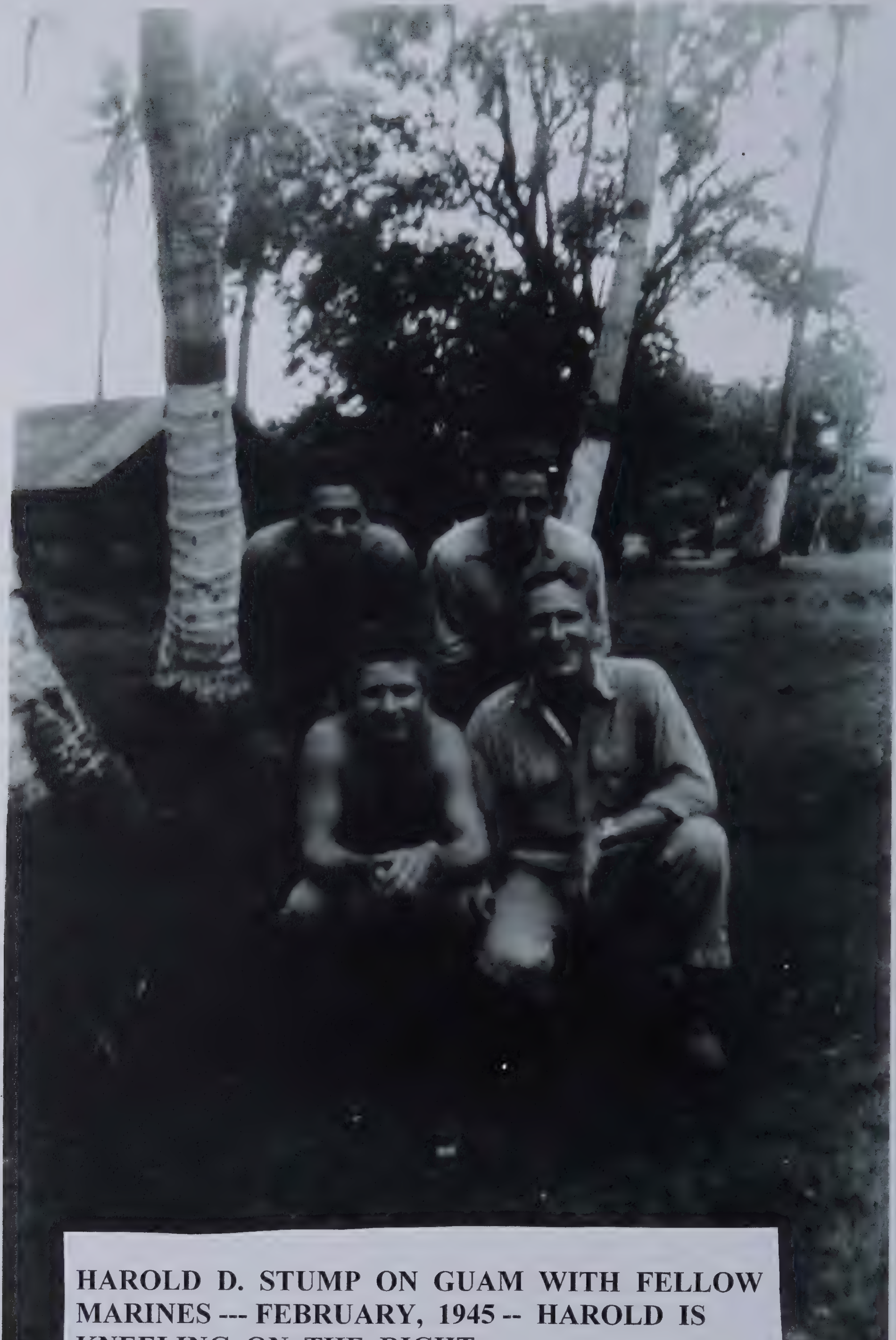


HAROLD D. STUMP ON GUAM IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC DURING HIS MARINE CORPS TRAINING PRIOR TO DEPLOYMENT ON IWO JIMA IN FEBRUARY, 1945---



HAROLD D. STUMP ON GUAM WITH FELLOW MARINES --- FEBRUARY, 1945 -- HAROLD IS KNEELING ON THE RIGHT

HAROLD D. STUMP ON GUAM WITH FELLOW MARINES --- FEBRUARY, 1945 -- HAROLD IS KNEELING ON THE RIGHT

Walter D. Stump was a veteran of both World War I and World War II. As an attorney in the small town of Auburn, Indiana in 1917, Walter was unfailingly patriotic when World War I began, and he left his home and his pregnant wife, Clementine, to enlist in the army with other like-minded citizens to fight in the "war that would end all wars." After months of combat in France, Walter returned home with the rank of captain and met his two-year-old son, Harold, for the first time.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Walter again answered the call to arms even though he was fifty-four years old. He closed his law offices, talked a friend who was a recruiter into letting him reenlist, and six months later, Walter was assigned to a command in Italy. By the war's end, Walter had attained the rank of colonel, had assisted in the rescue effort when Mount Vesuvius erupted in 1945, and had learned to speak, read, and write fluent Italian. Among his prolific missives about the war is the following letter which he wrote at Christmas in 1944 to his son, Harold, who was a Marine stationed in the South Pacific.

Dear Rogan,

This is my second letter to you today. As I was returning from my lunch today, I was thrilled by the rich music of the church bells and concluded that I would tell you about them in this second edition. Italy is especially noted for its churches, most of which are very old. Its not unusual to find some that are from 900 to 1000 years old, and the bell is always one of the most interesting parts of the church. These bells are often very musical. Today they are ringing out the Christmas tidings and I think my most pleasant recollections of Italy will be the bells. As one surveys the wreckage of war everywhere, the bells seem to take on a particularly brave and courageous aspect. Privation and suffering are the common lot of all. The cruel hand of war has spared nothing. And yet somehow out of all the wretchedness and despair, the sad eyes of men, women, and children still look up to the sound of the bells as they proclaim again to a troubled world the age-old story of Christmas. Their joyous tidings today seem to foretell the triumph of the cause which the bells symbolize, for in a peculiar sense, this great conflict is a test as to whether or not these bells shall continue the same message to mankind when the struggle had ended. The surrounding scenes of desolation seem to give to those deep rolling tones a touch of sadness, but not of defeat or despair, and they seem to beguile us in the hope that when they next peal forth their ancient carols, it will be to a world at peace with a triumph for the bells. I am especially thinking of you as the music of the bells floats on the air.

Sincerely,

W. D. Stump

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

TO: Pfc. Harold D. Stump
Special Weapons School
Thomason Barracks
Parris Island, S.C.

FROM
Maj. W.D. Stump
Co. Y. 7675 Regiment
G.C.C., APO 394,
c/o Postmaster
New York N.Y.
Dec 24, 1944

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

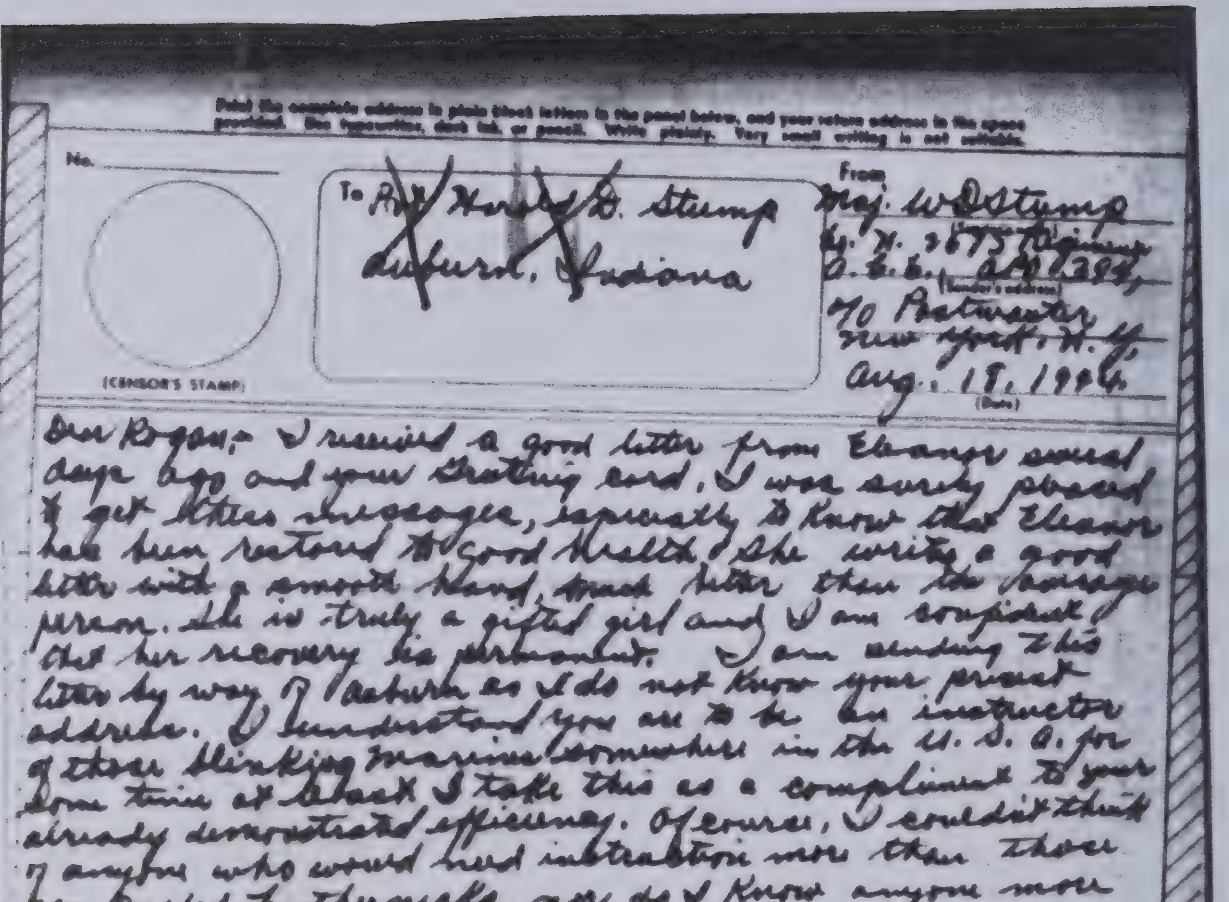
Dear Roger: This is my second letter to you today. As I was returning from my lunch today I was thrilled by the rich music of the church bells and concluded that I would tell you about them in this second edition. Italy is especially noted for her churches, most of which are very old. Its not unusual to find them that are 900 to 1000 years old — and the bell is always one of the most interesting parts of the church. These bells are often very musical. Today they are ringing out the Christmas tidings and I think my most pleasant recollection of Italy will be the bells. As one surveys the wreckage of war everywhere the bells seem to take on a particularly brave and courageous aspect. Privation and suffering are the common lot of all. The cruel hand of war has spared nothing. And yet somehow out of all the wretchedness and despair the sad eyes of men, women and children still look up to the sound of the bells as they proclaim again to a troubled world the age old story of Christmas. Their joyous tidings seem today to foretell the triumph of the cause which the bells symbolize, for in a peculiar sense this great conflict is a test as to whether or not these bells shall continue the same message to mankind when the struggle has ended. The surrounding scenes of desolation seem to give to those deep rolling tones a touch of sadness, but not of defeat or despair, and they seem to beguile us in the hope that when they next peal forth their ancient carols it will be to a world at peace with a triumph for the bells. I am especially thinking of you as the music of the bells floats on the air.

Sincerely, W.D. Stump

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



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No.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To ~~Pvt. Harold D. Stump~~
~~Auburn, Indiana~~

From
Maj. W D Stump
Hq. N. 3675 [illegible]
O. S. L., APO 399,
(Sender's address)
c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.
Aug. 18, 1944.
(Date)

Dear Roger:- I received a good letter from Eleanor several days ago and your Greeting card. I was surely pleased to get these messages, especially to know that Eleanor has been restored to good health. She writes a good letter with a smooth hand, much better than the average person. She is truly a gifted girl and I am confident that her recovery is permanent. I am sending this letter by way of Auburn as I do not know your present address. I understand you are to be an instructor of those Stinking Marines somewhere in the U. S. A. for some time at least. I take this as a compliment to your already demonstrated efficiency. Of course, I couldn't think of anyone who would need instruction more than those so-called Leathernecks, nor do I know anyone more capable of giving this necessary instruction than you are. I guess the Marines must all be in the Pacific, as I have not seen any around here. However, it would be a little rough on those boys over here. If there was one on the continent you'd know about it as they are good publicity men. You put one of those chaps in an Infantry Reg't which succeeds in a bold adventure and you can bet your life that the sole Marine there would have his name in the newspapers with a thrilling story about how he engaged the enemy practically single-handed. But in spite of their self-centered disposition I am for them, especially since they invaded my own family for recruits and now I hope they don't fool around too long with that commission for you. A letter from Jim says the folks are playing hide & seek at the farm since you & I left.

Best wishes to you
& all the Marines
sincerely, W D Stump

V — MAIL

Transcript of August 18, 1944 letter from W.D. Stump to Harold D. stump, whom he affectionately nicknamed, Rogan.

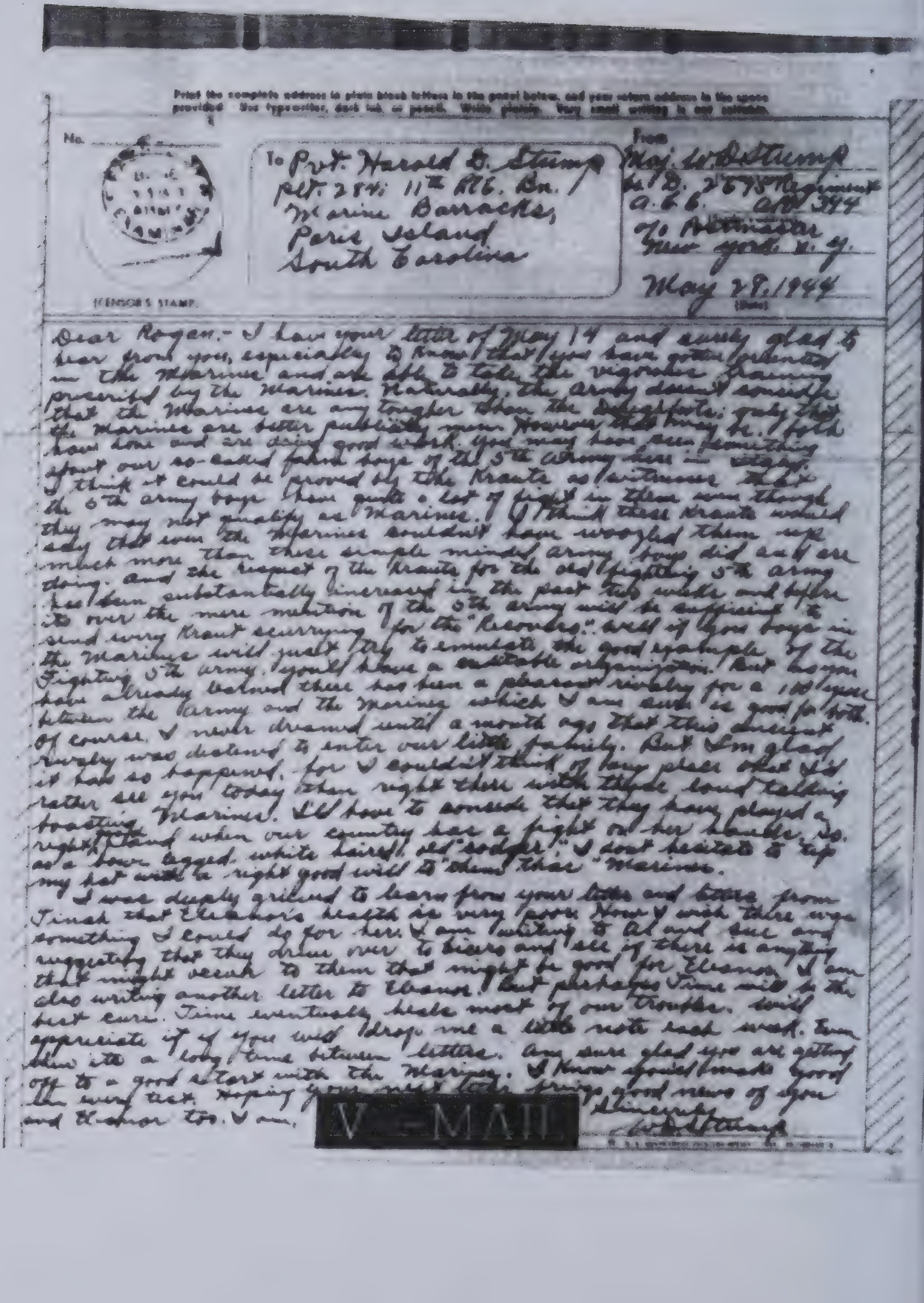
Dear Rogan:

I received a good letter from Eleanor several days ago and your Greeting card. I was surely pleased to get thsse messages, especially to know that Eleanor has been restored to good health. She writes a good letter with a smooth hand, much better than the average person. She is truly a gifted girl and I am confident that her recovery is permanent. I am sending this letter by way of Auburn as I do not know your present address. I understand you are to be an instructor of those blinking Marines somewhere in the U.S.A. for some time at least. I take this as a compliment to your already demonstrated efficiency. Of course, I couldn't think of anyone who would need instruction more than those so-called Leathernecks, nor do I know anyone more capable of giving this necessary instruction than you are. I guess the Marines must all be in the Pacific, as I have not seen any around here. However, it would be a little rough on those boys over here. If there was one on the continent you'd know about it as they are good publicity men. You put one of those chaps in a Infantry Regiment which succeeds in a bold adventure and you can bet your life that the sole Marine there would have his name in the newspapers with a thrilling story about how he engaged the enemy practically singlehanded. But in spite of their self-centered disposition, I am for them, especially since they invaded my own family for recruits and now I hope they don't fool around too long with that commission for you. A letter from Jim says the foxes are playing hide and seek at the farm since you and I left.

Best wishes to you and all the Marines,

Sincerely,

W.D. Stump



Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. ______

CENSOR'S STAMP

To Pvt. Harold D. Stump
Plt. 284; 11th Rec. Bn.
Marine Barracks,
Paris Island
South Carolina

From
Maj. W. D. Stump
Hq. D. 2675th Regiment
A.C.C. APO 394
c/o Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

May 28, 1944
(Date)

Dear Roger:- I have your letter of May 14 and surely glad to hear from you, especially to know that you have gotten entered in the Marines and are able to take the vigorous training prescribed by the Marines. Naturally, the Army doesn't consider that the Marines are any tougher than the Infantry doughboys; only that the Marines are better publicity men. However that may be, both have done and are doing good work. You may have seen something about our so-called faked boys of the 5th Army here in Italy. I think it could be proved by the Krauts as witnesses that the 5th army boys have quite a lot of fight in them even though they may not qualify as "Marines." I think these Krauts would say that even the Marines couldn't have wrestled them any more than these simple minded army boys did and are doing. And the respect of the Krauts for the old fighting 5th army has been substantially increased in the past two weeks and before it's over the mere mention of the 5th army will be sufficient to send every Kraut scurrying for the "[illegible]". Well if those boys in the Marines will just try to emulate the good example of the fighting 5th army, you'll have a creditable organization. But as you have already learned there has been a pleasant rivalry for a 100 years between the army and the marines which I am sure is good for both. Of course, I never dreamed until a month ago that this ancient rivalry was destined to enter our little family. But I'm glad it has so happened; for I couldn't think of any place I'd rather see you today than right there with those loud talking boasting Marines. I'll have to concede that they have played a right good hand when our country has a fight on her hands. So as a bow legged, white haired old "soldier" I don't hesitate to tip my hat with a right good will to "them there" Marines.

I was deeply grieved to learn from your letter and letters from Tinah that Eleanor's health is very poor. How I wish there was something I could do for her. I am writing to Al and Sue and suggesting that they drive over to Bristol and see if there is anything that might occur to them that might be good for Eleanor. I am also writing another letter to Eleanor but perhaps Time will be the best cure. Time eventually heals most of our troubles. I will appreciate it if you will drop me a little note each week. Seems like it's a long time between letters. Am sure glad you are getting off to a good start with the Marines. I know you'll make good in every test. Hoping you will be able to bring good news of you and Eleanor too. I am,

Sincerely,
W. D. Stump

V-MAIL

Transcript of May 28, 1944 letter from W.D. Stump to Harold D. Stump, whom he affectionately nicknamed, Rogan.

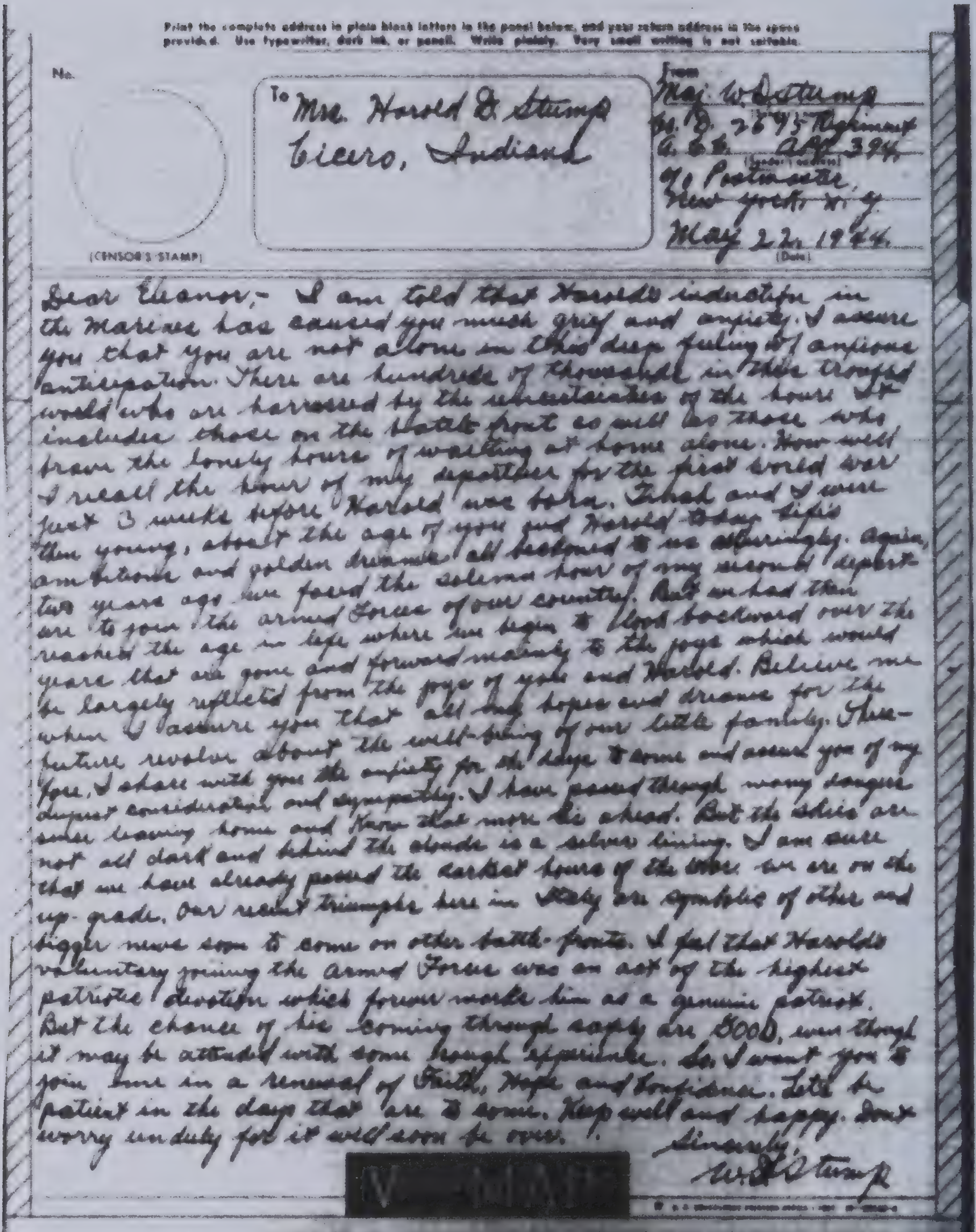
Dear Rogan,

I have your letter of May 14 and am surely glad to hear from you, especially to know that you have gotten oriented in the Marines and are able to take the vigorous training prescribed by the Marines. Naturally, the Army doesn't consider that the Marines are any tougher than the Doughboys, only that the Marines are better publicity men. However that may be, both have done and are doing good work. You may have seen something about our so-called farm boys of the 5th Army here in Italy. I think it could be proved by the Krauts as witnesses that the 5th Army boys have quite a lot of fight in them even though they may not qualify as Marines. I think these Krauts would say that even the Marines couldn't have woozled them up much more than these simple-minded Army boys did and are doing. And the respect of the Krauts for the old fighting 5th Army has been substantially increased in the past two weeks and before it; the mere mention of the 5th Army will be sufficient to send every Kraut scurrying for the "recovers"…well if you boys in the Marines will just try to emulate the good example of the Fighting 5th Army and the Marines which I am sure is good for both. Of course, I never dreamed until a month ago that this ancient rivalry was destined to enter our little family. But I'm glad it has so happened for I couldn't think of any place that I'd rather see you today than right there with those loud-talking, boasting Marines. I'll have to concede that they have played a right good hand when our country has a fight on her banks. So as a bow-legged, white-haired, old "sodger", I don't hesitate to tip my hat with a right good will to "them there Marines."

I was deeply grieved to learn from your letter and letters from Tinah that Eleanor's health is very poor. How I wish there was something I could do for her. I am writing to Al and Sue and suggesting that they drive over to Cicero and see if there is anything that might occur to them that might be good for Eleanor. I am also writing another letter to Eleanor. But perhaps Time will be the best cure. Time eventually heals most of our troubles. Will appreciate it if you will drop me a little note each week. Even then, it's a long time between letters. Am sure glad you are getting off to a good start with the Marines. I know you'll make good in every test. Hoping your next letter brings good news of you and Eleanor too. I am…

Sincerely,

W.D. Stump



Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To Mrs. Harold D. Stump
Cicero, Indiana

From
Maj. W. D. Stump
Hq. 2d. 2675 Regiment
A.C.C. APO 394
(Sender's address)
c/o Postmaster,
New York, N.Y.
May 22, 1944.
(Date)

Dear Eleanor,- I am told that Harold's induction in the Marines has caused you much grief and anxiety. I assure you that you are not alone in this deep feeling of anxious anticipation. There are hundreds of thousands in this troubled world who are harrassed by the uncertainties of the hours. It includes those on the battle-front as well as those who brave the lonely hours of waiting at home alone. How well I recall the hour of my departure for the first World War just 3 weeks before Harold was born. Ethel and I were then young, about the age of you and Harold today. Life's ambitions and golden dreams all beckoned to us alluringly. Again, two years ago we faced the solemn hour of my second departure to join the Armed Forces of our country. But we had then reached the age in life where we begin to look backward over the years that are gone and forward mainly to the joys which would be largely reflected from the joys of yours and Harold's. Believe me when I assure you that all our hopes and dreams for the future revolve about the well-being of our little family. Therefore, I share with you the anxiety for the days to come and assure you of my deepest consideration and sympathy. I have passed through many dangers since leaving home and know that more lie ahead. But the skies are not all dark and behind the clouds is a silver lining. I am sure that we have already passed the darkest hours of the war. We are on the up-grade. Our recent triumphs here in Italy are symbolic of other and bigger news soon to come on other battle-fronts. I feel that Harold's voluntary joining the Armed Forces was an act of the highest patriotic devotion which forever marks him as a genuine patriot. But the chances of his coming through safely are GOOD, even though it may be attended with some tough experiences. So I want you to join me in a renewal of Faith, Hope and Confidence. Let's be patient in the days that are to come. Keep well and happy. Don't worry unduly for it will soon be over.

Sincerely,
W. D. Stump

V-MAIL

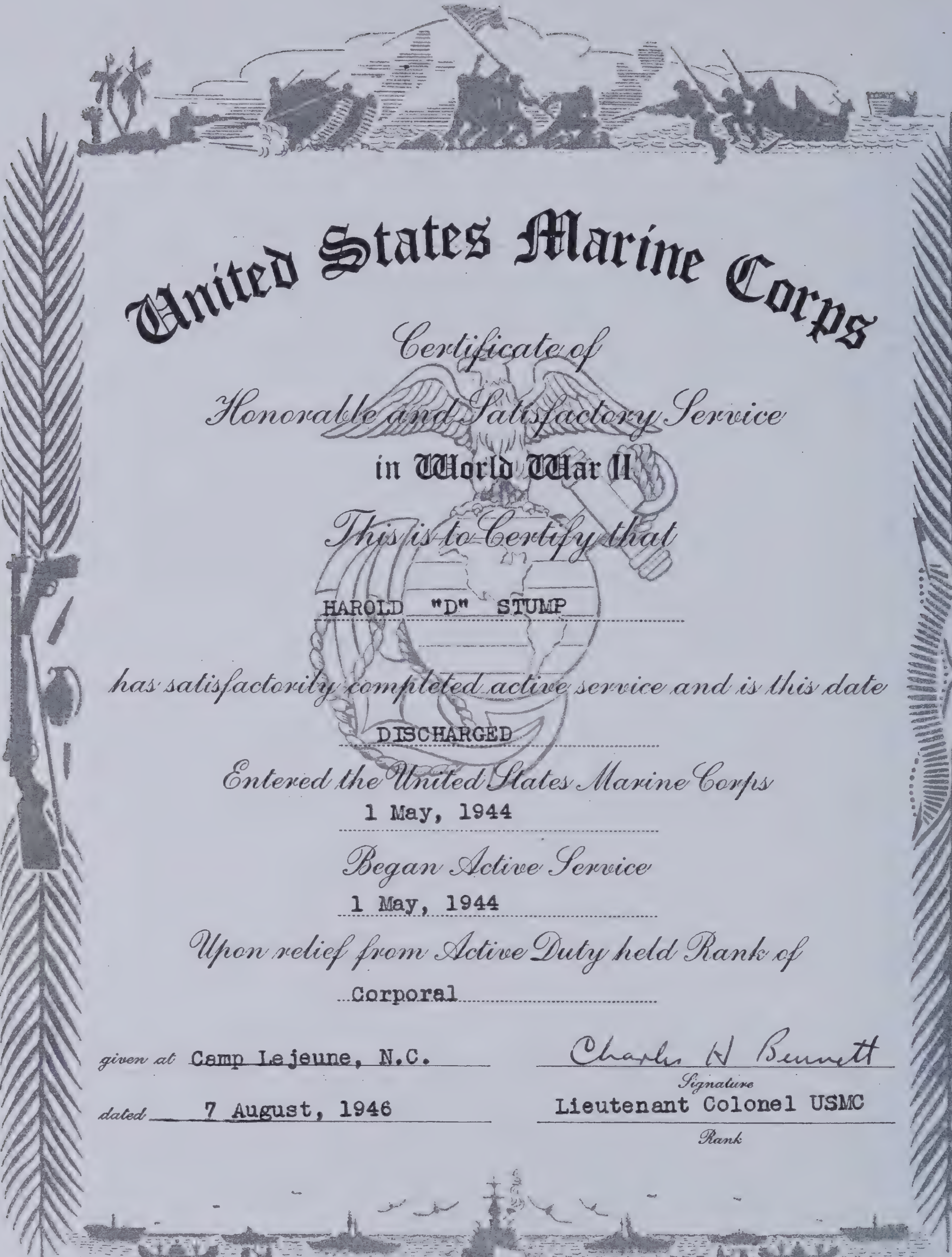
Transcript of May 22, 1944 letter from W.D. Stump to Eleanor Buzan Stump.

Dear Eleanor,

I am told that Harold's induction in the Marines has caused you much grief and anxiety. I assure you that you are not alone in this deep feeling of anxious anticipation. There are hundreds of thousands in this troubled world who are harassed by the uncertainties of the hour. It includes those on the battlefront as well as those who brave the lonely hours of waiting at home alone. How well I recall that hour of my departure for the first world war just three weeks before Harold was born. Tinah and I were then young, about the age of you and Harold today. Life's ambitions and golden dreams all beaconed to us alluringly. Again, two years ago we faced the solemn hour of my second departure to join the armed forces of our country. But we had then reached the age in life where we begin to look backward over the years that are gone and forward mainly to the joys which would be largely reflected from the joys of you and Harold. Believe me when I assure you that all my hopes and dreams for the future revolve about the well-being of our little family. Therefore, I share with you the anxiety for the days to come and assure you of my deepest consideration and sympathy. I have passed through many dangers since leaving home and know that more lie ahead. But the skies are not all dark and behind the clouds is a silver lining. I am sure that we have already passed the darkest hours of the war. We are on the up-grade. Our recent triumphs here in Italy are symbolic of other and bigger news soon to come on other battle-fronts. I feel that Harold's voluntary joining the armed forces was an act of the highest patriotic devotion which forever marks him as a genuine patriot. But the chance of his coming through safely are good, even though it may be attended with some rough experiences. So, I want you to join me in a renewal of Faith, Hope, and Confidence. Let's be patient in the days that are to come. Keep well and happy. Don't worry unduly for it will soon be over.

Sincerely,

W.D. Stump



United States Marine Corps

Certificate of

Honorable and Satisfactory Service

in World War II

This is to Certify that

HAROLD "D" STUMP

has satisfactorily completed active service and is this date

DISCHARGED

Entered the United States Marine Corps

1 May, 1944

Began Active Service

1 May, 1944

Upon relief from Active Duty held Rank of

Corporal

given at Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Charles H Bennett

Signature

dated 7 August, 1946

Lieutenant Colonel USMC

Rank

HAROLD'S MARINE CORPS ENLISTMENT PAPERS

SAID HAROLD "D" STUMP, IS ENTITLED TO ALL THE PRIVILEGES AND BENEFITS OF SECTION 7 OF THE ACT APPROVED 18 AUGUST 1941 (50 app. U.S.C. 357) RELATIVE TO RESTORATION TO HIS POSITION IN EMPLOYMENT AT TIME OF ENTERING ON ACTIVE DUTY AS NOTED HEREIN OR TO A LIKE POSITION, PROVIDED HE MAKES APPLICATION FOR SUCH REEMPLOYMENT WITHIN NINETY DAYS FROM DATE OF THIS CERTIFICATE, IS QUALIFIED TO PERFORM THE DUTIES OF SUCH POSITION AND DISPLAYS THIS CERTIFICATE AS EVIDENCE OF SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

Instructions

This certificate must be issued on discharge or relief from active duty with the regular Marine Corps to each officer or enlisted man who entered on active service subsequent to May 1, 1940, and who satisfactorily completes such active duty. "Satisfactory completion" will normally be accomplished if the individual's service is such that he would be entitled to an honorable discharge or a discharge under honorable conditions if discharged from the service instead of relieved from active duty.

In any case where the immediate commanding officer is aware of facts not in the possession of Headquarters, Marine Corps, at the time the certificate was issued, which raise a doubt in his mind as to the right of the officer to a certificate of satisfactory service, he is authorized to withhold delivery of such certificate, making an appropriate note of the fact in his endorsement on the officer's orders, and return the certificate to the Commandant of the Marine Corps with a full statement of the faots in the case.

In the case of enlisted men an entry will be made in the service-record book under "Other Special Qualifications" that a "certificate of satisfactory service" was issued. If his service is unsatisfactory and no certificate issued, an entry to that effect will be made in the service-record book.

If any special proficiency has been attained, subjects will be listed and the officer issuing the certificate will sign below last entry.

NAVMC 112-PD (Rev. 1945) MCPB 127271 9-12-45 375M.

Harold D. [illegible]

To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

Harry Truman

THE WHITE HOUSE

A160083

Series A.

Honorable Discharge

SEMPER FIDELIS

FIDELI CERTA MERCES

from the United States Marine Corps

#2654

RECEIVED FOR RECORD
The 4 day of November
A. D., 194 6 at 2 : 30 o'clock P. M.
and recorded in record 6
Page 272
A. G. Stanley
RECORDER OF DE KALB COUNTY

This is to certify that

HAROLD "D" STUMP *a* CORPORAL

is **Honorably Discharged** *from the* Separation Battalion

Camp Lejeune, N.C. *and from the United States Marine Corps*

Reserve *this* 7th *day of* August, 1946

This certificate is awarded as a Testimonial of Fidelity and Obedience.

Charles H Bennett

Lieutenant Colonel USMC

NAVMC 70 - PD

272.

Enlisted at New York, New York *on the* 1st *day of* May, 1944, *to serve* Nat'l Emer *years*

Born 28 October, 1917 (*Date*) *at* Auburn, Indiana

When enlisted was 68 ½ *inches high, with* Blue *eyes,* Blonde *hair,*

complexion: Ruddy *citizenship:* US

Previous service: None

Rank and type of warrant at time of discharge: Corporal (TW) 8Sep45

Weapons qualification: Rifle Sharpshooter 16Jun44

Special military qualifications: Legal Clerk

Service (sea and foreign): Pacific Area: 14Jan45-1Aug46

A FREE PERMIT
To HUNT, FISH and TRAP
ISSUED BY
Clerk of [illegible] Co.
Date [illegible]

Wounds received in service: None

Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Participated in the occupation of China: 5Jan46-1Jul46.

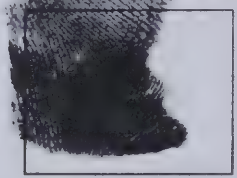
Remarks: Inducted, discharged, enlisted and assigned to active duty in USMCR SS 1May44. Issued Hon Dis and Hon Ser Lap Buttons at Camp Lejeune, N.C. 7Aug46. Good Conduct Medal period commences 1May44, no offenses since that date.

Character of service excellent.

Charles H Bennett

Serial number 971537 Lieutenant Colonel, *U. S. M. C.*

Auth: Ltr. of Instn. No. 1190, dated 4Dec45
Charles H Bennett
Lieutenant Colonel USMC



Is physically qualified for discharge. Requires neither treatment nor hospitalization.

I certify that this is the actual print of the right index finger of the man herein mentioned.

Donald H. Harwood, *U. S. N.*
LT. JG (MC) USNR, *and Medical Officer.*

Monthly rate of pay when discharged Ninety dollars

I hereby certify that the within named man has been furnished travel allowance at the rate of five *cents per mile from* Camp Lejeune, N.C. *to* New York, N.Y.

and paid $ 195.10 *in full to date of discharge.*

Paid $100.00 MOP
Paid $29.30 TA
AUG

Harold D. Stump
(*Signature of man.*)

WO, *U. S. M. C.*
Commanding Officer.

JEC/ms

HEADQUARTERS, LEGAL SECTION,
FIRST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED),
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

20 June, 1946.

Dear Harold,

On occasion of your return to the United States for discharge, I wish to take this opportunity to write you this letter expressing appreciation of your loyal and efficient services since joining this section, while the organization was designated the Third Amphibious Corps, during January, 1946. In the event that you care to show this letter in the future to anyone who is interested in my comment upon your qualifications, you are entirely at liberty to do so.

During the period that you worked with me in reviewing records of courts and boards, investigations, and administrative reports, your administrative ability and general legal knowledge was of great value in promoting the efficiency of the Legal Section.

Your tact, strength of character, and sound judgement have always been of such a high order that it is with great regret that I bid you good-bye, good luck. I know that you will be of great value to your associates in the future and that you will enjoy the success you deserve.

Cordially yours,

JOHN E. CURRY,
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps,
Legal Officer.

Corporal Harold "D" Stump, (971537), USMCR,
Headquarters, Legal Section,
First Marine Division (Reinforced),
Fleet Marine Force,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

THE SERVICE

OF

CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP

AND HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,

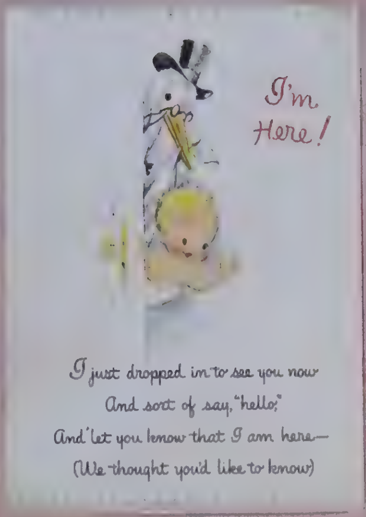
ELEANOR BUZAN STUMP

1943-1946

THE SERVICE OF CLEMENTINE HARTSOCK STUMP: ARMY WIFE THROUGHOUT TWO WORLD WARS

THE SERVICE OF ELEANOR BUZAN STUMP: MARINE CORPS WIFE WITH A SERGEANT'S STRIPES

Birth of Carolyn Maria Stump (10-19-47)

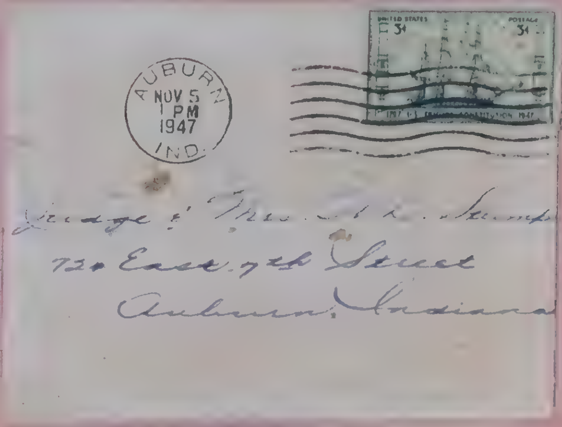


I just dropped in to see you now
And sort of say, "hello,"
And let you know that I am here—
(We thought you'd like to know)

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stump of 421 South Indiana avenue, Auburn, are the parents of a daughter born Sunday in the Dr. Bonnell M. Souder hospital. The baby weighed seven pounds and eight ounces and is their first child and also the first grandchild of Judge and Mrs. W. D. Stump of 724 East Seventh street, Auburn.

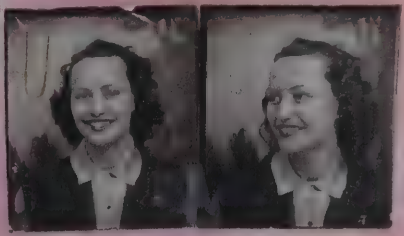
Wednesday, October 29, 1947

Mrs. Harold Stump and daughter, Carolyn Maria, were dismissed from the Dr. Bonnell M. Souder hospital Wednesday forenoon and returned to their home at 421 South Indiana avenue, Auburn.

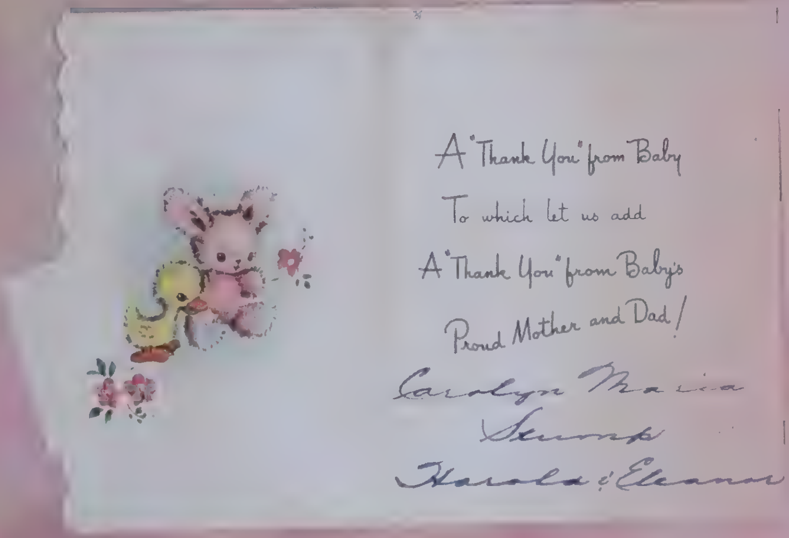

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
3¢
3¢
1797 U.S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION 1947

AUBURN
NOV 5
1 PM
1947
IND.

Judge & Mrs. W. D. Stump
724 East 7th Street
Auburn, Indiana



Thank You
FROM BABY



A "Thank You" from Baby
To which let us add
A "Thank You" from Baby's
Proud Mother and Dad!

Carolyn Maria
Stump
Harold & Eleanor

A CELEBRATION OF HOME AND THE FAMILY AFTER WORLD WAR II....THE BIRTH OF HAROLD AND ELEANOR'S DAUGHTER, CAROLYN MARIA STUMP, OCTOBER 19, 1947

THE
“GREATEST GENERATION”
AND
THE PROSPECTS
FOR
LASTING PEACE

A PRAYER FOR PEACE FROM THE PAST BECOMES A VISION FOR TODAY AS OUR SONS AGAIN STRUGGLE IN FOREIGN LANDS

D-Day Prayer

by President Franklin D. Roosevelt from the White House - June 6, 1944

Last night when I spoke with you about the fall of Rome, I knew at that moment that troops of the United States and our Allies were crossing the Channel in another and greater operation. It has come to pass with success thus far.

And so, in this poignant hour, I ask you to join with me in prayer:

Almighty God: our sons, pride of our Nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness in their faith.

They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again; and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

They will be sore tried, by night and by day, without rest - until the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

For these men are lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom.

And for us at home - fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters and brothers of brave men overseas - whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them - help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

Many people have urged that I call the Nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in a continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts.

Give us strength, too - strength in our daily tasks, to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and the material support of our armed forces.

And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to bear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

And, O Lord, give us faith. Give us faith in Thee; faith in our sons; faith in each other; faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment - let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

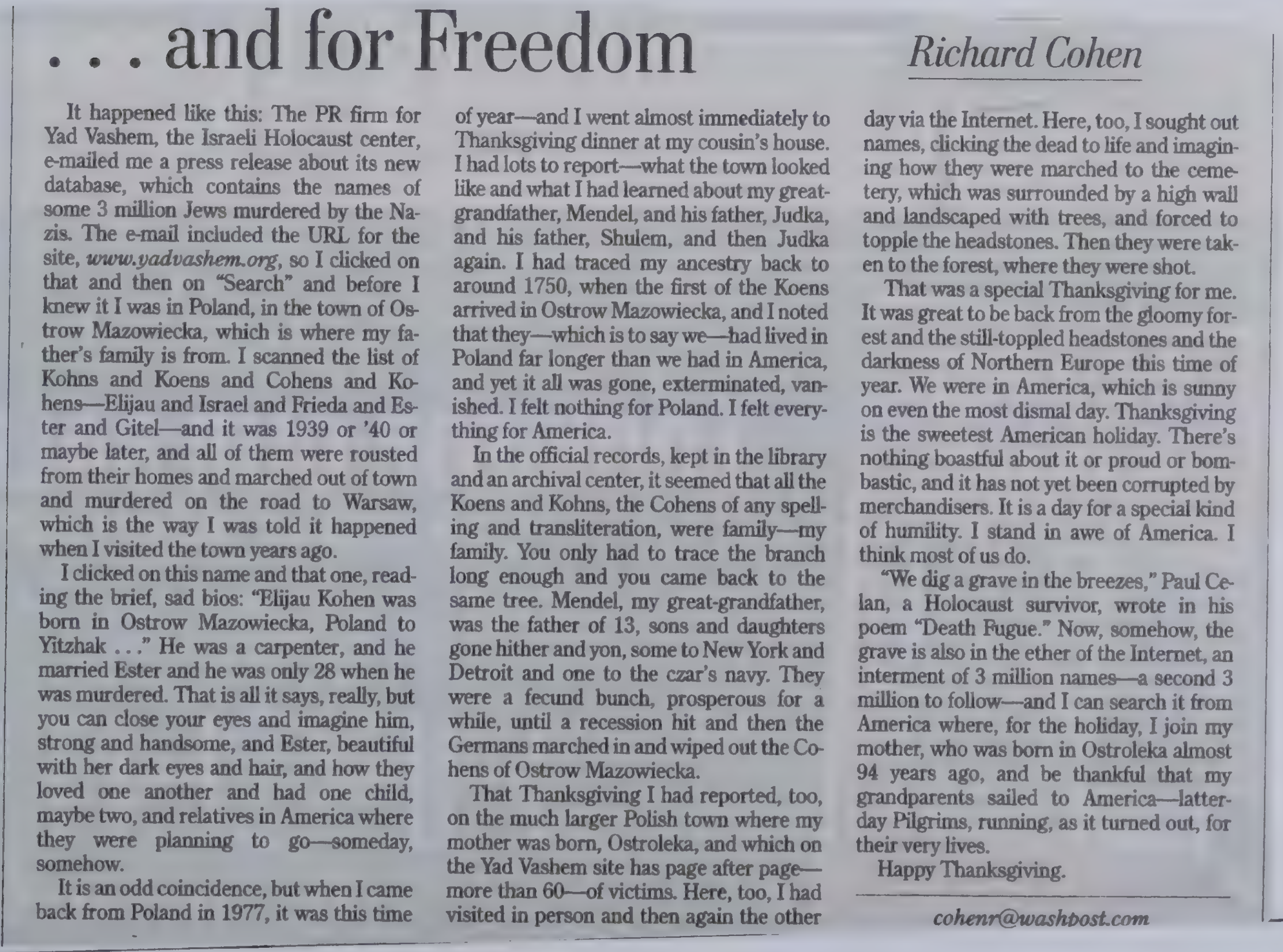
With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogancies. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace - a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil. Thy will be done, Almighty God. **AMEN**

THE GREATEST GENERATION

Walter D. Stump, Harold D. Stump, and the entire World War II generation championed freedom when the preservation of moral goodness and decency throughout the world was challenged by ruthless totalitarian regimes. At a time when this country needed heroes, Walter D. Stump and Harold D. Stump were there. To paraphrase the great World War II general, George Patton, not only should we mourn the loss of the men who died on the beaches of Normandy, France, on D-Day, but we should thank Divine Providence that such men lived. Not only was the "Greatest Generation" valiant in war, the soldiers of that war also returned to their country after the war honoring responsibility, commitment, and community in peacetime as well.

"Your bravery allowed me to live again.
Your courage gave me my freedom."

Henry Greenbaum, 76, a survivor of Auschwitz,
speaking at a U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum observance
honoring the soldiers who liberated the Nazi death camps.



. . . and for Freedom

Richard Cohen

It happened like this: The PR firm for Yad Vashem, the Israeli Holocaust center, e-mailed me a press release about its new database, which contains the names of some 3 million Jews murdered by the Nazis. The e-mail included the URL for the site, *www.yadvashem.org*, so I clicked on that and then on "Search" and before I knew it I was in Poland, in the town of Ostrow Mazowiecka, which is where my father's family is from. I scanned the list of Kohns and Koens and Cohens and Kohens—Elijau and Israel and Frieda and Ester and Gitel—and it was 1939 or '40 or maybe later, and all of them were rousted from their homes and marched out of town and murdered on the road to Warsaw, which is the way I was told it happened when I visited the town years ago.

I clicked on this name and that one, reading the brief, sad bios: "Elijau Kohen was born in Ostrow Mazowiecka, Poland to Yitzhak . . ." He was a carpenter, and he married Ester and he was only 28 when he was murdered. That is all it says, really, but you can close your eyes and imagine him, strong and handsome, and Ester, beautiful with her dark eyes and hair, and how they loved one another and had one child, maybe two, and relatives in America where they were planning to go—someday, somehow.

It is an odd coincidence, but when I came back from Poland in 1977, it was this time of year—and I went almost immediately to Thanksgiving dinner at my cousin's house. I had lots to report—what the town looked like and what I had learned about my great-grandfather, Mendel, and his father, Judka, and his father, Shulem, and then Judka again. I had traced my ancestry back to around 1750, when the first of the Koens arrived in Ostrow Mazowiecka, and I noted that they—which is to say we—had lived in Poland far longer than we had in America, and yet it all was gone, exterminated, vanished. I felt nothing for Poland. I felt everything for America.

In the official records, kept in the library and an archival center, it seemed that all the Koens and Kohns, the Cohens of any spelling and transliteration, were family—my family. You only had to trace the branch long enough and you came back to the same tree. Mendel, my great-grandfather, was the father of 13, sons and daughters gone hither and yon, some to New York and Detroit and one to the czar's navy. They were a fecund bunch, prosperous for a while, until a recession hit and then the Germans marched in and wiped out the Cohens of Ostrow Mazowiecka.

That Thanksgiving I had reported, too, on the much larger Polish town where my mother was born, Ostroleka, and which on the Yad Vashem site has page after page—more than 60—of victims. Here, too, I had visited in person and then again the other day via the Internet. Here, too, I sought out names, clicking the dead to life and imagining how they were marched to the cemetery, which was surrounded by a high wall and landscaped with trees, and forced to topple the headstones. Then they were taken to the forest, where they were shot.

That was a special Thanksgiving for me. It was great to be back from the gloomy forest and the still-toppled headstones and the darkness of Northern Europe this time of year. We were in America, which is sunny on even the most dismal day. Thanksgiving is the sweetest American holiday. There's nothing boastful about it or proud or bombastic, and it has not yet been corrupted by merchandisers. It is a day for a special kind of humility. I stand in awe of America. I think most of us do.

"We dig a grave in the breezes," Paul Celan, a Holocaust survivor, wrote in his poem "Death Fugue." Now, somehow, the grave is also in the ether of the Internet, an interment of 3 million names—a second 3 million to follow—and I can search it from America where, for the holiday, I join my mother, who was born in Ostroleka almost 94 years ago, and be thankful that my grandparents sailed to America—latter-day Pilgrims, running, as it turned out, for their very lives.

Happy Thanksgiving.

cohenr@washpost.com

Obama: Concentration camp 'horror' persists

President says Buchenwald is 'the ultimate rebuke' to Holocaust deniers

Kai Pfaffenbach / Reuters

President Obama and German Chancellor Angela Merkel listen to Holocaust survivors Elie Wiesel, right, and Bertram Herz, left, during a visit to the former Buchenwald Nazi concentration camp on Friday.

View related photos

AP Associated Press

updated 6:27 p.m. ET, Fri., June 5, 2009

WEIMAR, Germany - President Barack Obama absorbed the stark horrors memorialized at the Buchenwald concentration camp Friday and said the lesson for the modern world is vigilance against evil, against subjugation of the weak and against the "cruelty in ourselves."

Obama honored the 56,000 who died at the Nazi camp and the thousands who survived. He invoked, too, his great-uncle, who helped liberate a Buchenwald satellite prison in 1945 and came back a haunted man.

"More than half a century later, our grief and our outrage over what happened have not diminished." Obama said after witnessing the crematory ovens, barbed-wire fences, guard towers and the clock set at 3:15, marking the moment of the camp's liberation by the U.S. Army in the afternoon of April 11, 1945.

He challenged Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, who has expressed doubts that 6 million Jews died at the hands of the Nazis, to visit, too.

"To this day, there are those who insist the Holocaust never happened," Obama said. "This place is the ultimate rebuke to such thoughts, a reminder of our duty to confront those who would tell lies about our history."

'Painful memories'

The president said he saw — reflected in the Nazi brutality against Jews and the other impounded outcasts — Israel's capacity to empathize with the suffering of others. He said that gave him more hope Israel and the Palestinians can achieve an equitable and lasting peace.

Toward that elusive goal, Obama is sending special envoy George J. Mitchell back to the Middle East next week. The president's outreach to Islam in his Cairo speech a day earlier was well received in the Muslim world and he is hoping that will make progress more possible in the intractable dispute at the core of Muslim and Arab anger toward the U.S. and the West.

Video

Launch

U.S. veteran: 'It's a sight I'll never forget'
June 5: Ralph Tennant, who helped liberate the concentration camp Ohrdruf, tells the story of that day.
Nightly News

For Obama, the visit on a chilly, overcast day was a touchstone of his ancestry.

Obama's great uncle, Charlie Payne, was among troops of the 89th Infantry Division who liberated a nearby subcamp, Ohrdruf, the same month.

"He returned from his service in a state of shock," Obama said, "saying little and isolating himself for months on end from family and friends." Payne bore "painful memories that would not leave his head."

The president said Buchenwald "teaches us that we must be ever-vigilant about the spread of evil in our own time, that we must reject the false comfort that others' suffering is not our problem, and commit ourselves to resisting those who would subjugate others to serve their own interests."

He added: "It's also important for us, I think, to remember that the perpetrators of such evil were human, as well, and that we have to guard against cruelty in ourselves."

Obama was the first U.S. president to tour Buchenwald. In 2003, a tearful President George W. Bush visited the Auschwitz concentration camp in Poland, which his father saw in 1987 as vice president. Obama noted Dwight D. Eisenhower, then Allied commander and a future president, saw Ohrdruf and demanded everything there be documented lest allied accounts of the atrocities be dismissed as propaganda.

'If only these trees could talk'

Obama privately met several Buchenwald survivors on the eve of the 65th anniversary of the Allies' landing at Normandy, France, that led to the crushing of Nazi Germany. He toured the remains of the hillside compound with Chancellor Angela Merkel and Nobel Peace Prize winner Elie Wiesel, who was once a starving teenager in the camp.

The victims at Buchenwald included some 11,000 Jews, but also communists, Gypsies and other minorities from across central Europe.

One by one, the president, Merkel, Wiesel and Buchenwald survivor Bertrand Herz placed pale yellow roses on a metal plaque known as the Living Memorial, kept permanently at body temperature as a monument to the victims.

Obama, in a dark suit and red tie, wore a torn red ribbon as a sign of mourning.

Huddled in conversation, he and the others walked between rows of barracks where inmates were worked to exhaustion before dying of starvation or disease, or tortured in grisly experiments, or lined up and shot.

Today, the barracks are just foundation and rubble — preserved as testimony.

Obama remarked on the contrast with the bucolic setting: rolling, wooded hills where power turbines turn gently in the wind.

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"If only these trees could talk," Wiesel said to him.

At the base of Buchenwald's hill, the four placed more roses at a monument to victims of Little Camp, Buchenwald's most notorious compound.

After the tour, Obama visited troops being treated at the Landstuhl U.S. military hospital for wounds suffered in the Iraq and Afghanistan wars. He then flew to Paris to reunite with his family, meet French President Nicolas Sarkozy on Saturday and commemorate the D-Day anniversary.

Buchenwald

Details about the World War II concentration camp toured by President Barack Obama. The president's great-uncle, Charlie Payne, helped liberate the nearby Ohrdurf subcamp in 1945.

- About 250,000 prisoners were held at Buchenwald from its opening in July 1937 to its liberation in April 1945. An estimated 56,000 people died, including 11,000 Jews.
- The wrought-iron gate to the camp bears the sign "Jedem das Seine," German for "To each his own."
- Buchenwald was originally intended to house a variety of groups, including people in the anti-Nazi resistance, Jehovah's Witnesses, homosexuals and ex-convicts. But after the anti-Jewish pogrom on Nov. 9, 1938, known as "Kristallnacht" or The Night of Broken Glass, the camp also was used to hold thousands of Jews.
- U.S. forces liberated the camp on April 11, 1945.

Sacrifice and the Greatest Generation

By Tom Brokaw

When asked how I came to write "The Greatest Generation," I recount a trip to Normandy in 1984. I went there to produce a documentary on the 40th anniversary of D-Day. I had looked forward to a week of stirring stories, evenings of oysters and Calvados, and long runs through the countryside.

Instead, from the moment I stepped onto Omaha Beach with two veterans of the First Division I had an out-of-body experience. Geno Merli, who earned the Medal of Honor, and Harry Garton, who lost both legs in combat, landed in the first wave at Omaha. Working-class products from Pennsylvania, they were soft-spoken and matter-of-fact as they described for me the horrors of that day and all the fighting that was yet to come.

Listening to them I was transported back to my childhood in the Great Plains during the '40s and '50s. In the heartland, men like Geno and Harry were always on call to help a neighbor overhaul a car, build a fence, sponsor a baseball team or Boy Scout troop.

Along with their wives they were always volunteering, organizing potluck suppers and bake sales to support community projects. They knew the price of every piece of produce and every cut of meat in the local supermarket. And most families I knew had war bonds tucked away to go with the savings account at the hometown bank.

As I began to write the wartime accounts of that generation, I realized how much they were formed by the deprivations and lessons of the Great Depression. During that period life was about common sacrifice and going without the most ordinary items, such as enough food or new clothes.

So many veterans told me they got their first new pairs of shoes and boots when they enlisted. When I recently interviewed Walt Ehlers—a poor Kansas farm boy who received the Medal of Honor for his heroism at Normandy—he lit up when he described the breakfasts during basic training. "Every kind of cereal you could imagine!" he said. "And pancakes and bacon and eggs."

As for basic training, he said putting up hay on his uncle's farm in August was much tougher.

If you look at the old black-and-white photographs of the physicals conducted during induction, there's no obesity in that crowd of young men. In fact, some look malnourished.

These are the same young Americans who went thousands of miles across the Atlantic and thousands of miles across the Pacific and defeated the mightiest military empires ever unleashed against us. Their sacrifices at home and on the frontlines make our current difficulties look like a walk on the beach in comparison.

The surviving members of that generation—now in their 80s and 90s—are living reminders of the good that can come from hard times. They can teach us that if we're to get through this time of crisis a better nation with a fundamentally stronger economy, we'd better learn how to work together and organize our lives around what we need—not just what we want.

Mr. Brokaw, special correspondent for NBC News, is the author of "The Greatest Generation" (Random House, 1998).

The Baby-Boomer Generation Owes No Apologies

Concerning Stephen Moore's "This Boomer Isn't Going to Apologize" (de gustibus, June 19) which describes the differences and feelings between the baby boomers and the current generation: As an 84-year-old double veteran, 1943 to 1946, and 1951 to 1953, I believe that each generation is the "greatest generation" despite Tom Brokaw's nice tributes to my generation. Members of each generation wake up and shoulder their responsibilities at different ages, today's generally later, but shoulder them they must. Many of my generation were infantry officers at 19 years old.

I take time to talk to uniformed members of our services, sometimes to fellow 4th Infantry Division members. When I do I realize anew that each generation is the "greatest generation." Take time, talk to them.

Clement Roy
Smyrna, Ga.

The boomers are responsible for producing profound and positive environmental, social, political and economic achievements. And the reason we were able to do it? It's because of the way our parents raised us. As a father of two very privileged teenagers and a 21-year-old, I need to recognize our generation's biggest failure: not having the guts to raise our children with discipline, humility and compassion for others, and failing to instill in our children the work ethic that our parents instilled in us. Perhaps the current economic crisis is just what the "entitled generation" needs: an opportunity to show us what it can do. As legendary UCLA basketball coach John Wooden put it, "stop whining, stop complaining and stop making excuses."

Bradford J. Shafer
San Francisco

Many young people are ill-prepared for the workplace, believing that the coddling they have received at home should be continued into adulthood. Sorry to tell you, kids, but you're not special, life isn't always fair, everyone isn't your friend and, despite what you've been told, you don't know everything.

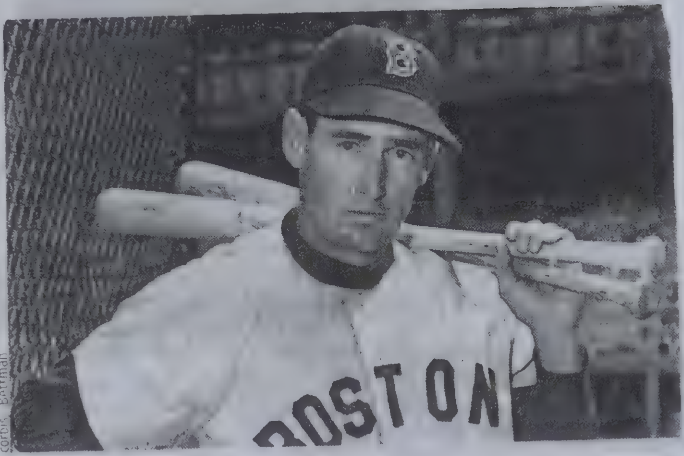
Deborah Rivers-Hacker
Woodbridge, N.J.

TED WILLIAMS,
AUDIE MURPHY,
THE BEACHES OF NORMANDY,
AND
A PRESIDENT SPEAKS

BASEBALL

Ted Williams in Full

By Allen Barra



corbis / Bettman

I met Ted Williams just one time, at a card show in Atlantic City in 1990, but I was able to fulfill his lifelong dream. After demonstrating to my 10-year-old cousin, Derek Schofield, how to stand in against a southpaw's curve, Williams headed for the auditorium exit. "Derek," I said, "there goes the greatest hitter who ever lived." The Splendid Splinter stopped, turned and tipped his cap.

It was, Williams had always said, the one thing he wanted to hear when he walked down the street. He would have loved the title of HBO's superb "Ted Williams—There Goes the Greatest Hitter Who Ever Lived," which premieres Wednesday (9:30 p.m. EST). He probably would have loved everything else about the documentary too, particularly the anecdotes and praise from one-time teammates Bobby Doerr and Johnny Pesky and Yankee foe Jerry Coleman, not to mention former President George H.W. Bush and Robert Redford (who wore No. 9 in his film, "The Natural," in homage to his idol).

Nor would Williams have shrunk from any revelations of his character flaws. "This is a warts-and-all biography," says producer Ross Greenburg, "and some of the warts are pretty big."

"Everything about him was big," says John Underwood, co-author of Williams's autobiography, "My Turn at Bat." Mr. Underwood later compiled a collection of interviews, "It's Only Me: The Ted Williams We Hardly Knew." "His height [about 6 feet, 4 inches], his voice, his swing. A lot of people compared him to John Wayne. To tell you the truth, I wonder if John Wayne could stand up to the comparison."

Not in some ways. Unlike Wayne, who only served in the military on the silver screen, Williams did two stints in the Marine Corps, flying fighter planes during both World War II and the Korean War. His military service took nearly five full years out of Williams's career, nearly all in his prime. This makes his amazing batting numbers even more astonishing.

A conservative estimate is that Williams lost 700 games to the wars. A projection of his statistics if he had played those games would make him the all-time leader in runs scored and third in runs batted in behind Hank Aaron and Babe Ruth; he is already the all-time leader in on-base average and second only to Ruth in slugging average.

The last player in baseball history to hit over .400 (in 1941), Williams did it in legendary fashion. "He was batting .3995, officially .400," says Leigh Montville, author of the definitive "Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero." As Mr.

Montville explains, "His manager, Joe Cronin, told him he could sit out a doubleheader on the last day of the season and still be a .400 hitter. But that wasn't Ted's style. He played both games, got six hits and finished at .406. Ted always played as if he had something to prove."

This compulsion both on and off the field might have been due to what Mr. Underwood calls "being the original latch-key kid." Williams grew up in San Diego neglected by both his father, a photographer, and his mother, a near-fanatical Salvation Army worker. The story goes that Williams, a cocky 20-year-old rookie with the Boston Red Sox in 1939, was told by a teammate "wait till you see [Hall of Famer Jimmie] Foxx hit." "Wait," Williams allegedly shot back, "till Foxx sees me hit."

Williams's life was riddled with conflict and controversy. He was married three times and feuded unceasingly with Boston sportswriters, some of whose names survive today only because of their print wars with Williams.

"He fueled himself with negativity," Mr. Montville says. "It was a negativity often directed at Boston fans, for whom he refused to tip his cap while rounding the bases after a home run because some had booed him in his second season." In 1956, at age 37, he was fined the then-breathtaking sum of $5,000 for spitting at booing fans. (It was his third spitting incident in three weeks.)

He could have made up for it on Sept. 28,1960 when he slammed a dramatic home run in his final at-bat, but he remained true to form, refusing to acknowledge their standing ovation. As he left the field in the final innings —again to a standing ovation—Williams muttered to shortstop Pumpsie Green, "What a crock."

And yet, as Mr. Montville puts it, "everyone cheers in retrospect." After a series of debilitating strokes, Williams was brought out to the pitcher's mound in a golf cart at the 1999 All-Star Game in Fenway Park where, finally, he tipped his cap to the cheering crowd.

That moment would have been a perfect place for "There Goes the Greatest Hitter Who Ever Lived" to end. Unfortunately, a bizarre aftermath to William's life—in which his son, John Henry, had his father's remains cryogenically frozen—looms larger in the public eye. Wisely, HBO has chosen to downplay what one newspaper called "The Frozen Splinter."

"That's not the way I want to remember him," says Mr. Underwood. "I want to think of his ninth-inning home run that won the 1941 All-Star Game or his lifelong commitment to the Jimmy Fund for kids with cancer. Or delivering his acceptance speech in Cooperstown in 1966, when he made an impassioned plea for the Hall of Fame to start inducting great players from the Negro League Greats." In 1971, a special committee selected Satchel Paige to be the first player from the Negro Leagues inducted into the hall; today, 35 Negro Leaguers are members. (You can find his speech on the Negro League Ballplayers Association website, http://www.nlbpa.com/ted_williams.html.)

On the other hand, "Who's to say that Williams wouldn't have gotten a kick out of the cryogenic thing?" says Mr. Underwood with a laugh. "Ted was never happy unless he had something to be angry about.

Mr. Barra writes about sports for the Journal; his latest book is "Yogi Berra: Eternal Yankee" (W.W. Norton & Co.).

Those Who Make Us Say ‘Oh!’

DECLARATIONS

By Peggy Noonan

More than most nations America has been, from its start, a hero-loving place. Maybe part of the reason is that at our founding we were a Protestant nation and not a Catholic one, and so we made “saints” of civil and political figures. George Washington was our first national hero, known everywhere, famous to children. When he died, we had our first true national mourning, with cities and states re-enacting his funeral. There was the genius cluster that surrounded him, and invented us—Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Hamilton. Through much of the 20th century our famous heroes were in sports (Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, the Babe, Joltin’ Joe) the arts (Clark Gable, Robert Frost) business and philanthropy (from Andrew Carnegie to Bill Gates) and religion (Billy Graham). Nobody does fame like America, and they were famous.

A tribute to America’s war heroes, past and present.

The category of military hero—warrior—fell off a bit, in part because of the bad reputation of war. Some emerged of heroic size—Gens. Pershing and Patton, Eisenhower and Marshall. But somewhere in the 1960s I think we decided, or the makers of our culture decided, that to celebrate great warriors was to encourage war. And we always have too much of that. So they made a lot of movies depicting soldiers as victims and officers as brutish. This was especially true in the Vietnam era and the years that followed. Maybe a correction was in order: It’s good to remember war is hell. But when we removed the warrior, we removed something intensely human, something ancestral and stirring, something celebrated naturally throughout the long history of man. Also it was ungrateful: They put themselves in harm’s way for us.

For Memorial Day, then, three warriors, two previously celebrated but not so known now by the young.

Alvin York was born in 1887 into a Tennessee farming family that didn’t have much, but nobody else did, so it wasn’t so bad. He was the third of 11 children and had an average life for that time and place. Then World War I came. He experienced a crisis of conscience over whether to fight. His mother’s Evangelical church tugged him toward more or less pacifist thinking, but he got a draft notice in 1917, joined the Army, went overseas, read and reread his Bible, and concluded that warfare was sometimes justified.

Associated Press

Audie Murphy

In the battle of the Argonne in October 1918, the allies were attempting to break German lines when York and his men came upon well-hidden machine guns on high ground. As he later put it, “The Germans got us, and they got us right smart . . . and I’m telling you they were shooting straight.” American soldiers “just went down like the long grass before the mowing machine at home.”

But Cpl. York and his men went behind the German lines, overran a unit, and captured the enemy. Suddenly there was new machine-gun fire from a ridge, and six Americans went down. York was in command, exposed but cool, and he began to shoot. “All I could do was touch the Germans off just as fast as I could. I was sharp shooting. . . . All the time I kept yelling at them to come down. I didn’t want to kill any more than I had to.” A German officer tried to empty his gun into York while York fired. He failed but York succeeded, the Germans surrendered, and York and his small band marched 132 German prisoners back to the American lines.

His Medal of Honor citation called him fearless, daring and heroic.

Warriors are funny people. They’re often naturally peaceable, and often do great good when they return. York went home to Tennessee, married, founded an agricultural institute (it’s still operating as an award-winning public high school) and a Bible school. They made a movie about him in 1941, the great Howard Hawks film “Sergeant York.” If you are in Manhattan this week, you may walk down York Avenue on the Upper East Side. It was named for him. He died in Nashville in 1964 at 77.

Once, 25 years ago, my father (U.S. Army, replacement troops, Italy, 1945) visited Washington, a town he’d never been to. There was a lot to see: the White House, the Lincoln Memorial. But he just wanted to see one thing, Audie Murphy’s grave.

Audie Leon Murphy was born in 1924 or 1926 (more on that in a moment) the sixth of 12 children of a Texas sharecropper. It was all hardscrabble for him: father left, mother died, no education, working in the fields from adolescence on. He was good with a hunting rifle: he said that when he wasn’t, his family didn’t eat, so yeah, he had to be good. He tried to join the Army after Pearl Harbor, was turned away as underage, came back the next year claiming to be 18 (he was probably 16) and went on to a busy war, seeing action as an infantryman in Sicily, Salerno and Anzio. Then came southern France, where the Germans made the mistake of shooting Audie Murphy’s best friend, Lattie Tipton. Murphy wiped out the machine gun crew that did it.

On Jan. 26, 1945, Lt. Murphy was engaged in a battle in which his unit took heavy fire and he was wounded. He ordered his men back. From his Medal of Honor citation: “Behind him . . . one of our tank destroyers received a direct hit and began to burn. Its crew withdrew to the woods. 2d Lt. Murphy continued to direct artillery fire, which killed large numbers of the advancing enemy infantry. With the enemy tanks abreast of his position, 2d Lt. Murphy climbed on the burning tank destroyer, which was in danger of blowing up at any moment, and employed its .50 caliber machine gun against the enemy. He was alone and exposed to German fire from three sides, but his deadly fire killed dozens of Germans and caused their infantry attack to waver. The enemy tanks, losing infantry support, began to fall back.”

Murphy returned to Texas a legend. He was also 5-foot-7, having grown two inches while away. He became an actor (44 films, mostly Westerns) and businessman. He died in a plane crash in 1971 and was buried with full honors at Arlington, but he did a warrior-like thing. He asked that the gold leaf normally put on the gravestone of a Medal of Honor recipient not be used. He wanted a plain GI headstone. Some worried this might make his grave harder to find. My father found it, and he was not alone. Audie Murphy’s grave is the most visited site at Arlington with the exception of John F. Kennedy’s eternal flame.

I thought of these two men the other night after I introduced at a dinner a retired Air Force general named Chuck Boyd. He runs Business Executives for National Security, a group whose members devote time and treasure to helping the government work through various 21st-century challenges. I mentioned that Chuck had been shot down over Vietnam on his 105th mission in April 1966 and was a POW for 2,488 days. He’s the only former POW of the era to go on to become a four-star general.

When I said “2,488 days,” a number of people in the audience went “Oh!” I heard it up on the podium. They didn’t know because he doesn’t talk about it, and when asked to, he treats it like nothing, a long night at a bad inn. Warriors always do that. They all deserve the “Oh!”

David Ignatius

In France, Honoring Our Best

In the months after Sept. 11, 2001, a French sculptress named Anilore Banon began thinking about creating a work that celebrated the ideal of courage. As she pondered the task, her thoughts turned to the young Americans who came ashore on Omaha Beach on June 6, 1944.

"Those kids who landed on D-Day were just 18," she explained this week. "They had futures. To give us freedom, they gave up their own. That is the very best of humanity."

Banon was born in the 1960s, long after the liberation of France. But she had visited the site of the D-Day landings as a schoolgirl and the experience had "marked her," she says. She worried that modern French children wouldn't realize how great a sacrifice those young Americans had made. So she began imagining a piece of sculpture that would stand on the beach in Normandy where so many died.

U.S. TROOPS COME ASHORE AT OMAHA BEACH ON D-DAY/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Her finished work, "The Brave," will be dedicated as part of the 60th anniversary of D-Day. Its creation tells us something about France and America, and about what we are jointly celebrating this weekend.

The massive sculpture rises out of the waves at St. Laurent-sur-Mer, where corpses once colored the sea red. At the center is an array of seven stainless steel columns. The first five bend up from the sea, like soldiers struggling to stand. The last two columns are upright, the tallest rising to 30 feet. Stretching 25 feet to either side are arrays of delicate steel wings, whose surface reflects the sea, sand and light of Omaha Beach.

Banon wanted the columns to represent "energy coming out of the sand, standing up straight." She says of the American soldiers: "Their sacrifice and courage allowed us all to stand up. It was the force of their will that three generations later we still have with us."

Reading the histories of D-Day, you realize what an immense exercise of will it took to stand up that day. The military historian S.L.A. Marshall wrote one of the most moving accounts of the landing for the Atlantic Monthly in 1960. Almost nothing had gone as planned: The weather was hellish; Allied bombs and shells had mostly missed their targets; the entrenched Germans lay in wait to destroy the first assault waves.

And yet the young men came ashore. Marshall quotes Lt. Edward Tidrick as his landing craft neared Omaha Beach: "My God, we're coming in at the right spot, but look at it. No shingle, no wall, no shell holes, no cover. Nothing!"

At 6:36 in the morning, the ramp went down and Tidrick led his men off the boat. He took a bullet through the throat as he jumped into the water. His last words were "Advance with the wire cutters." To give the order, Marshall writes, "Tidrick has raised himself up on his hands and made himself a target," and in that instant, "machine gun bullets rip Tidrick from crown to pelvis." By the end of the first half-hour, about two-thirds of the members of his company were dead.

Banon designed her memorial at a time when France and America were bitterly divided over the Iraq war. She needed about $840,000 to build it, but French corporate sponsors had become skittish. She feared she would have to abandon the project until an American journalist named Joseph Fitchett wrote a story about it in the International Herald Tribune.

A few days later, Banon was contacted by a young Frenchman named Jean-Paul Delorme, whose family had founded the company Air Liquide. "The project has to exist," he told her. "Don't worry about the financing. If that's the only problem you have, I'll take care of it." He paid the bills as 25 workers in Cherbourg fabricated the massive columns. Inevitably, it being France, there was a strike at the factory as construction was nearing completion. But Banon says the workers decided, "For the sculpture, we are not on strike."

Art doesn't change politics. Despite this weekend's show of D-Day camaraderie, France and America are still bickering over Iraq and some French people seem, in truth, almost to resent the American sacrifices of 60 years ago. But Banon's sculpture is anchored on that beach in steel and concrete, and as the Latin phrase has it, "art is long, life is brief."

"I want to remember that the soldiers died, of course," says Banon. "But I want to remember what they died for. And I want the ones who survived to see that after all these years, we are still free, and we are remembering."

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6/04

THE WASHINGTON POST

E. J. Dionne Jr.

First in War, First in Peace

> *"For four long years, much of Europe had been under a terrible shadow. Free nations had fallen, Jews cried out in the camps, millions cried out for liberation. Europe was enslaved, and the world prayed for its rescue. Here, in Normandy, the rescue began. Here the Allies stood and fought against tyranny in a giant undertaking unparalleled in human history."*
>
> **—President Ronald Reagan, on the 40th anniversary of D-Day at Pointe du Hoc, France, June 6, 1984**

World War II was unmistakably a war against tyranny, yet in this skeptical era, we can't resist second-guessing ourselves.

We wonder if the honor we give the Greatest Generation—Tom Brokaw's phrase has stuck—is rooted in nostalgia and a yearning for simpler times, for wars we didn't argue about, for blind certainty.

Fortunately for the surviving veterans gathering here this weekend for the dedication of the National World War II Memorial, this critique is wrong on all counts. The times were *not* simple. Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal aroused great opposition. The generation that fought "the good war" came out of the Great Depression, not a time of clarity or triumph. American participation in World War II was contested until the day Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

And realism, not blind certainty, characterized those who went off to fight. World War I gave armed combat a very bad name. Grand dreams of making the world safe for democracy through military force didn't make much sense when the triumph of the allies in 1918 was followed so quickly by the rise of totalitarian states.

Yes, I'll admit to a deep and abiding prejudice in the matter of the Greatest Generation. My dad signed up shortly after Pearl Harbor and stayed in the Army until after the war ended. My godfather, a baker by trade, joined and cooked for the troops who advanced across Europe. Bert Yaffe, a neighborhood friend who informally enlisted as my second father after my dad died in the 1960s, was a Marine tank commander. He fought on Guam, Bougainville and Iwo Jima. Bert is in his mid-eighties, still looks like a Marine and still has shrapnel in him.

All this can fairly be seen as sentimentality. What's not sentimental is what the war generation accomplished after it came home. It was first in war and first in peace.

In his essential book "Bowling Alone: The Collapse and Revival of American Community," Harvard political scientist Robert Putnam gives the Greatest Generation another name. He calls it "the long civic generation." Its members were a remarkable collection of democratic citizens.

Members of the generation born in the 1920s, Putnam writes, "belong to almost twice as many civic associations as do members of the generation of their grandchildren born in the late 1960s." The grandparents, he says, "are more than twice as likely to trust other people as the grandchildren are."

They vote at "nearly double the rate of the most recent cohorts." They are "nearly twice as interested in politics" and "nearly twice as likely to attend church regularly." They are "twice as likely to work on a community project" and—I both love and worry about this one—"are the last rabid newshounds: they are almost three times as likely to read a daily newspaper."

Of course they were civic, because they lived in a time when public action was seen to have worked—to overcome the Depression and win the war. There was a draft, yet much was accomplished during World War II not by compulsion but by the voluntary efforts of communities that saw their own interests as inextricably linked to a larger interest.

Putnam tells the story of what happened when the war effort faced a severe rubber shortage. President Roosevelt asked the public to turn in "old tires, old rubber raincoats, old garden hose(s), rubber shoes, bathing caps, gloves—whatever you have that is made of rubber." The result? "Literally millions of Americans responded to the president's appeal," Putnam writes, "and in less than four weeks roughly 400,000 tons of scrap rubber—six pounds for every man, woman and child in the country (or at the front)—were collected."

The long civic generation, as Reagan said, "stood and fought against tyranny." It also stood and fought for democracy and for service at home. Our newest monument pays tribute to valor in war. It should also be seen as honoring responsibility and community in times of peace.

postchat@aol.com

MARKER FOR A FALLEN SOLDIER ON THE NORMANDY SHORE, JUNE 1944/COAST GUARD PHOTO VIA REUTERS

President Obama Delivers Commencement Address at U.S. Naval Academy

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Honor. Courage. Commitment. These are the values that have defined your years in the Yard and that you'll need in the years ahead as you join the fleet, and as you join and lead the Marines, as you confront the ever-changing threats of an ever-changing world.

For history teaches us that the nations that grow comfortable with the old ways and complacent in the face of new threats, those nations do not long endure. And in the 21st century, we do not have the luxury of deciding which challenges to prepare for and which to ignore. We must overcome the full spectrum of threats -- the conventional and the unconventional; the nation-state and the terrorist network; the spread of deadly technologies and the spread of hateful ideologies; 18th century-style piracy and 21st century cyber threats.

So SEALs and special operations forces, we need you for those short-notice missions in the dark of night. But we'll also need you for the long-term training of foreign militaries so they can take responsibility for their own security.

Marines, we need you to defeat the insurgent and the extremist. But we also need you to work with the tribal sheik and local leaders from Anbar to Kandahar who want to build a better future for their people.

Naval aviators and flight officers, we need you to dominate the airspace in times of conflict, but also to deliver food and medicine in times of humanitarian crisis. And surface warfare officers and submariners, we need you to project American power across the vast oceans, but also to protect American principles and values when you pull into that foreign port, because for so many people around the world, you are the face of America.

These great opportunities come with great responsibilities. Indeed, midshipmen and Presidents swear a similar oath, not only to protect and defend the American people, but the Constitution of the United States.

Yesterday I visited the National Archives and the halls that holds our Constitution, our Declaration of Independence, and our Bill of Rights. I went there because, as our national debate on how to deal with the security challenge that we face proceeds, we must remember this enduring truth: The values and ideals in those documents are not simply words written into aging parchment, they are the bedrock of our liberty and our security. We uphold our fundamental principles and values not just because we choose to, but because we swear to; not because they feel good, but because they help keep us safe and keep us true to who we are.

Because when America strays from our values, it not only undermines the rule of law, it alienates us from our allies, it energizes our adversaries, and it endangers our national security and the lives of our troops. So as Americans, we reject the false choice between our security and our ideals. We can and we must and we will protect both. (Applause.) And that is just what you will pledge to do in a few moments when you raise your right hand and take your oath.

But that simple act -- by that simple act, you will accept a life of great sacrifice: long deployments, separation from loved ones, tests and trials that most Americans can't imagine. But that is the oath you take, the life you choose, the promise you make to America.

And today, this is the promise I make to you. It's a promise that as long as I am your Commander-in-Chief, I will only send you into harm's way when it is absolutely necessary, and with the strategy and the well-defined goals, the equipment and the support that you need to get the job done. (Applause.) This includes the job of bringing the Iraq war to a responsible end and pursuing a new comprehensive strategy to disrupt, dismantle, and defeat Al Qaida and its allies in Afghanistan and Pakistan. (Applause.)

And to get you the support you need, we're enlisting all elements of our national power -- our diplomacy and development, our economic might and our moral suasion -- so that you and the rest of our military do not bear the burden of our security alone.

We'll also ensure you can meet the missions of today, which is why we've halted reductions in Navy personnel and increased the size of the Marine Corps. And we will ensure you can meet the missions of tomorrow, which is why we're investing in the capabilities and technologies of tomorrow -- the littoral combat ships, the most advanced submarines and fighter aircraft -- so that you have what you need to succeed. In short, we will maintain America's military dominance and keep you the finest fighting force the world has ever seen. (Applause.)

Now, as you advance through the ranks and start families of your own, know that we will be with you every step of the way, increasing your pay, increasing child care, and helping families deal with the stress and separation of war -- because as my wife Michelle has come to see in her visits with military families across the country, when a loved one is deployed, the whole family goes to war.

And, finally, whether you're 26 years old or 89, if you've worn the uniform and taken care of America, then America will take care of you -- (applause) -- with a modern VA that keeps faith with our veterans and wounded warriors, with a 21st century GI Bill that gives our veterans and their families the chance to live out their dreams.

This is America's covenant with you -- a solemn commitment to all those who serve. And while our nation has not always fulfilled its duties to its armed forces, let there be no doubt: America's men and women in uniform have always fulfilled theirs.

And that's exactly what America's Navy did just last month in the seas off Somalia. (Applause.) I will not recount the full story of those five days in April; much of it is already known. Some of it will never be known, and that's how it should be. But here, on this day, at this institution, it must be said: The extraordinary precision and professionalism displayed that day was made possible, in no small measure, by the training, the discipline and the leadership skills that so many of those officers learned at the United States Naval Academy. (Applause.)

And after that operation, after Captain Phillips was freed, I spoke to one of the Navy SEALs who was there and with the skipper of the USS Bainbridge, Commander Frank Castellano, Naval Academy Class of 1990. And I can tell you, as they would, that the success of that day belongs not only to a single commander or a small team of SEALs. It belongs to the many.

It belongs to all the sailors -- officers and enlisted, not on one ship, but several -- who diligently stood their watch. It belongs to the pilots and airmen who gave cover overhead, to the intelligence specialists and negotiators and translators, to all the people who worked, day after night on the scene and in command centers half a world away to save one man they knew only as a fellow American.

And we recall that in those moments of danger and decision, these Americans did what they were trained to do. They remembered their skills. They did their duty. They performed their job. They stood their watch. They took their time and then they took their shot. And they brought that Captain home. (Applause.)

And as Commander Castellano said later of his sailors: "Every citizen in the country should be happy and thankful that they're there." And I told him that we are.

So, Class of 2009, months or years or decades from now, should you find yourself in a moment of danger, a moment of decision, and should you wonder, "What is expected of me? "What should I do?" Just look at that ring on your finger. Remember your days on the bank of the Severn. Remember all you achieved here and all that you learned here: "Devotion to Honor, Strength from Courage."

Live these values. Live these virtues. Emulate the deeds of those who have gone before you. Do this and you will not only distinguish yourselves as sailors and Marines -- you will be in the lead as we write the next proud chapter in the story of this country that we love.

Congratulations, Class of 2009. God bless the Navy. God bless the Marine Corps. And God bless the United States of America. (Applause.)

END

HEROES, FALLEN HEROES,
AND
FALSE HEROICS
IN THE
MODERN AGE

“I HAVE BEEN SHOWN IN THE FILES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT A STATEMENT OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF MASSACHUSETTS, THAT YOU ARE THE MOTHER OF FIVE SONS WHO HAVE DIED GLORIOUSLY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. I FEEL HOW WEAK AND FRUITLESS MUST BE ANY WORDS OF MINE WHICH SHOULD ATTEMPT TO BEGUILE YOU FROM THE GRIEF OF A LOSS SO OVERWHELMING. BUT I CANNOT REFRAIN FROM TENDERING TO YOU THE CONSOLATION THAT MY BE FOUND IN THE THANKS OF THE REPUBLIC THEY DIED TO SAVE.”

I PRAY THAT OUR HEAVENLY FATHER MAY ASSUAGE THE ANGUISH OF YOUR BEREAVEMENT, AND LEAVE YOU ONLY THE CHERISHED MEMORY OF THE LOVED AND LOST, AND THE SOLEMN PRIDE THAT MUST BE YOURS, TO HAVE LAID SO COSTLY A SACRIFICE UPON THE ALTAR OF FREEDOM.

“LETTER TO MRS. LYDIA BIXBY
BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN:
NOVEMBER 21, 1864

PHIL VELASQUEZ/2008 TRIBUNE PHOTO

Home of the brave

By Randy Siegel

So I'm stuck in Midway Airport, frittering away a stormy afternoon with hundreds of stranded travelers, suffering through an interminable conference call on my cell phone, pounding out e-mails on my "CrackBerry" and worrying about how late my already late flight to New York will be. I am feeling sorry for myself, frustrated about what has been another tough day on the road and daydreaming about living in Tuscany, pitching in the World Series or being a trader at Goldman Sachs, when all of a sudden, I notice a large crowd buzzing with excitement at a nearby gate where a stream of deplaning passengers is slowly emerging from the Jetway door.

"Must be a celebrity," I mutter to a fellow businessman slumped in the chair next to me, who clearly has no interest in communicating with another member of the human race.

I try to guess which celebrity would be eschewing NetJets and flying Delta into Chicago on this particular day. Bono? The "Kate Plus 8" woman, whatever her name is? Letterman? Michael Jordan? Bill O'Reilly?

As my mind races with possibilities, the swarming crowd bursts into applause, and a standing ovation spreads across the concourse. Hundreds of people of all ages, including the formerly anti-social guy next to me, jump to their feet, cheering as loud as they can. Not wanting to stick out, I stop working, rise, and join in the celebration while trying to figure out what is going on.

As the VIP in question wades through the throng, I see a young man giving out handshakes and hugs, looking appreciative but a bit overwhelmed by this warm embrace from so many well-wishers, only a few of whom he appears to know. As he comes closer, I finally grasp what all the commotion is about: He is a U.S. soldier returning from war after serving his nation. A minute later, with one last wave, which elicits a final roar, he is out the door and gone. Hopefully, on his way back home to enjoy family and friends.

Although I've long since re-entered the daily drudgery of my life, I'm still thinking about that young man at Midway. I try to imagine everything he risked and sacrificed and endured to serve something bigger than himself. I ponder how relatively easy my life has been — and how trivial most of my concerns are by comparison. Even though I know nothing about this person, I realize I know plenty about his character. At a time when our culture too easily worships celebrities and money while ignoring everyday heroes in our midst, I am grateful I was stuck at Midway on that stormy afternoon so I could witness something so special.

Randy Siegel is president and publisher of Parade magazine.

A Family's Valor, a Nation's Freedom

By Karl Rove

At a dinner last week in California, I was reminded of the debt we owe to those who have, for 233 years, sustained our freedom and independence. One remarkable family in particular exemplifies the best in the American spirit of courage and sacrifice.

Sitting at my table was a friend, Christine Krissoff, wife of Dr. Bill Krissoff and mother of Nathan and Austin Krissoff. One of her sons, Marine First Lt. Nathan Krissoff, was killed in Al Anbar Province in December 2006. A Williams College grad, athlete and musician, he'd left for Iraq on the fifth anniversary of the 9/11 terrorist attacks. He was 25.

I met his parents and brother in Nevada in August 2007 while accompanying President George W. Bush to Reno, Nev. The president was there to address the American Legion before meeting with local families who'd lost a loved one in Iraq or Afghanistan. Mr. Bush has met with about 550 families in private visits like this. At those meetings, he would have a senior staff member close by in case there was something that needed to be followed up on, such as getting a flag to a family member.

We entered a small room in the back of the convention center to find the Krissoffs waiting—the father in a black suit with his arms crossed and the mother in a plain dark outfit. Their dress contrasted with their son Austin's Marine dress uniform. Like his older brother, Austin had volunteered for service after college. He was to be deployed to Iraq in March 2008.

During my White House years, I saw few people with the quiet power, intelligence and poise of Chris Krissoff. She talked about her sons, the pain of her loss, her concern for her youngest when he went into harm's way, and the stakes in the War on Terror. The entire time, her husband was quiet.

When stories had been told, tears wept, and grief expressed, Mr. Bush asked if he could do anything. At that, Bill Krissoff spoke.

"Yes," he said. "I'm a pretty good orthopedic surgeon. When my younger son is deployed to Iraq next March, I would like to be working as a Navy medical officer, but they won't let me because I am 61 years old. Will you give me an age waiver, Mr. President?" Mr. Bush pointed to me. Dr. Krissoff and I exchanged business cards and he promised to fax me his application.

I checked him out on the way back to Washington. His reputation was that of an outstanding trauma and sports medicine surgeon. He was also a marathon runner and a really fine person.

Two days later, I placed Bill's application on the president's desk before he met with Gen. Peter Pace, chairman of the Joint Chiefs. I made sure Gen. Pace had the file when he left. He promised to get back soon with an answer. I told him that he would have to get back to someone else: The next day was my last day at the White House. One of the last things I did before turning in my badge was to write Bill Krissoff to wish him well.

Why would a 61-year-old civilian surgeon volunteer for Iraq?

A day later, I was in West Texas for the start of dove season. While waiting for the next flight of birds, I realized I hadn't written Mrs. Krissoff. So I sat down that night at the Gage Hotel in Marathon and did. She had already lost her oldest son. Her younger son was preparing to deploy to Iraq. Meanwhile, her husband, wanted to give up their comfortable life, career and friends so he could honor their sons by joining the military at age 61. And she had given her full, heartfelt support.

A few weeks later, I received a note saying Bill had received his waiver and a chance to pass basic training. A few months later, I was invited to the commissioning ceremony for Lt. Commander William Krissoff, United States Navy Medical Reserve.

Bill emailed me this April about his duties as a combat surgeon in Iraq. He sent photos of himself with Austin, who is now on his second tour there. This is how father, mother and brother are honoring the sacrifice of Nathan. While sharing this story with the audience last week, I found myself unable to look at Christine until I finished and the crowd rose to applaud her.

Watching the smoke rise from the Battle of Bunker Hill, Abigail Adams wrote her husband John, who was away at the Second Continental Congress in Philadelphia. While she and others lived "in continual Expectation of Hostility," Abigail wrote, "like good Nehemiah, having made our prayer with God, and set the people with their Swords, their Spears, and their bows, we will say unto them, Be not affraid of them."

Christine Krissoff's husband and sons, wrapped in prayers and armed with swords and scalpels, have served our nation with valor. So has she. So long as our nation produces families like the Krissoffs, America will remain not only the greatest nation on earth, but also the most noble in history.

Mr. Rove is the former senior adviser and deputy chief of staff to President George W. Bush.

This Independence Day weekend, we celebrate Americans whose good deeds will live long after the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan are history.

They help our heroes

BY DENNIS McCAFFERTY

Building hope

Several years ago, Boston-area builder John Gonsalves saw a TV news report about a young man who lost both of his legs in Iraq. Gonsalves had to do something: He wanted to contribute to whatever organization was out there to build housing for these soldiers. But he couldn't find such a group. So, in 2004, he started one of his own.

Homes for Our Troops (homesforour troops.org) builds houses for soldiers who have been wounded.

The first soldier he helped was Peter Damon, from Middleboro, Mass. Damon was serving with the National Guard in Iraq when he and a buddy had to fix a tire on a helicopter. The tire inexplicably exploded, severing both of Damon's arms and killing his friend.

Says Gonsalves, 43: "The house has everything Peter needs — keyless entry, kitchen cabinets that are easier for him to open and a shower where water sprays out of the wall for him."

To date, Gonsalves' Homes for Our Troops has built or is building more than 70 homes; two were featured in *Extreme Makeover: Home Edition* episodes. Various houses have featured roll-in showers, motorized lifts, and expanded hallways and kitchens to allow those in wheelchairs to navigate more easily, among other special features.

"The wounded people who receive these homes tell us that this is something that will change their lives forever," Gonsalves says. "They've gained much more independence. They're able to get on with everything else in their lives."

After football star Pat Tillman, *left*, made the ultimate sacrifice in Afghanistan in 2004, his widow, Marie, *right*, and family members were determined to make sure that his legacy will endure.

Inspiring a new generation

It seems Pat Tillman was destined to be more than a football player. He graduated with honors from Arizona State University in just three and a half years. He loved nothing more than an intellectually rigorous debate. He often spoke of the bravery of men who died at Pearl Harbor and his need to make a lasting contribution to society.

Then, in May 2002, Tillman — who made more than $1 million a year as a safety for the Arizona Cardinals — quit his job to go fight in Afghanistan. Tillman's loved ones weren't surprised by his choice. "His decision very much reflected who he was," his widow, Marie Tillman, 32, tells us in a rare interview, "and who he wanted to be."

The entire world would learn the rest of the story — how Tillman joined the elite Army Rangers with his brother Kevin and was killed on April 22, 2004, in what eventually was ruled as death from "friendly fire." He was 27 years old.

The Tillman family since has launched the Pat Tillman Foundation to create scholarships for men and women who serve and their family members. This summer, the foundation will award $650,000 in scholarship funds to veterans and their dependents. The foundation also has provided leadership guidance to students to take on community outreach.

One such student, John Bailon, returned from Iraq in late 2005. Now, he's working with teens in his hometown of Shiprock, N.M., to encourage them to go to college.

Bailon, 26, recalls being treated "like a warrior" when he returned from Iraq. "But what does it mean to be a warrior?" he asks. "The Tillman program taught me to focus on the inner self."

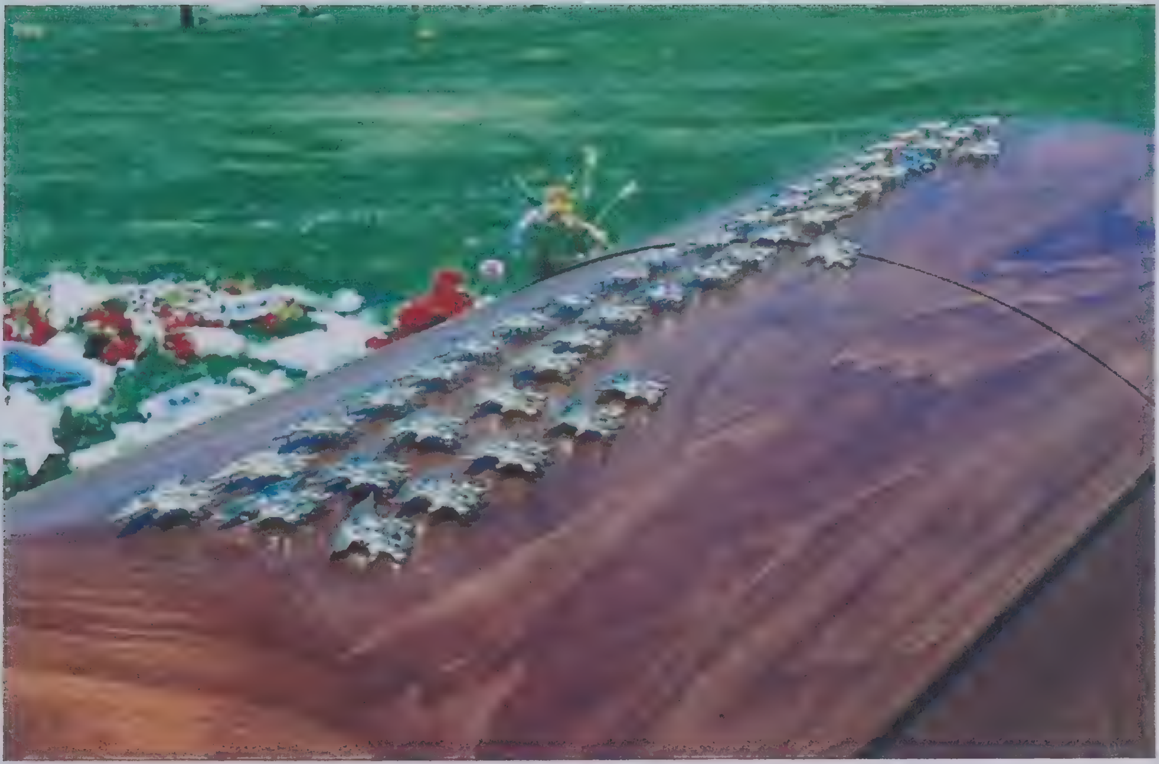
Says Marie Tillman: "Pat was always talking about what kinds of efforts can really make an impact in a community. But he was also about taking action. We wanted this foundation to be a genuine reflection of his life."

Pat Tillman Foundation (pattillman foundation.org) awards scholarships and encourages community outreach.

Navy Petty Officer Mike Monsoor

PO2 (EOD2)(Explosive Ordnance Disposal) Mike Monsoor, a Navy EOD Technician, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously for jumping on a grenade in Iraq , giving his life to save his fellow Seals.

During Mike Monsoor's funeral in San Diego , as his coffin was being moved from the hearse to the grave site at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, SEAL's were lined up on both sides of the pallbearers route forming a column of two's, with the coffin moving up the center. As Mike's coffin passed, each SEAL, having removed his gold Trident from his uniform, slapped it down embedding the Trident in the wooden coffin.



The slaps were audible from across the cemetery; by the time the coffin arrived grave side, it looked as though it had a gold inlay from all the Tridents pinned to it. This was a fitting send-off for a warrior hero.

For a Fallen Hero of Afghan War, the Medal of Honor

10th Mountain Division/ U.S. Army

Sgt. 1st Class Jared C. Monti at Observation Post Mustang in Afghanistan in 2006. He will be awarded the Medal of Honor on Thursday for sacrificing his life that year while trying to retrieve a wounded comrade. **A5**

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Soldier to Receive Medal of Honor

By Michael M. Phillips

WASHINGTON—President Barack Obama will award cavalryman Jared C. Monti a posthumous Medal of Honor on Thursday for repeatedly braving enemy fire to rescue a wounded comrade in the Afghan mountains, the first such decoration presented by this president.

During a Taliban attack, Sgt. First Class Monti twice ran into the open to try to retrieve the wounded man, only to be forced back by rocket-propelled-grenade and machine-gun fire. Sgt. Monti, 30 years old, of Raynham, Mass., was cut down on his third try and died at the scene.

"It was pure courage and love for his soldier," said Sgt. 1st Class Christopher Cunningham, 29, of Whitingham, Vt., a sniper who was in the firefight.

The president is scheduled to present the award to Sgt. Monti's parents, Paul and Janet Monti, in the East Room of the White House.

Sgt. Monti rarely spoke about his awards.

The Medal of Honor is the nation's highest award for military valor, reserved for those who risk their lives with gallantry beyond what duty requires. Sgt. Monti will be the 3,448th recipient since Congress established the medal during the Civil War. President George W. Bush awarded five such medals for the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, all posthumously. He awarded others for prior conflicts.

Mr. Obama is deepening U.S. involvement in Afghanistan while winding it down in Iraq. He will soon face the decision of whether to deploy more troops to Afghanistan on top of 21,000 he has already approved. Public opinion toward the war, meanwhile, is souring.

Sgt. Monti enlisted in the Army at 17. Over the years, he accumulated a chestful of medals, but he rarely spoke of them. His father didn't know his son had received a bronze star until he found it in his son's drawer, according to report from ABC News.

The action that claimed Sgt. Monti's life came on June 21, 2006, in Nuristan Province along the volatile Pakistan border. Sgt. Monti, then a staff sergeant, was commanding a 16-man patrol from the 3rd Squadron of the 71st Cavalry Regiment of the 10th Mountain Division.

The squad was supposed to position itself on a mountaintop to call in artillery and air support for a larger offensive, but the big operation was delayed. A helicopter sent to resupply the men apparently drew the attention of a Taliban force that first numbered around 30 but steadily grew larger, according to Sgt. Cunningham.

"They just kept running down the mountain," Sgt. Cunningham said in an interview. "They swarmed into a position where they could shoot at us."

The Taliban split into two groups to flank the Americans troops and came within 50 yards.

Sgt. Monti called for mortar fire, artillery and air strikes, then realized that one of his men, Pvt. Brian Bradbury, was lying wounded and exposed to enemy fire. During a lull in the shooting, the soldiers could hear Pvt. Bradbury calling out that he was unable to move.

Sgt. Monti tightened the chin strap on his helmet and made three attempts to retrieve the private. The distance was short, perhaps 20 yards, but the grenades and gunfire were intense. "I'm going to get him," Sgt. Cunningham recalled Sgt. Monti saying.

On the third attempt, a rocket-propelled grenade hit Sgt. Monti in the legs. As he lay dying, he asked Sgt. Cunningham to tell his parents that he loved them. Soon after, U.S. artillery and bombs ended the fight.

"Going out there to get his soldier...instilled so much courage in me and all our guys to continue to fight," Sgt. Cunningham said.

Medics eventually reached Pvt. Bradbury alive. But he and one of his rescuers died when the hoist that held them to the helicopter gave way.

The Army promoted Sgt. Monti posthumously to sergeant first class.

A Soldier Comes Home

Wednesday, July 15, 2009

On July 5, The Post published a letter from Martha Gillis of Springfield, whose nephew, Lt. Brian Bradshaw, was killed in Afghanistan on June 25, the day that Michael Jackson died. The letter criticized the extensive media coverage of Jackson's death compared with the brief coverage of Lt. Bradshaw's death. Among the responses was the following letter, written July 9 by an Air National Guard pilot and a fellow member of the crew that flew Lt. Bradshaw's body from a forward base in Afghanistan to Bagram Air Base. Capt. James Adair, one of the plane's pilots, asked the editorial page staff to forward the letter to the Bradshaw family. He and Brian Bradshaw's parents then agreed to publication of these excerpts.

THIS STORY
A Soldier Comes Home
A Life of Worth, Overlooked
Trampled by the 'Civilian Surge'

Dear Bradshaw Family,

We were crew members on the C-130 that flew in to pick up Lt. Brian Bradshaw after he was killed. We are Georgia Air National Guardsmen deployed to Afghanistan for Operation Enduring Freedom. We support the front-line troops by flying them food, water, fuel, ammunition and just about anything they need to fight. On occasion we have the privilege to begin the final journey home for our fallen troops. Below are the details to the best of our memory about what happened after Brian's death.

We landed using night-vision goggles. Because of the blackout conditions, it seemed as if it was the darkest part of the night. As we turned off the runway to position our plane, we saw what appeared to be hundreds of soldiers from Brian's company standing in formation in the darkness. Once we were parked, members of his unit asked us to shut down our engines. This is not normal operating procedure for that location. We are to keep the aircraft's power on in case of maintenance or concerns about the hostile environment. The plane has an extremely loud self-contained power unit. Again, we were asked whether there was any way to turn that off for the ceremony that was going to take place. We readily complied after one of our crew members was able to find a power cart nearby. Another aircraft that landed after us was asked to do the same. We were able to shut down and keep lighting in the back of the aircraft, which was the only light in the surrounding area. We configured the back of the plane to receive Brian and hurried off to stand in the formation as he was carried aboard.

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Brian's whole company had marched to the site with their colors flying prior to our arrival. His platoon lined both sides of our aircraft's ramp while the rest were standing behind them. As the ambulance approached, the formation was called to attention. As Brian passed the formation, members shouted "Present arms" and everyone saluted. The salute was held until he was placed inside the aircraft and then the senior commanders, the sergeant major and the chaplain spoke a few words.

Afterward, we prepared to take off and head back to our base. His death was so sudden that there was no time to complete the paperwork needed to transfer him. We were only given his name, Lt. Brian Bradshaw. With that we accepted the transfer. Members of Brian's unit approached us and thanked us for coming to get him and helping with the ceremony. They explained what happened and how much his loss was felt. Everyone we talked to spoke well of him -- his character, his accomplishments and how well they liked him. Before closing up the back of the aircraft, one of Brian's men, with tears running down his face, said, "That's my platoon leader, please take care of him."

We taxied back on the runway, and, as we began rolling for takeoff, I looked to my right. Brian's platoon had not moved from where they were standing in the darkness. As we rolled past, his men saluted him one more time; their way to honor him one last time as best they could. We will never forget this.

We completed the short flight back to Bagram Air Base. After landing, we began to gather our things. As they carried Brian to the waiting vehicle, the people in the area, unaware of our mission, stopped what they were doing and snapped to attention. Those of us on the aircraft did the same. Four soldiers who had flown back with us lined the ramp once again and saluted as he passed by. We went back to post-flight duties only after he was driven out of sight.

Later that day, there was another ceremony. It was Bagram's way to pay tribute. Senior leadership and other personnel from all branches lined the path that Brian was to take to be placed on the airplane flying him out of Afghanistan. A detail of soldiers, with their weapons, lined either side of the ramp just as his platoon did hours before. A band played as he was carried past the formation and onto the waiting aircraft. Again, men and women stood at attention and saluted as Brian passed by. Another service was performed after he was placed on the aircraft.

For one brief moment, the war stopped to honor Lt. Brian Bradshaw. This is the case for all of the fallen in Afghanistan. It is our way of recognizing the sacrifice and loss of our brothers and sisters in arms. Though there may not have been any media coverage, Brian's death did not go unnoticed. You are not alone with your grief. We mourn Brian's loss and celebrate his life with you. Brian is a true hero, and he will not be forgotten by those who served with him.

We hope knowing the events that happened after Brian's death can provide you some comfort.

Sincerely,

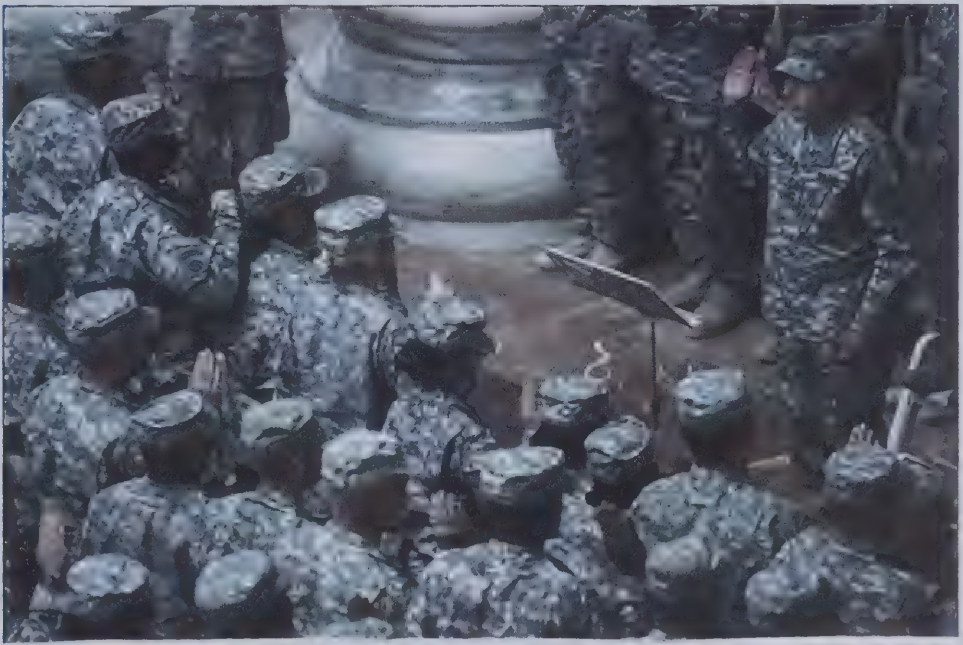
Capt. James Adair

Master Sgt. Paul Riley

GA ANG 774 EAS Deployed

Largest Re-enlistment Ceremony - Ever

This was shown over and over on TV, right?
OK, so maybe it wasn't shown over and over, but surely it was shown on TV at least one time, wasn't it ?



This was the largest re-enlistment ceremony ever held in military history.The ceremony was held on the **4th of July**, 2008 **at Al Faw Palace**, Baghdad, Iraq . **General David Petraeus** officiated. This amazing story was ignored by the 'mainstream' media.
For those who have been in the **Al Faw Palace**, you'll have a better appreciation of the number of people crammed around the rotunda supporting the re-enlisting soldiers.

American men and women volunteering to stay longer in **Iraq**, so that when we leave, the new democracy will have a chance of surviving, is the exact opposite of what the media wants you to think about Iraq. If only a bomb had killed 5 civilians in a marketplace - now that's the kind of news the media is eager to tell you about.

A pizzeria in **Chicago** donated 2000 pizzas that were made and shipped toBaghdad , and were delivered on the 4th.

The media did report that 2000 pizzas were sent to Iraq on July 4th... The only part they left out of the report was the event for which the pizzas were sent.

I can't help but wonder...
What would the opinion of Americans be if they weren't getting such obviously biased 'news?'

Nancy Gibbs

Do-It-Yourself Heroes. In tough times, the virtues that inspire us are old-fashioned, unglamorous and hiding in plain sight

HUMAN BEINGS HAVE ALWAYS CREATED THE HEROES we need, from Hercules and Sherlock Holmes—whose supernatural gifts let them conquer mighty foes—to Underdog and the Ugly Duckling—whose transformations were themselves acts of heroism. Right now, when the headlines clang with catastrophe and confusion, it's natural that we'd be at it again, searching for heroes to suit the times.

First there was Captain Chesley (Sully) Sullenberger, walking the length of his sinking plane to be sure every last passenger was safely off. Then came Captain Richard Phillips, battling pirates in angry seas. And finally there's Susan Boyle, the unemployed church lady whose dying mother had told her to chase her ridiculous dreams of musical stardom.

Any one of them could be your Uncle Oliver or Aunt Florence, living lives innocent of fame until faced with a sudden test. Not much chance to prepare, other than a lifetime spent becoming themselves. Sully had 19,000 hours of flight time; he flew gliders as a hobby, had two master's degrees, studied crisis psychology to learn how to keep a crew on task in an emergency. "Me and my crew, we were just doing our job," he told the President, who had called to congratulate him.

Phillips, a former Boston cabdriver, didn't have any weapons to take on the pirates with, so he tried to trade himself for the pirate his crew had captured. But the pirates decided he was more valuable and held him hostage for five days, until the Navy SEAL snipers performed the Easter miracle that rescued him. "What they did was impossible," he said of the SEALs. "They are superheroes." Which is what his crew said about him.

And then there is Boyle, the youngest of nine children, deprived of oxygen at birth, bullied in school, living what seemed an airless life with her cat, Pebbles. When she auditioned for a TV talent show in 1995—in the age of arrogance and affluence—she was scorned. So she sang karaoke at the pub and cared for her ailing mother until the day she died. "Mum was my life," Boyle said. "She was the one who said I should enter *Britain's Got Talent*. We used to watch it together. She thought I would win." Boyle arrived center stage, with her awkward dignity and eyebrows like live mice, and even then fame mocked her with the nickname the Hairy Angel.

Of course the song that made her famous is among the most miserable of show tunes, sung by a broken, destitute girl: "I had a dream my life would be/ So different from this hell I'm living/ So different now from what it seemed./ Now life has killed the dream I dreamed."

Except Boyle's dream was gloriously resurrected. Ashton and Demi, king and queen of the Twitterati, tweeted about her, but she could not know this, since she has neither a cell phone nor a computer. All she knows is that there are now photographers camped outside her council house and she's been invited on *Oprah* and somehow she has made hard people quit sneering and cry.

Once a month the news gods have delivered these parables to us, gifts in a gold box reminding us where value lies. It's so much better to discover that Superman could be anyone; that everywhere you look, there are hidden reserves of majesty and honor and genius and luck. The stories wouldn't have worked if Susan Boyle had been a yuppie barrister or Phillips a SEAL himself. Their normality gives them wings.

The qualities these stories celebrate are telling. Competence—as manifested in a pilot with a perfect feel for his machine. Sacrifice—in a captain who would trade himself for the sake of his crew. Persistence—in the singer who knew from adolescence that this was what she wanted and would allow no humiliation to deter her. These are, not by accident, the qualities Barack Obama, national life coach, regularly exalts. He commends the public for its patience, which convinces me that he has read the parenting books that instruct us to pre-emptively praise our children for the qualities we want them to develop. Any real recovery will require an "extraordinary sense of responsibility," he says, which just means we roll up our sleeves and clean up after ourselves.

This epoch rejects the glamour virtues: it calls for modesty, patience, perseverance, proficiency. We crave the company of ordinary heroes, especially now, when we're all on our own, thankful for small distractions from all the big threats we face. It's a karaoke moment: we can't afford a band, but we'll gladly sing of normal nobility all night long. ■

OP-ED COLUMNIST

The Peace (Keepers) Prize

By THOMAS L. FRIEDMAN
Published: October 10, 2009

The Nobel committee did President Obama no favors by prematurely awarding him its peace prize. As he himself acknowledged, he has not done anything yet on the scale that would normally merit such an award — and it dismays me that the most important prize in the world has been devalued in this way.

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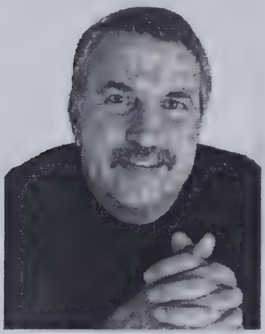

Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times

Thomas L. Friedman

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It is not the president's fault, though, that the Europeans are so relieved at his style of leadership, in contrast to that of his predecessor, that they want to do all they can to validate and encourage it. I thought the president showed great grace in accepting the prize not for himself but "as an affirmation of American leadership on behalf of aspirations held by people in all nations."

All that said, I hope Mr. Obama will take this instinct a step further when he travels to Oslo on Dec. 10 for the peace prize ceremony. Here is the speech I hope he will give:

"Let me begin by thanking the Nobel committee for awarding me this prize, the highest award to which any statesman can aspire. As I said on the day it was announced, 'I do not feel that I deserve to be in the company of so many of the transformative figures who've been honored by this prize.' Therefore, upon reflection, I cannot accept this award on my behalf at all.

"But I will accept it on behalf of the most important peacekeepers in the world for the last century — the men and women of the U.S. Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps.

"I will accept this award on behalf of the American soldiers who landed on Omaha Beach on June 6, 1944, to liberate Europe from the grip of Nazi fascism. I will accept this award on behalf of the American soldiers and sailors who fought on the high seas and forlorn islands in the Pacific to free East Asia from Japanese tyranny in the Second World War.

"I will accept this award on behalf of the American airmen who in June 1948 broke the Soviet blockade of Berlin with an airlift of food and fuel so that West Berliners could continue to live free. I will accept this award on behalf of the tens of thousands of American soldiers who protected Europe from Communist dictatorship throughout the 50 years of the cold war.

"I will accept this award on behalf of the American soldiers who stand guard today at outposts in the mountains and deserts of Afghanistan to give that country, and particularly its women and girls, a chance to live a decent life free from the Taliban's religious totalitarianism.

"I will accept this award on behalf of the American men and women who are still on patrol today in Iraq, helping to protect Baghdad's fledgling government as it tries to organize the rarest of things in that country and that region — another free and fair election.

"I will accept this award on behalf of the thousands of American soldiers who today help protect a free and Democratic South Korea from an unfree and Communist North Korea.

"I will accept this award on behalf of all the American men and women soldiers who have gone on repeated humanitarian rescue missions after earthquakes and floods from the mountains of Pakistan to the coasts of Indonesia. I will accept this award on behalf of American soldiers who serve in the peacekeeping force in the Sinai desert that has kept relations between Egypt and Israel stable ever since the Camp David treaty was signed.

"I will accept this award on behalf of all the American airmen and sailors today who keep the sea lanes open and free in the Pacific and Atlantic so world trade can flow unhindered between nations.

"Finally, I will accept this award on behalf of my grandfather, Stanley Dunham, who arrived at Normandy six weeks after D-Day, and on behalf of my great-uncle, Charlie Payne, who was among those soldiers who liberated part of the Nazi concentration camp of Buchenwald.

"Members of the Nobel committee, I accept this award on behalf of all these American men and women soldiers, past and present, because I know — and I want you to know — that there is no peace without peacekeepers.

"Until the words of Isaiah are made true and lasting — and nations never again lift up swords against nations and never learn war anymore — we will need peacekeepers. Lord knows, ours are not perfect, and I have already moved to remedy inexcusable excesses we've perpetrated in the war on terrorism.

"But have no doubt, those are the exception. If you want to see the true essence of America, visit any U.S. military outpost in Iraq or Afghanistan. You will meet young men and women of every race and religion who work together as one, far from their families, motivated chiefly by their mission to keep the peace and expand the borders of freedom.

"So for all these reasons — and so you understand that I will never hesitate to call on American soldiers where necessary to take the field against the enemies of peace, tolerance and liberty — I accept this peace prize on behalf of the men and women of the U.S. military: the world's most important peacekeepers."

COVER PICTURE: WALTER D. AND CLEMENTINE STUMP WITH THEIR SON, HAROLD D. STUMP
----1939----

THIS VOLUME HAS BEEN COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY WALTER AND CLEMENTINE'S GRANDDAUGHTER, CAROLYN STUMP OLSON. WHERE POSSIBLE, THE ORIGINAL HANDWRITTEN LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS ARE ALSO PRINTED.